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P O E M S,

BY

WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summiq; ferit laquearia tecti.

Virg. Æn. viii.

So water, trembling in a polished vase,
Reflects the beam that plays upon its face;
The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
Now strikes the roof, now flashes on the walls.

A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED

OLNEY HYMNS,

AND

TRANSLATIONS FROM MADAME GUION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Many of the admirers of Mr. COWPER's writings having expressed a desire of possessing an edition of his Poems which should contain his devotional pieces with the rest—This volume has been supplied with two Appendixes. The first includes his Translations from the works of Madame GUYON, which he presented in manuscript to the Rev. WILLIAM BULL, who printed them separately in a small volume; and it is with his permission that they are here inserted. The second consists of Poems which were written during his residence in the parish of the Rev. JOHN NEWTON, with whom he joined in composing a volume for social worship and private use, which was published in 1779, under the title of "OLNEY HYMNS."

This quarto edition of the Poems, with the letters and poetical pieces published in Mr. HAYLEY's Life of Cowper (to which this volume will form a very proper companion) will comprise all the works of the author except his Version of HOMER, printed in two volumes quarto and four volumes octavo, and his Translations from MILTON's Latin and Italian Poems, with parts of a Commentary on the Paradise Lost, now preparing for the press by his Biographer. The last will be published for the benefit of an Orphan, the Godson of Mr. COWPER, in one volume quarto, price two guineas.

Subscriptions for the Milton will be received by J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church Yard, and R. H. EVANS, Pall Mall.

JOHN SARGENT, Esq. M. P. and SAMUEL SMITH, Esq. M. P. have kindly undertaken to act as Trustees on the occasion for this interesting Orphan.



P R E F A C E.

WHEN an Author, by appearing in print, requests an audience of the Public, and is upon the point of speaking for himself, whoever presumes to step before him with a preface, and to say "Nay, but hear me first," should have something worthy of attention to offer, or he will justly be deemed officious and impertinent. The judicious reader has probably, upon other occasions been beforehand with me in this reflection: and I am not very willing it should now be applied to me, however I may seem to expose myself to the danger of it. But the thought of having my own name perpetuated in connexion with the name in the title page, is so pleasing and flattering to the feelings of my heart, that I am content to risk something for the gratification.

This Preface is not designed to commend the Poems to which it is prefixed. My testimony would be insufficient for those who are not qualified to judge properly for themselves, and unnecessary to those who are. Besides, the reasons, which render it improper and unseemly for a man to celebrate his own performances, or those of his nearest relatives, will have some influence in suppressing much of what he might otherwise wish to say in favour of a *friend*, when that friend is indeed an *alter idem*, and excites almost the same emotions of sensibility and affection as he feels for himself.

It is very probable these Poems may come into the hands of some persons, in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which through length of time they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of *one*, who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out with them in early life in the paths, which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had

sufficient opportunity of counting the cost, and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happiness could have been found in classical attainments, in an elegant taste, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the esteem and converse of such persons, as in these respects were most congenial with himself, he would have been happy. But he was not—He wondered (as thousands in a similar situation still do) that he should continue dissatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to satisfaction within his reach.—But in due time the cause of his disappointment was discovered to him—He had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart. Then he felt himself a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduct followed of course. When he saw the *busy* and the *gay* world in its true light, he left it with as little reluctance as a prisoner, when called to liberty, leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynic or an Ascetic—A heart filled with love to God, will assuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal blessings of my life; a friend and a counsellor, in whose company for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure. A friend, who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the affectionate poor people, among whom I then lived.

Some time after inclination had thus removed him from the hurry and bustle of life, he was still more secluded by a long indisposition, and my pleasure was succeeded by a proportionable degree of anxiety and concern. But a hope, that the God whom he served would support him under his affliction, and at length vouchsafe him a happy deliverance, never forsook me. The desirable crisis, I trust, is now nearly approaching. The dawn, the presage of returning day, is already arrived. He is again enabled to resume his pen, and some of the first fruits of his recovery are here presented to the public. In his principal subjects, the same acumen which distinguished him in the early period of life, is happily employed in illuf-

trating and enforcing the truths of which he received such deep and unalterable impressions in his maturer years. His satire, if it may be called so, is benevolent, (like the operations of the skilful and humane surgeon, who wounds only to heal,) dictated by a just regard for the honour of God, and indignant grief excited by the profligacy of the age, and a tender compassion for the souls of men.

His favourite topics are least insisted on in the piece entitled Table Talk ; which therefore, with some regard to the prevailing taste, and that those who are governed by it, may not be discouraged at the very threshold from proceeding farther, is placed first. In most of the larger Poems which follow, his leading design is more explicitly avowed and pursued. He aims to communicate his own perceptions of the truth, beauty, and influence of the religion of the Bible—A religion, which, however discredited by the misconduct of many, who have not renounced the Christian name, proves itself, when rightly understood, and cordially embraced, to be the grand *desideratum*, which alone can relieve the mind of man from painful and unavoidable anxieties, inspire it with stable peace and solid hope, and furnish those motives and prospects, which, in the present state of things, are absolutely necessary to produce a conduct worthy of a rational creature, distinguished by a vastness of capacity, which no assemblage of earthly good can satisfy, and by a principle and pre-intimation of immortality.

At a time when hypothesis and conjecture in philosophy are so justly exploded, and little is considered as deserving the name of knowledge, which will not stand the test of experiment, the very use of the term *experimental* in religious concerns, is by too many unhappily rejected with disgust. But we well know, that they, who affect to despise the inward feelings which religious persons speak of, and to treat them as enthusiasm and folly, have inward feelings of their own, which though they would they cannot suppress. We have been too long in the secret ourselves, to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, happy. We must lose the remembrance of what we once were, before we can believe, that a man is satisfied with himself, merely because he endeavours to appear so. A smile upon the face is often but a mask worn occasionally

and in company, to prevent, if possible, a suspicion of what at the same time is passing in the heart. We know that there are people, who seldom smile when they are alone, who therefore are glad to hide themselves in a throng from the violence of their own reflections; and who, while by their looks and their language they wish to persuade us they are happy, would be glad to change their conditions with a dog. But in defiance of all their efforts they continue to think, forebode, and tremble. This we know, for it has been our own state, and therefore we know how to commiserate it in others.—From this state the Bible relieved us—When we were lead to read it with attention, we found *ourselves* described.—We learnt the causes of our inquietude—we were directed to a method of relief—we tried, and we were not disappointed.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

We are now certain that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth. It has reconciled us to God, and to ourselves, to our duty, and our situation. It is the balm and cordial of the present life, and a sovereign antidote against the fear of death.

Sed hæcenus hæc. Some smaller pieces upon less important subjects close the volume. Not one of them, I believe, was written with a view to publication, but I was unwilling they should be omitted.

JOHN NEWTON.

Charles Square, Hoxton,
February 18, 1782.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
TABLE TALK - - - - -	1
Progress of Error - - - - -	29
Truth - - - - -	52
Expostulation - - - - -	74
Hope - - - - -	101
Charity - - - - -	129
Conversation - - - - -	153
Retirement - - - - -	186
The Yearly Distress, or Tithing-Time at Stock in Essex - -	216
Sonnet to Henry Cowper, Esq. - - - - -	219
Lines addressed to Dr. Darwin - - - - -	220
On Mrs. Montague's Feather Hangings - - - - -	221
Verfes supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his Abode in the Island of Juan Fernadez - - - - -	224
On the Promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq. to the Chancellorship of England, -	226
Ode to Peace - - - - -	228
Human Frailty - - - - -	229
The Modern Patriot - - - - -	230
On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica, -	232
Report of an adjudged Case not to be found in any of the Books - -	233
On the burning of Lord Mansfield's Library - - - - -	235
On the same - - - - -	236
The Love of the World reproved - - - - -	237
On the Death of Lady Throckmorton's Bulfinch - - - - -	239
The Rose - - - - -	242
The Doves - - - - -	243
A Fable - - - - -	245
A Comparison - - - - -	247
Another, addressed to a young Lady - - - - -	ibid
The Poet's New-Year's Gift - - - - -	248
Ode to Apollo - - - - -	249

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Pairing Time anticipated - - - - -	251
The Dog and the Water Lily - - - - -	254
The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant - - - - -	256
The Shrubbery - - - - -	258
The Winter Nofegay - - - - -	260
Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State -	261
The Negro's Complaint - - - - -	264
Pity for poor Africans - - - - -	266
The Morning Dream - - - - -	269
The Nightingale and Glow-worm - - - - -	271
On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage - - - - -	273
The Pine-Apple and the Bee - - - - -	274
Horace, Book the 2d, Ode the 10th - - - - -	275
A Reflection on the foregoing Ode - - - - -	277
The Lily and the Rose - - - - -	278
Idem Latine Redditum - - - - -	279
The Poplar Field - - - - -	281
Idem Latine Redditum - - - - -	282
Votum - - - - -	283
Translations from Vincent Bourne - - - - -	284
The History of John Gilpin - - - - -	296
Epistle to a Protestant Lady in France - - - - -	307
To the Rev. W. Cawthorne Unwin - - - - -	309
 THE TASK, in Six Books.	
Book I. The Sofa - - - - -	311
II. The Time-Piece - - - - -	343
III. The Garden - - - - -	377
IV. The Winter Evening - - - - -	411
V. The Winter Morning Walk - - - - -	443
VI. The Winter Walk at Noon - - - - -	479
 Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq. - - - - -	 519
Tirocinium: or, a Review of Schools - - - - -	523
Translation of Prior's Chloe and Euphelia - - - - -	559
To the Rev. Mr. Newton - - - - -	560
Catharina - - - - -	561

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Moralizer corrected - - - - -	564
The Faithful Friend - - - - -	566
The Needlefs Alarm - - - - -	568
Boadicea - - - - -	573
Heroifm - - - - -	575
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk	579
Friendfhip - - - - -	584
Stanzas fubjoined to a Bill of Mortality for the Year 1787	593
The fame for 1788 - - - - -	595
The fame for 1789 - - - - -	597
The fame for 1790 - - - - -	599
The fame for 1792 - - - - -	601
The fame for 1793 - - - - -	603
Epitaph on Mr. Hamilton - - - - -	605
Epitaph on a Hare - - - - -	606
Epitaphium Alterum - - - - -	608
Account of Treatment of Hares - - - - -	609
APPENDIX I. Tranflations from the French of Madame De La Mothe Guion,	615
APPENDIX II. Olney Hymns - - - - -	657



POEMS.

TABLE TALK.

Si te fortè meæ gravis uret farcina chartæ,
Abjicito—————HOR. Lib. I. Epist. 13.

A. **Y**ou told me, I remember, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt ;
The deeds, that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.
Strange doctrine this ! that without scruple tears
The laurel, that the very lightning spares ;
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that, men continuing what they are,
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war.
And never meant the rule should be applied
To him, that fights with justice on his side.

Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,

Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good, that heaven bestows.
And when recording history displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days,
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died
Where duty placed them, at their country's side ;
The man, that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself stationed on a towering rock,
To see a people scattered like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tyger feels ;
Then view him self-proclaimed in a gazette
Chief monster, that has plagued the nations yet :
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplaced,
Those ensigns of dominion, how disgraced !
The glass, that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And death's own scythe would better speak his power ;

Then grace the bony phantom in their stead
 With the king's shoulder knot and gay cockade ;
 Clothe the twin brethren in each other's drefs,
 The fame their occupation and fuccefs.

A. 'Tis your belief the world was made for man ;
 Kings do but reason on the felf-fame plan :
 Maintaining your's, you cannot their's condemn,
 Who think, or feem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns
 With much fufficiency in royal brains ;
 Such reasoning falls like an inverted cone,
 Wanting its proper bafe to ftand upon.
 Man made for kings ! thofe optics are but dim,
 That tell you fo—fay, rather, they for him.
 That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,
 Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.
 The diadem, with mighty projects lined
 To catch renown by ruining mankind,
 Is worth, with all its gold and glittering ftore,
 Juft what the toy will fell for, and no more.

Oh bright occasions of difpenfing good,
 How feldom ufed, how little underftood !
 To pour in virtue's lap her juft reward,
 Keep vice refrained behind a double guard ;
 To quell the faction, that affronts the throne,
 By filent magnanimity alone ;
 To nurfe with tender care the thriving arts,
 Watch every beam philofophy imparts ;

To give religion her unbridled scope,
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope ;
 With close fidelity and love unfeigned
 To keep the matrimonial bond unstained ;
 Covetous only of a virtuous praise ;
 His life a lesson to the land he sways ;
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw ;
 To sheath it in the peace-restoring close
 With joy beyond what victory bestows ;
 Blest country, where these kingly glories shine ;
 Blest England, if this happiness be thine !

A. Guard what you say ; the patriotic tribe
 Will sneer and charge you with a bribe.—B. A bribe ?
 The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,
 To lure me to the baseness of a lie.
 And, of all lies, (be that one poet's boast)
 The lie that flatters I abhor the most.
 Those arts be their's, who hate his gentle reign,
 But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your smooth eulogium to one crown addressed,
 Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
 Asked, when in hell, to see the royal jail ;
 Approved their method in all other things ;
 But where, good sir, do you confine your kings ?
 There—said his guide—the group is full in view.
 Indeed ?—replied the Don—there are but few.

His black interpreter the charge disdained—
 Few, fellow?—there are all that ever reigned.
 Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
 The guilty and not guilty both alike.
 I grant the sarcasm is too severe,
 And we can readily refute it here ;
 While Alfred's name, the father of his age,
 And the Sixth Edward's grace the historic page.

A. Kings then at last have but the lot of all,
 By their own conduct they must stand or fall.

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays
 His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise ;
 And many a dunce whose fingers itch to write,
 Adds, as he can, his tributary mite :
 A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,
 A monarch's errors are forbidden game !
 Thus free from censure, over-awed by fear,
 And praised for virtues, that they scorn to wear,
 The fleeting forms of majesty engage
 Respect, while stalking over life's narrow stage ;
 Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
 And ask with busy scorn, Was this the man ?

I pity kings, whom worship waits upon
 Obsequious from the cradle to the throne ;
 Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,
 And binds a wreath about their baby brows ;
 Whom education stiffens into state,
 And death awakens from that dream too late.

Oh ! if fervility with supple knees,
 Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please ;
 If smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
 A devil's purpose with an angel's face ;
 If smiling peereffes, and simpering peers,
 Encompassing his throne a few short years ;
 If the gilt carriage and the pampered steed,
 That wants no driving, and disdains the lead ;
 If guards, mechanically formed in ranks,
 Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,
 Shouldering and standing as if stuck to stone,
 While condescending majesty looks on ;
 If monarchy consist in such base things,
 Sighing, I say again, I pity kings !

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
 Even when he labours for his country's good ;
 To see a band, called patriot for no cause,
 But that they catch at popular applause,
 Careless of all the anxiety he feels,
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels ;
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong ;
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me
 All kingship ; and may I be poor and free !

To be the Table Talk of clubs up stairs,
 To which the unwashed artificer repairs,
 To indulge his genius after long fatigue,
 By diving into cabinet intrigue ;

(For what kings deem a toil, as well they may,
 To him is relaxation and mere play)
 To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
 But to be rudely censured when they fail ;
 To doubt the love his favourites may pretend,
 And in reality to find no friend ;
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,
 His galleries with the works of art well graced,
 To hear it called extravagance and waste ;
 If these attendants, and if such as these,
 Must follow royalty, then welcome ease ;
 However humble and confined the sphere,
 Happy the state, that has not these to fear.

A. Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have dwelt
 On situations, that they never felt,
 Start up sagacious, covered with the dust
 Of dreaming study and pedantic rust,
 And prate and preach about what others prove,
 As if the world and they were hand and glove.
 Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares,
 They have their weight to carry, subjects their's ;
 Poets, of all men, ever least regret
 Increasing taxes, and the nation's debt.
 Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse
 The mighty plan, oracular, in verse,
 No bard, however majestic, old or new,
 Should claim my fixt attention more than you.

B. Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay
 To turn the course of Helicon that way ;
 Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide
 Should purl amidst the traffic of Cheapfide,
 Or tinkle in 'Change-Alley, to amuse
 The leathern ears of stock-jobbers and Jews.

A. Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme
 To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.
 When ministers and ministerial arts ;
 Patriots, who love good places at their hearts ;
 When admirals, extolled for standing still,
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill ;
 Generals, who will not conquer when they may,
 Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay ;
 When freedom wounded almost to despair,
 Though discontent alone can find out where ;
 When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,
 I hear as mute as if a fyren fung.
 Or tell me, if you can, what power maintains
 A Britain's scorn of arbitrary chains ?
 That were a theme might animate the dead,
 And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, though worth the search, may yet elude
 Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.
 They take perhaps a well directed aim,
 Who seek it in his climate and his frame.
 Liberal in all things else, yet nature here
 With stern severity deals out the year.

Winter invades the spring, and often pours
 A chilling flood on summer's drooping flowers ;
 Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,
 Ungenial blasts attending curl the streams ;
 The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
 With double toil, and shiver at their work ;
 Thus with a rigour for his good designed,
 She rears her favourite man of all mankind.
 His form robust and of elastic tone,
 Proportioned well, half muscle and half bone,
 Supplies with warm activity and force
 A mind well-lodged, and masculine of course.
 Hence liberty, sweet liberty inspires,
 And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.
 Patient of constitutional controul,
 He bears it with meek manliness of soul ;
 But, if authority grow wanton, woe
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe ;
 One step beyond the boundary of the laws
 Fires him at once in freedom's glorious cause.
 Thus proud prerogative, not much revered,
 Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard ;
 And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
 Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away.
 Born in a climate softer far than our's,
 Not formed like us, with such Herculean powers,
 The Frenchman, easy, debonair and brisk,
 Give him his lufs, his fiddle, and his frisk,

Is always happy, reign whoever may,
 And laughs the sense of misery far away ;
 He drinks his simple beverage with a gust ;
 And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
 We never feel the alacrity and joy,
 With which he shouts and carols *Vive le Roy*,
 Filled with as much true merriment and glee,
 As if he heard his king say—Slave be free.

Thus happiness depends, as nature shows,
 Less on exterior things than most suppose.
 Vigilant over all that he has made,
 Kind providence attends with gracious aid ;
 Bids equity throughout his works prevail,
 And weighs the nations in an even scale ;
 He can encourage slavery to a smile,
 And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such,
 Stand on a level ; and you prove too much :
 If all men indiscriminately share
 His fostering power, and tutelary care,
 As well be yoked by despotism's hand,
 As dwell at large in Britain's chartered land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, however contented, never know.
 The mind attains beneath her happy reign
 The growth, that nature meant she should attain ;
 The varied fields of science, ever new,
 Opening and wider opening on her view,

She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
 While no base fear impedes her in her course.
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes ;
 No shades of superstition blot the day,
 Liberty chafes all that gloom away ;
 The foul, emancipated, unoppressed,
 Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
 Learns much ; and to a thousand listening minds
 Communicates with joy the good she finds ;
 Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And freedom claims him for her first born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway ;
 But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :
 Religion, virtue, truth, whatever we call
 A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
 Oh liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
 The poet's muse, his passion and his theme ;
 Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse ;
 Lost without thee the ennobling power of verse ;
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :

Place me, where winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing, if liberty be there ;
 And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please ; in such a cause I grant
 An English poet's privilege to rant ;
 But is not freedom—at least is not our's
 Too apt to play the wanton with her powers,
 Grow freakish, and overleaping every mound,
 Spread anarchy and terror all around ?

B. Agreed. But would you sell or flay your horse
 For bounding and curvetting in his course ;
 Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,
 He break away, and seek the distant plain ?
 No. His high mettle, under good controul,
 Gives him Olympic speed, and shoots him to the goal.

Let discipline employ her wholesome arts ;
 Let magistrates alert perform their parts,
 Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,
 As if their duty were a desperate task ;
 Let active laws apply the needful curb
 To guard the peace, that riot would disturb ;
 And liberty, preserved from wild excess,
 Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.
 When tumult lately burst his prison door,
 And set plebeian thousands in a roar ;
 When he usurped authority's just place,
 And dared to look his master in the face ;

When the rude rabble's watch-word was—deftroy,
 And blazing London feemed a fecond Troy ;
 Liberty blufhed, and hung her drooping head,
 Beheld their progrefs with the deepeft dread ;
 Blufhed, that effects like thefe ſhe ſhould produce,
 Worfe than the deeds of galley-ftaves broke loofe.
 She lofes in fuch forms her very name,
 And fierce licentiousnefs ſhould bear the blame.

Incomparable gem ! thy worth untold ;
 Cheap, though blood-bought ; and thrown away when fold ;
 May no foes ravifh thee, and no falfe friend
 Betray thee, while profeſſing to defend ;
 Prize it, ye miniſters ; ye monarchs ſpare ;
 Ye patriots, guard it with a miſer's care.

A. Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found,
 Where moſt they flouriſh, upon Engliſh ground,
 The country's need have ſcantily ſupplied,
 And the laſt left the ſcene when Chatham died.

B. Not ſo—the virtue ſtill adorns our age,
 Though the chief actor died upon the ſtage.
 In him Demofthenes was heard again ;
 Liberty taught him her Athenian ſtrain ;
 She clothed him with authority and awe,
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
 His ſpeech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face,
 He ſtood, as ſome inimitable hand
 Would ſtrive to make a Paul or Tully ſtand.

No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
 Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
 And every venal fickler for the yoke
 Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Such men are raised to station and command,
 When providence means mercy to a land.
 He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
 Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
 To manage with address, to seize with power,
 The crisis of a dark decisive hour.

So Gideon earned a victory not his own ;
 Subserviency his praise, and that alone.

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
 Befet with every ill but that of fear.
 Thee nations hunt; all mark thee for a prey;
 They swarm around thee, and thou standest at bay.
 Undaunted still, though wearied and perplexed:
 Once Chatham saved thee; but who saves thee next?
 Alas! the tide of pleasure sweeps along
 All, that should be the boast of British song.
 'Tis not the wreath, that once adorned thy brow,
 The prize of happier times will serve thee now.
 Our ancestry, a gallant christian race,
 Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
 Confessed a God; they kneeled before they fought,
 And praised him in the victories he wrought.
 Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
 Their sober zeal, integrity and worth;

Courage, ungraced by these, affronts the skies,
 Is but the fire without the sacrifice.
 The stream, that feeds the well-spring of the heart,
 Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
 Than virtue quickens with a warmth divine
 The powers, that sin has brought to a decline.

A. The inestimable estimate of Brown
 Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town ;
 But measures, planned and executed well,
 Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.
 He trod the very self-same ground you tread,
 And victory refuted all he said.

B. And yet his judgment was not framed amiss ;
 Its error, if it erred, was merely this—
 He thought the dying hour already come,
 And a complete recovery struck him dumb.

But that effeminacy, folly, lust,
 Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must,
 And that a nation shamefully debased,
 Will be despised and trampled on at last,
 Unless sweet penitence her powers renew,
 Is truth, if history itself be true.
 There is a time, and justice marks the date,
 For long-forbearing clemency to wait ;
 That hour elapsed, the incurable revolt
 Is punished, and down comes the thunder-bolt.
 If mercy *then* put by the threatening blow,
 Must she perform the same kind office *now* ?

May she ! and, if offended heaven be still
 Accessible, and prayer prevail, she will.
 'Tis not however insolence and noise,
 The tempest of tumultuary joys,
 Nor is it yet dependence and dismay
 Will win her visits, or engage her stay ;
 Prayer only, and the penitential tear,
 Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.

But when a country (one that I could name)
 In prostitution sinks the sense of shame ;
 When infamous venality grown bold,
 Writes on his bosom, *to be let or sold* ;
 When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,
 Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
 Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
 To turn a penny in the way of trade ;
 When avarice starves (and never hides his face)
 Two or three millions of the human race,
 And not a tongue inquires, how, where, or when,
 Though conscience will have twinges now and then ;
 When profanation of the sacred cause
 In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,
 Bespeaks a land, once christian, fallen, and lost
 In all, that wars against that title most,
 What follows next let cities of great name,
 And regions long since desolate proclaim.
 Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,
 Speak to the present times, and times to come ;

They cry aloud in every careless ear,
 Stop, while you may; suspend your mad career;
 O learn from our example and our fate,
 Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late.

Not only vice disposes and prepares
 The mind, that slumbers sweetly in her snares,
 To stoop to tyranny's usurped command,
 And bend her polished neck beneath his hand,
 (A dire effect, by one of nature's laws
 Unchangeably connected with its cause);
 But Providence himself will intervene
 To throw his dark displeasure over the scene.
 All are his instruments; each form of war,
 What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
 Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
 The storms, that overset the joys of life,
 Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,
 And waste it at the bidding of his hand.
 He gives the word, and mutiny soon roars
 In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores;
 The standards of all nations are unfurled;
 She has one foe, and that one foe the world.
 And, if he doom that people with a frown,
 And mark them with a seal of wrath pressed down,
 Obduracy takes place; callous and tough,
 The reprobated race grows judgment proof:
 Earth shakes beneath them, and heaven roars above;
 But nothing scares them from the course they love:

To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
 That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
 With mad rapidity and unconcern,
 Down to the gulph, from which is no return.
 They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
 God's curse can cast away ten thousand fail !
 They trust in armies, and their courage dies ;
 In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies ;
 But all they trust in withers as it must,
 When He commands, in whom they place no trust.
 Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast
 A long despised, but now victorious, host ;
 Tyranny sends the chain, that must abridge
 The noble sweep of all their privilege ;
 Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock :
 Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach,
 Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach ?

B. I know the mind, that feels indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
 Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
 Whatever the theme, that others never feel.
 If human woes her soft attention claim,
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
 She pours a sensibility divine
 Along the nerve of every feeling line.
 But if a deed not tamely to be borne
 Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,

The strings are swept with such a power so loud,
 The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.
 So, when remote futurity is brought
 Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
 A terrible sagacity informs
 The poet's heart ; he looks to distant forms ;
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers ;
 And armed with strength surpassing human powers,
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
 Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
 Of prophet and of poet was the same ;
 Hence British poets too the priesthood shared,
 And every hallowed druid was a bard.
 But no prophetic fires to me belong ;
 I play with syllables, and sport in song.

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
 To set a distich upon six and five,
 Where discipline helps the opening buds of sense,
 And makes his pupils proud with silver-pence,
 I was a poet too : but modern taste
 Is so refined, and delicate, and chaste,
 That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
 Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
 Thus, all success depending on an ear,
 And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
 If sentiment were sacrificed to sound,
 And truth cut short to make a period round,

I judged a man of sense could scarce do worse,
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.

B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
Give me the line, that plows its stately course
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by force ;
That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately, in measured time,
The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be ;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him who rears a poem lank and long,
To him, who strains his all into a song ;
Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
All birks and braes though he was never there ;
Or, having whelped a prologue with great pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains ;
A prologue interdash'd with many a stroke—
An art contrived to advertise a joke,
So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between :
Manner is all in all, whatever is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.

Neglected talents rush into decay,
 And every effort ends in push-pin play.
 The man, that means success, should soar above
 A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;
 Else, summoning the muse to such a theme,
 The fruit of all her labour is whipt-cream.
 As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
 Stooped from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.
 As if the poet, purposing to wed,
 Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.
 Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
 And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
 Ennobling every region that he chose;
 He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
 And, tedious years of gothic darkness passed,
 Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.

A. Is genius only found in epic lays?
 Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praise.
 Make their heroic powers your own at once,
 Or candidly confess yourself a dunce.

B. These were the chief: each interval of night
 Was graced with many an undulating light.

In less illustrious bards his beauty shone
A meteor, or a star; in these, the sun.

The nightingale may claim the topmost bough,
While the poor grasshopper must chirp below.
Like him unnoticed, I, and such as I,
Spread little wings, and rather skip than fly:
Perched on the meager produce of the land,
An ell or two of prospect we command;
But never peep beyond the thorny bound,
Or oaken fence that hems the paddock round.

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
Had faded, poetry was not an art;
Language, above all teaching, or if taught
Only by gratitude and glowing thought,
Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form,
Not prompted as in our degenerate days,
By low ambition and the thirst of praise,
Was natural as is the flowing stream,
And yet magnificent—A God the theme!
That theme on earth exhausted, though above
'Tis found as everlasting as his love,
Man lavished all his thoughts on human things—
The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings:
But still, while virtue kindled his delight,
The song was moral, and so far was right.
'Twas thus till luxury seduced the mind
To joys less innocent, as less refined;

Then genius danced a bacchanal; he crowned
The brimming goblet, seized the thyrsus, bound
His brows with ivy, rushed into the field
Of wild imagination, and there reeled,
The victim of his own lascivious fires,
And dizzy with delight, profaned the sacred wires.
Anacreon, Horace played in Greece and Rome
This bedlam part; and others nearer home.
When Cromwell fought for power, and while he reigned
The proud protector of the power he gained,
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the christian face
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace;
The dark and sullen humour of the time
Judged every effort of the muse a crime;
Verse in the finest mould of fancy cast,
Was lumber in an age so void of taste;
But, when the second Charles assumed the sway,
And arts revived beneath a softer day,
Then, like a bow long forced into a curve,
The mind, released from too constrained a nerve,
Flew to its first position with a spring,
That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.
His court, the dissolute and hateful school
Of wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,
Swarmed with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
With brutal lust as ever Circe made.

From these a long succession, in the rage
 Of rank obscenity, debauched their age;
 Nor ceased, till ever anxious to redress
 The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
 The muse instructed a well-nurtured train
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,
 And claim the palm for purity of song,
 That lewdness had usurped and worn so long.
 Then decent pleasantry and sterling sense,
 That neither gave nor would endure offence,
 Whipped out of sight, with satire just and keen,
 The puppy pack that had defiled the scene.

In front of these came Addison. In him
 Humour in holiday and slight trim,
 Sublimity and attic taste, combined,
 To polish, furnish, and delight, the mind.
 Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
 In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,
 Gave virtue and morality a grace,
 That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,
 Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
 Even on the fools that trampled on their laws.
 But he (his musical finessè was such,
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
 Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
 And every warbler has his tune by heart.
 Nature imparting her satiric gift,
 Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,

With droll sobriety they raised a smile
 At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.
 That constellation set, the world in vain
 Must hope to look upon their like again.

A. Are we then left—B. Not wholly in the dark;
 Wit now and then struck smartly shows a spark,
 Sufficient to redeem the modern race
 From total night and absolute disgrace.
 While fervile trick and imitative knack
 Confine the million in the beaten track,
 Perhaps some courser who disdains the road,
 Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.

Contemporaries all surpassed, see one;
 Short his career, indeed, but ably run;
 Churchill; himself unconscious of his powers,
 In penury consumed his idle hours;
 And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
 Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
 Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
 And dint of genius to an affluent lot,
 He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
 And took, too often, there his easy nap.
 If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
 Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
 Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit,

He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command;
He snatch'd it rudely from the muses' hand.
Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to, every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the fields, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads:
She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
With music, modulating all their notes;
And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown,
With artless airs and concerts of her own:
But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely fought;
Fancy, that from the bow, that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipt in heaven, that never die;
A soul, exalted above earth, a mind
Skilled in the characters that form mankind;
And, as the sun in rising beauty dress'd,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close;
An eye like his to catch the distant goal;
Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On every scene and subject it surveys:

Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.

Pity religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground !
The flowers would spring wherever she deigned to stray,
And every muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhiming friend,
And many a compliment politely penned ;
But, unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undressed,
Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,
A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped ;
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread,
Satire has long since done his best ; and curst
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst ;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play ;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whatever we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He, who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

For, after all, if merely to beguile,
By flowing numbers and a flowery style,

The tædium that the lazy rich endure,
 Which now and then sweet poetry may cure;
 Or, if to see the name of idle self,
 Stamped on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf,
 To float a bubble on the breath of fame,
 Prompt his endeavour and engage his aim,
 Debased to servile purposes of pride,
 How are the powers of genius misapplied!
 The gift, whose office is the Giver's praise,
 To trace him in his word, his works, his ways!
 Then spread the rich discovery, and invite
 Mankind, to share in the divine delight.
 Distorted from its use and just design,
 To make the pitiful possessor shine,
 To purchase, at the fool-frequented fair
 Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
 Is profanation of the basest kind—
 Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind.

A. Hail Sternhold, then; and Hopkins, hail! B. Amen.
 If flattery, folly, lust, employ the pen;
 If acrimony, slander, and abuse,
 Give it a charge to blacken and traduce;
 'Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's ease,
 With all that fancy can invent to please,
 Adorn the polished periods as they fall,
 One madrigal of their's is worth them all.

A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,
 To dash the pen through all that you proscribe.

B. No matter—we could shift when they were not;
 And should, no doubt, if they were all forgot.

THE
PROGRESS OF ERROR.

Si quid loquar audiendum.——HORACE, Lib. 4. Od. 2.

SING, muse (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song)
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent error twines round human hearts;
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flowery shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The poisonous, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.

Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end;
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;

Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasped at slips away.

Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man?
With nought in charge he could betray no trust;
And, if he fell, would fall because he must;
If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.
Divine authority within his breast
Brings every thought, word, action, to the test;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
Cries in his startled ear—Abstain from sin!
The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice;
Wherever he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;

Those open on the spot their honeyed store;
 These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
 His unexhausted mine the fordid vice
 Avarice flows, and virtue is the price.
 Here various motives his ambition raise—
 Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise;
 There beauty wooes him with expanded arms;
 Even bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
 Seek to supplant his inexperienced youth,
 Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
 Hourly allurements on his passions press,
 Safe in themselves, but dangerous in the excess.

Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air!
 O what a dying, dying close was there!
 'Tis harmony from yon sequestered bower,
 Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour!
 Long ere the charioteer of day had run
 His morning course, the enchantment was begun;
 And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
 Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
 That virtue points to? Can a life thus spent
 Lead to the bliss she promises the wife,
 Detach the soul from earth, and speed her to the skies?
 Ye devotees to your adored employ,
 Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,

Love makes the music of the blest above,
 Heaven's harmony is universal love;
 And earthly sounds, though sweet and well combined,
 And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
 Leave vice and folly unsubdued behind.

Gray dawn appears; the sportsman and his train
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain;
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs,
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs;
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
 True beagle as the staunchest hound he keeps.
 Charged with the folly of his life's mad scene,
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;
 The joy the danger and the toil overpays—
 'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.
 Again impetuous to the field he flies;
 Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
 Unmissed but by his dogs and by his groom.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race;
 But, if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
 Prodigies ominous, and viewed with fear.
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream;
 Your's real and pernicious in the extreme.
 What then!—are appetites and lusts laid down
 With the same ease that man puts on his gown?

Will avarice and concupiscence give place,
 Charmed by the founds—Your Reverence, or Your Grace?
 No. But his own engagement binds him fast;
 Or, if it does not, brands him to the last
 What atheists call him—a designing knave,
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.
 Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
 A cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue:
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
 He takes the field, the master of the pack
 Cries—Well done faint! and claps him on the back.
 Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
 To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss?
 Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
 His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
 Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,
 Send your dishonoured gown to Monmouth-street!
 The sacred function in your hands is made—
 Sad sacrilege! no function, but a trade!

Occidius is a pastor of renown,
 When he has prayed and preached the sabbath down,
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
 Quavering and femiquavering care away.
 The full concerto swells upon your ear;
 All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod
 Had summoned them to serve his golden god.

So well that thought the employment seems to suit,
Pfaltery and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.

Oh fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:

Observe each face, how sober and demure!

Ecstasy sets her stamp on every mien;

Chins fallen, and not an eye-ball to be seen.

Still I insist, though music heretofore

Has charmed me much, (not even Occiduus more)

Love, joy, and peace make harmony more meet

For sabbath evenings, and perhaps as sweet.

Will not the sickliest sheep of every flock

Resort to this example as a rock;

There stand, and justify the foul abuse

Of sabbath hours with plausible excuse;

If apostolic gravity be free

To play the fool on Sundays, why not we?

If he the tinkling harpsichord regards

As inoffensive, what offence in cards?

Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay,

Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.

Oh Italy!—thy sabbaths will be soon

Our sabbaths, closed with mummery and buffoon.

Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,

Our's parcelled out, as thine have ever been,

God's worship and the mountebank between.

What says the prophet? Let that day be blest

With holiness and consecrated rest.

Pastime and business both it should exclude,
 And bar the door the moment they intrude;
 Nobly distinguished above all the fix
 By deeds, in which the world must never mix.
 Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
 A day of luxury, observed aright,
 When the glad soul is made heaven's welcome guest,
 Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.
 But triflers are engaged and cannot come;
 Their answer to the call is—*Not at home.*

Oh the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,
 The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again.
 Cards, with what rapture, and the polished die,
 The yawning chasm of indolence supply!
 Then to the dance, and make the sober moon
 Witness of joys, that shun the sight of noon.
 Blame, cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,
 The snug close party, or the splendid hall,
 Where night, down-stooping from her ebon throne,
 Views constellations brighter than her own.
 'Tis innocent, and harmless, and refined,
 The balm of care, elysium of the mind.
 Innocent! Oh if venerable time
 Slain at the foot of pleasure be no crime,
 Then, with his silver beard and magic wand,
 Let Comus rise Archbishop of the land;
 Let him your rubric and your feast prescribe,
 Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.

Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,
The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.
Rufillus, exquisitely formed by rule,
Not of the moral, but the dancing school,
Wonders at Clodio's follies in a tone
As tragical, as others at his own.
He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,
Then kill a constable, and drink five more;
But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
And has the ladies etiquette by heart.
Go fool; and, arm in arm with Clodio, plead
Your cause before a bar you little dread;
But know, the law, that bids the drunkard die,
Is far too just to pass the trifler by.
Both baby featured, and of infant size,
Viewed from a distance, and with heedless eyes,
Folly and innocence are so alike,
The difference, though essential, fails to strike.
Yet folly ever has a vacant stare,
A simpering countenance, and a trifling air;
But innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us by engaging our respect.
Man, nature's guest by invitation sweet,
Receives from her both appetite and treat;
But, if he play the glutton and exceed,
His benefactors blushes at the deed,
For nature, nice and liberal to dispense,
Made nothing but a brute the slave of sense.

Daniel ate pulfe by choice—example rare!
 Heaven bleffed the youth, and made him fresh and fair.
 Gorgonius fits, abdominous and wan,
 Like a fat squab upon a Chinefe fan:
 He snuffs far off the anticipated joy;
 Turtle and venifon all his thoughts employ;
 Prepares for meals as jockeys take a fweat,
 Oh, naufeous!—an emetic for a whet!
 Will Providence overlook the wafte good?
 Temperance were no virtue if he could.

That pleasures, therefore, or what fuch we call,
 Are hurtful, is a truth confeffed by all.
 And fome, that feem to threaten virtue lefs,
 Still hurtful, in the abufe, or by the excefs.

Is man then only for his torment placed
 The centre of delights he may not tafte?
 Like fabled Tantalus, condemned to hear
 The precious fream ftill purling in his ear,
 Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curft
 With prohibition, and perpetual thirft?
 No, wrangler—deftitute of fhame and fenfe,
 The precept, that enjoins him abftinence,
 Forbids him none but the licentious joy,
 Whole fruit, though fair, tempts only to deftroy.
 Remorfe, the fatal egg by pleasure laid
 In every bofom where her neft is made,
 Hatched by the beams of truth, denies him reft,
 And proves a raging fcorpion in his breaft.

No pleasure? Are domestic comforts dead?
 Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
 Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
 Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good fame?
 All these belong to virtue, and all prove
 That virtue has a title to your love.
 Have you no touch of pity, that the poor
 Stand starved at your inhospitable door?
 Or if yourself too scantily supplied
 Need help, let honest industry provide.
 Earn, if you want; if you abound, impart:
 These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.
 No pleasure? Has some sickly eastern waste
 Sent us a wind to parch us at a blast?
 Can British paradise no scenes afford
 To please her sated and indifferent lord?
 Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run
 Quite to the lees? And has religion none?
 Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
 And judge you from the kennel and the sty.
 Delights like these, ye sensual and profane,
 Ye are bid, begged, besought to entertain;
 Called to these crystal streams, do ye turn off
 Obscene to swill and swallow at a trough?
 Envy the beast then, on whom heaven bestows
 Your pleasures, with no curses in the clove.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice
 Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their use;
 Ambition, avarice, and the lust of fame,
 And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
 The heart, surrendered to the ruling power
 Of some ungoverned passion every hour,
 Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,
 And all their deep impressions, wear away;
 So coin grows smooth, in traffic current passed,
 Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last.

The breach, though small at first, soon opening wide,
 In rushes folly with a full-moon tide:
 Then welcome errors of whatever size,
 To justify it by a thousand lies.
 As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;
 So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
 Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
 First wish to be imposed on, and then are.
 And lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
 Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.
 Not more industrious are the just and true
 To give to virtue what is virtue's due—
 The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
 And call her charms to public notice forth—
 Than vice's mean and disingenuous race
 To hide the shocking features of her face.

Her form with drefs and lotion they repair;
Then kifs their idol, and pronounce her fair.

The facred implement I now employ
Might prove a mifchief, or at beft a toy;
A trifle, if it move but to amufe;
But, if to wrong the judgment and abufe,
Worfe than a poignard in the bafeft hand,
It ftabs at once the morals of a land.

Ye writers of what none with fafety reads,
Footing it in the dance that fancy leads:
Ye novelifts, who mar what ye would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end;
Whofe correfponding miffes fill the ream
With fentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate foft filken net
By fome lewd earl, or rake-hell baronet:
Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the clofet of young innocence,
And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,
To fcribble as you fcribbled at fifteen;
Who, kindling a combuftion of defire,
With fome cold moral think to quench the fire;
Though all your engineering proves in vain,
The dribbling fream never puts it out again:
Oh that a verfe had power, and could command
Far, far away thefe flefh-flies of the land;
Who faften without mercy on the fair,
And fuck, and leave a craving maggot there.

However disguised the inflammatory tale,
 And covered with a fine spun specious veil;
 Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
 And relish of their pleasure all to lust.

But the muse, eagle-pinioned, has in view
 A quarry more important still than you;
 Down, down the wind she swims and sails away,
 Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.

Petronius! all the muses weep for thee;
 But every tear shall scald thy memory:
 The graces too, while virtue at their shrine
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
 Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
 Abhorred the sacrifice, and cursed the priest.
 Thou polished and high-finished foe to truth,
 Gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth,
 To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
 That so refined it might the more entice,
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son;
 To taint *his* heart, was worthy of *thine own!*
 Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
 Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades;
 One, and one only, charged with deep regret
 That thy worst part, thy principles, live yet:
 One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
 Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
 Our most important are our earliest years;

The mind, impreffible and foft, with eafe
Imbibes and copies what ſhe hears and fees,
And through life's labyrinth holds faft the clue,
That education gives her, falſe or true.
Plants raiſed with tenderneſs are feldom ſtrong;
Man's coltiſh diſpoſition aſks the thong;
And without diſcipline the favourite child,
Like a neglected foreſter, runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to ſow;
We give ſome Latin, and a ſmatch of Greek;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;
And having done, we think, the beſt we can,
Praiſe his proficiency, and dub him man.

From ſchool to Cam or Iſis, and thence home;
And thence with all convenient ſpeed to Rome,
With reverend tutor clad in habit lay,
To teaſe for caſh and quarrel with all day;
With memorandum-book for every town,
And every poſt, and where the chaiſe broke down;
His ſtock, a few French phraſes got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart,
The youth, obedient to his ſire's commands,
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands.
Surpriſed at all they meet, the goſling pair,
With awkward gait, ſtretched neck, and ſilly ſtare,
Diſcover huge cathedrals built with ſtone,
And ſteeples towering high much like our own;

But shew peculiar light by many a grin
At popish practices observed within.

Ere long some bowing, smirking, smart Abbé
Remarks two loiterers, that have lost their way;
And being always primed with *politesse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task
To tell them more than they have wit to ask:
Points to inscriptions wheresoever they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read.
But, being cankered now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose:
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculanean pots and pans;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserved with care.

Strange the recital! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shame-faced no more,
But teems with powers he never felt before:
Whether increased momentum, and the force,
With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go)
Chafed him, and brought dull nature to a glow;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flowers so sweet and fair,

Freshening his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man;
Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace;
We flight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure formed to please,
Are qualities, that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend;
Hence an unfurnished and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refined;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash:
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.
Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.
And of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is—scripture warped from its intent.

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The carriage bowls along, and all are pleased
 If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greased;
 But if the rogue have gone a cup too far,
 Left out his linch pin, or forgot his tar,
 It suffers interruption and delay,
 And meets with hindrance in the smoothest way.
 When some hypothesis absurd and vain
 Has filled with all its fumes a critic's brain,
 The text, that suits not with his darling whim,
 Though plain to others, is obscure to him.
 The will made subject to a lawless force,
 All is irregular and out of course;
 And judgment drunk, and bribed to lose his way,
 Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noon-day.

A critic on the sacred book should be
 Candid and learned, dispassionate and free;
 Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
 From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal:
 But above all, (or let the wretch refrain,
 Nor touch the page he cannot but profane)
 Free from the domineering power of lust;
 A lewd interpreter is never just.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
 Thou god of our idolatry, the press?
 By thee religion, liberty, and laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
 By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land beset,
 Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;

Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise:
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
 Till half mankind were like himself possessed.
 Philosophers, who darken and put out
 Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
 Church quacks, with passions under no command,
 Who fill the world with doctrines contraband,
 Discoverers of they know not what, confined
 Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind;
 To streams of popular opinion drawn,
 Deposit in those shallows all their spawn.
 The wriggling fry soon fill the creeks around,
 Poisoning the waters where their swarms abound.
 Scorned by the nobler tenants of the flood,
 Minnows and gudgeons gorge the unwholesome food.
 The propagated myriads spread so fast,
 Even Lewenhoeck himself would stand aghast,
 Employed to calculate the enormous sum,
 And own his crab computing powers overcome.
 Is this hyperbole? The world well known,
 Your sober thoughts will hardly find it one.

Fresh confidence the speculatist takes
 From every hair-brained profelyte he makes;
 And therefore prints. Himself but half deceived,
 Till others have the soothing tale believed.

Hence comment after comment, spun as fine
 As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line:
 Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,
 Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.
 If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
 Hebrew or Syriac shall be forced to bend:
 If languages and copies all cry, No—
 Somebody proved it centuries ago.
 Like trout pursued, the critic in despair
 Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there.
 Women, whom custom has forbid to fly
 The scholar's pitch, (the scholar best knows why)
 With all the simple and unlettered poor,
 Admire his learning, and almost adore.
 Whoever errs, the priest can never be wrong,
 With such fine words familiar to his tongue.

Ye ladies! (for indifferent in your cause,
 I should deserve to forfeit all applause)
 Whatever shocks, or gives the least offence
 To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense,
 (Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide)
 Nor has, nor can have, scripture on its side.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
 Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
 Committed once into the public arms,
 The baby seems to smile with added charms.
 Like something precious ventured far from shore,
 'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.

He views it with complacency supreme,
 Solicits kind attention to his dream;
 And daily more enamoured of the cheat,
 Kneels, and asks heaven to bless the dear deceit.
 So one, whose story serves at least to show
 Men loved their own productions long ago,
 Wooed an unfeeling statue for his wife,
 Nor rested till the gods had given it life.
 If some mere driveller suck the sugared fib,
 One that still needs his leading string and bib,
 And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
 In praise applied to the same part—his head.
 For 'tis a rule, that holds for ever true,
 Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.

Patient of contradiction as a child,
 Affable, humble, diffident, and mild;
 Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke:
 Your blunderer is as sturdy as a rock.
 The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
 A muleteer's the man to set him right.
 First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,
 Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.
 Tell him he wanders; that his error leads
 To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads
 Be flowery, and he see no cause of fear,
 Death and the pains of hell attend him there;
 In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,
 He has no hearing on the prudent side.

His still refuted quirks he still repeats;
 New raised objections with new quibbles meets;
 Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
 He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
 But not the mischiefs; they, still left behind
 Like thistle-seeds, are sown by every wind.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
 Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
 And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
 First put it out, then take it for a guide.
 Halting on crutches of unequal size,
 One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
 They siddle to the goal with awkward pace,
 Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain:
 And these reciprocally those again.
 The mind and conduct mutually imprint
 And stamp their image in each other's mint:
 Each, sire and dam, of an infernal race,
 Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
 For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
 Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,
 It err but little from the intended line,
 It falls at last far wide of his design:
 So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,
 Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye;

That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.

With caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if power almighty save you not.
There hardening by degrees, till double steed,
Take leave of nature's God, and God revealed;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And, joining the free-thinkers brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense.
If clemency revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damned without excuse.

Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still*;
But "*Thus far and no farther*," when addressed
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.

But muse, forbear; long flights forbode a fall;
Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.

Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies!
 He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies:
 And he that *will* be cheated to the last,
 Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.
 But if the wanderer his mistake discern,
 Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
 Bewildered once, must he bewail his loss
 For ever and for ever? No—the cross!
 There and there only (though the deist rave,
 And atheist, if earth bear so base a slave);
 There and there only is the power to save. }
 There no delusive hope invites despair;
 No mockery meets you, no deception there.
 The spells and charms, that blinded you before,
 All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—
 The cross once seen is death to every vice:
 Else he that hung there suffered all his pain,
 Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died, in vain.

T R U T H.

Penfantur trutinâ.———HORACE, Lib. ii. Epist. 1.

MAN, on the dubious waves of error toffed,
His ship half foundered, and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land:
Spreads all his canvass, every finew plies;
Pants for it, aims at it, enters it, and dies!
Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
His well-built systems, philosophic dreams;
Deceitful views of future bliss farewell!
He reads his sentence at the flames of hell.

Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward
Of virtue, and yet lose it! Wherefore hard?
He that would win the race must guide his horse
Obedient to the customs of the course;
Else, though unequalled to the goal he flies,
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.
Grace leads the right way: if you choose the wrong,
Take it and perish; but restrain your tongue;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.

Oh how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heaven's easy, artless, unincumbered plan!
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
 From ostentation as from weakness free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
 Majestic in its own simplicity.

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Inscribed above the portal, from afar
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the light they give,
 Stand the soul-quickenings words—BELIEVE AND LIVE.
 Too many, shocked at what should charm them most,
 Despise the plain direction and are lost.
 Heaven on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain)
 Incredible, impossible, and vain!—
 Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey;
 And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.
 These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
 Some thought of immortality remains;
 The rest too busy or too gay to wait
 On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
 Sport for a day and perish in a night,
 The foam upon the waters not so light.

Who judged the Pharisee? What odious cause
 Exposed him to the vengeance of the laws?
 Had he seduced a virgin, wronged a friend,
 Or stabbed a man to serve some private end?

Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
 From the strict duties of the sacred day?
 Sit long and late at the carousing board?
 (Such were the sins with which he charged his Lord)
 No—the man's morals were exact, what then?
 'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
 His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
 He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting, beau.

The self-applauding bird, the peacock see—
 Mark what a sumptuous Pharisee is he!
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold:
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measured step were governed by his ear;
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl give place,
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
 Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
 He, christian like, retreats with modest mien
 To the close copse, or far-sequestered green,
 And shines without desiring to be seen.
 The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
 Heaven turns from with abhorrence and disdain;
 Not more affronted by avowed neglect,
 Than by the mere dissembler's feigned respect.

What is all righteousness that men devise?
 What—but a fordid bargain for the skies?
 But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
 As stoop from heaven to fell the proud a throne.

His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,
 Book, beads, and maple-dish, his meagre flock;
 In shirt of hair and weeds of canvass dressed,
 Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has blessed;
 Adult with stripes told out for every crime,
 And fore tormented long before his time;
 His prayer preferred to saints that cannot aid;
 His praise postponed, and never to be paid;
 See the sage hermit, by mankind admired,
 With all that bigotry adopts inspired,
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,
 Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal allowed,
 You think him humble—God accounts him proud;
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—
 My penitential stripes, my streaming blood,
 Have purchased heaven, and prove my title good.

Turn eastward now, and fancy shall apply
 To your weak sight her telescopic eye.
 The bramin kindles on his own bare head
 The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade;
 His voluntary pains, severe and long,
 Would give a barbarous air to British song;

No grand inquisitor could worfe invent,
Than he contrives to fuffer, well content.

Which is the faintlier worthy of the two?
Paft all difpute, yon anchorite fay you.
Your fentence and mine differ. What's a name?
I fay the bramin has the fairer claim.
If fufferings, fcripture no where recommends,
Devised by felf to anfwer felfifh ends,
Give faintfhip, then all Europe muft agree
Ten ftarveling hermits fuffer lefs than he.

The truth is (if the truth may fuit your ear,
And prejudice have left a paffage clear)
Pride has attained its moft luxuriant growth,
And poisoned every virtue in them both.
Pride may be pampered while the flefh grows lean;
Humility may clothe an Englifh dean;
That grace was Cowper's—his, confefsed by all—
Though placed in golden Durham's fecond ftall.
Not all the plenty of a bifhop's board,
His palace, and his lacqueys, and “My Lord,”
More nourifh pride, that condefcending vice,
Than abftinence, and beggary, and lice;
It thrives in mifery, and abundant grows
In mifery, fools upon themfelves impofe.

But why before us, proteftants, produce
An Indian myftic, or a French reclufe?
Their fin is plain; but what have we to fear,
Reformed and well inftructed? You fhall hear.

Yon ancient prude, whose withered features show
 She might be young some forty years ago,
 Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
 Her head erect, her fan upon her lips.
 Her eye-brows arched, her eyes both gone astray
 To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
 With bony and unkerchiefed neck defies
 The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
 And fails with lappet-head and mincing airs
 Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
 To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
 She yet allows herself that boy behind;
 The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
 With slip-shod heels, and dew-drop at his nose;
 His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
 Which future pages yet are doomed to share,
 Carries her bible tucked beneath his arm,
 And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

She, half an angel in her own account,
 Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
 Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
 But that she fasts, and *item*, goes to church.
 Conscious of age she recollects her youth,
 And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
 Who spanned her waist, and who, where'er he came,
 Scrawled upon glass miss Bridget's lovely name;
 Who stole her slipper, filled it with tokay,
 And drank the little bumper every day.

Of temper as envenomed as an asp,
 Cenforious, and her every word a wasp;
 In faithful memory she records the crimes
 Or real, or fictitious, of the times;
 Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
 And holds them dangling at arms length in scorn.

Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride,
 Of malice fed while flesh is mortified:
 Take, Madam, the reward of all your prayers,
 Where hermits and where bramins meet with theirs;
 Your portion is with them—Nay, never frown,
 But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.

Artist attend—your brushes and your paint—
 Produce them—take a chair—now draw a Saint.
 Oh sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
 Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears!
 Is this a Saint? Throw tints and all away—
 True piety is cheerful as the day,
 Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of saints in view?
 Why falls the gospel like a gracious dew?
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
 From servile fear, or be the more enslaved?
 To loose the links that galled mankind before,
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more?

The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love:
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.
 Shall he for such deliverance freely wrought,
 Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.
 His master's interest and his own combined
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind:
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Man's obligations infinite, of course
 His life should prove that he perceives their force;
 His utmost he can render is but small—
 The principle and motive all in all.
 You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,
 From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,
 Genteel in figure, easy in address,
 Moves without noise, and swift as an express,
 Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
 Expert in all the duties of his place;
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move?
 Has he a world of gratitude and love?
 No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play;
 He likes your house, your housemaid, and your pay;
 Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,
 Tom quits you, with—Your most obedient, Sir.

The dinner served, Charles takes his usual stand,
 Watches your eye, anticipates command;

Sighs if perhaps your appetite should fail ;
 And if he but suspects a frown, turns pale ;
 Consults all day your interest and your ease,
 Richly rewarded if he can but please ;
 And, proud to make his firm attachment known,
 To save your life would nobly risk his own.

Now which stands highest in your serious thought ?
 Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought :
 One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
 Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

Thus heaven approves as honest and sincere
 The work of generous love and filial fear ;
 But with averted eyes the omniscient Judge
 Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.

Where dwell these matchless saints?—old Curio cries,
 Even at your side, Sir, and before your eyes,
 The favoured few—the enthusiasts you despise.
 And pleased at heart because on holy ground
 Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found,
 Reproach a people with his single fall,
 And cast his filthy raiment at them all.
 Attend!—an apt similitude shall show
 Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.

See where it smokes along the founding plain,
 Blown all afloat, a driving, dashing rain,
 Peal upon peal redoubling all around,
 Shakes it again and faster to the ground ;

Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
 Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.
 Ere yet it came the traveller urged his steed,
 And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed;
 Now drenched throughout, and hopeless of his case,
 He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
 Suppose, unlooked for in a scene so rude,
 Long hid by interposing hill or wood,
 Some mansion, neat and elegantly dressed,
 By some kind hospitable heart possessed,
 Offer him warmth, security, and rest;
 Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
 He hears the tempest howling in the trees;
 What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
 While danger past is turned to present joy.
 So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
 A growing dread of vengeance at his heels:
 His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
 Lashed into foaming waves begins to roar;
 The law grown clamorous, though silent long,
 Arraigns him—charges him with every wrong—
 Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,
 And death or restitution is the word:
 The last impossible, he fears the first,
 And, having well deserved, expects the worst.
 Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home,
 Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come!

Crush me ye rocks; ye falling mountains hide,
 Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.—
 The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
 I dare not—And you need not, God replies;
 The remedy you want I freely give:
 The book shall teach you—read, believe, and live!
 'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
 Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:
 And justice, guardian of the dread command,
 Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
 A soul redeemed demands a life of praise;
 Hence the complexion of his future days,
 Hence a demeanour holy and unspeckt,
 And the world's hatred as its sure effect.

Some lead a life unblameable and just,
 Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust:
 They never sin—or if (as all offend)
 Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
 The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,
 A slight gratuity atones for all.
 For though the pope has lost his interest here,
 And pardons are not sold as once they were,
 No papist more desirous to compound,
 Than some grave finners upon English ground.
 That plea refuted, other quirks they seek—
 Mercy is infinite, and man is weak;
 The future shall obliterate the past,
 And heaven no doubt shall be their home at last.

Come then—a still, small whisper in your ear—
 He has no hope who never had a fear;
 And he that never doubted of his state,
 He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.
 The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
 (Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same.)
 With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
 Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died;
 The scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
 An infidel in health, but what when sick?
 Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick;
 View him at Paris in his last career,
 Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
 Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
 And fumed with frankincense on every side,
 He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
 And smothered in't at last, is praised to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 Has little understanding, and no wit,

Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
 (Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
 And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Oh happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
 His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward;
 He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home:
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of her's.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
 In science, win one inch of heavenly ground.
 And is it not a mortifying thought
 The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
 No—the voluptuaries, who never forget
 One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret;
 Regret would rouse them, and give birth to prayer,
 Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all in this,
 Or aught he does, is governed by caprice:
 The supposition is replete with sin,
 And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
 Not so—the silver trumpet's heavenly call
 Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all:
 Kings are invited, and would kings obey,
 No slaves on earth more welcome were than they:

But royalty, nobility, and state,
 Are such a dead preponderating weight,
 That endless bliss (how strange soever it seem)
 In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.
 'Tis open, and ye cannot enter—why?
 Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—
 And he says much that many may dispute
 And cavil at with ease, but none refute.
 Oh blessed effect of penury and want,
 The seed sown there, how vigorous is the plant!
 No soil like poverty for growth divine,
 As leanest land supplies the richest wine.
 Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
 To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head:
 To them the founding jargon of the schools
 Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools:
 The light they walk by, kindled from above,
 Shows them the shortest way to life and love:
 They, strangers to the controversial field,
 Where deists, always foiled, yet scorn to yield,
 And never checked by what impedes the wise,
 Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

Envy, ye great, the dull unlettered small:
 Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
 We boast some rich ones whom the gospel sways,
 And one who wears a coronet and prays;
 Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
 Here and there one upon the topmost bough.

How readily upon the gospel plan,
 That question has its answer—What is man?
 Sinful and weak, in every sense a wretch;
 An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
 And strained to the last screw that he can bear,
 Yield only discord in his Maker's ear:
 Once the blest residence of truth divine,
 Glorious as Solyma's interior shrine,
 Where, in his own oracular abode,
 Dwelt visibly the light-creating God;
 But made long since, like Babylon of old,
 A den of mischiefs never to be told:
 And she, once mistress of the realms around,
 Now scattered wide and no where to be found,
 As soon shall rise and re-ascend the throne,
 By native power and energy her own,
 As nature at her own peculiar cost,
 Restore to man the glories he has lost.
 Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year,
 Replace the wandering comet in his sphere,
 Then boast (but wait for that unhop'd for hour)
 The self-restoring arm of human power.
 But what is man in his own proud esteem?
 Hear him—himself the poet and the theme:
 A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,
 His mind his kingdom, and his will his law,
 Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
 Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies,

Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God!

So sings he, charmed with his own mind and form,
The song magnificent—the theme a worm!
Himself so much the source of his delight,
His Maker has no beauty in his sight.
See where he sits contemplative and fixt,
Pleasure and wonder in his features mixt;
His passions tamed and all at his controul,
How perfect the composure of his soul!
Complacency has breathed a gentle gale
O'er all his thoughts, and swelled his easy sail:
His books well trimmed and in the gayest style,
Like regimented coxcombs rank and file,
Adorn his intellects as well as shelves,
And teach him notions splendid as themselves:
The Bible only stands neglected there,
Though that of all most worthy of his care;
And like an infant troublesome awake,
Is left to sleep for peace and quiet sake.

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combined
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat?
The praises of the libertine professed,
The worst of men, and curses of the best.
Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes,
The dying, trembling at the awful close,

Where the betrayed, forsaken, and oppressed,
 The thousands whom the world forbids to rest,
 Where should they find, (those comforts at an end
 The scripture yields) or hope to find, a friend?
 Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
 And seeking exile from the sight of men,
 Bury herself in solitude profound,
 Grow frantic with her pangs and bite the ground.
 Thus often unbelief, grown sick of life,
 Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.
 The jury meet, the coroner is short,
 And lunacy the verdict of the court;
 Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,
 Such lunacy is ignorance alone:
 They knew not, what some bishops may not know,
 That scripture is the only cure of woe;
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad
 Its odour over the Christian's thorny road!
 The soul, reposing on assured relief,
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

But the same word, that, like the polished share,
 Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
 Kills too the flowery weeds, where'er they grow,
 That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
 Oh that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,
 Sad messenger of mercy from above!

How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
 Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!
 His will and judgment at continual strife,
 That civil war imbitters all his life:
 In vain he points his powers against the skies,
 In vain he closes or averts his eyes,
 Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware;
 And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.

Though various foes against the truth combine,
 Pride above all opposes her design;
 Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
 The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
 Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
 Would hiss the cherub mercy from the stage.

And is the soul indeed so lost?—she cries,
 Fallen from her glory and too weak to rise?
 Torpid and dull beneath a frozen zone,
 Has she no spark that may be deemed her own?
 Grant her indebted to what zealots call
 Grace undeserved, yet surely not for all—
 Some beams of rectitude she yet displays,
 Some love of virtue, and some power to praise;
 Can lift herself above corporeal things,
 And, soaring on her own unborrowed wings,
 Possess herself of all that's good or true,
 Assert the skies, and vindicate her due.
 Past indiscretion is a venial crime,
 And if the youth, unmellowed yet by time,

Bore on his branch luxuriant then and rude
Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,
Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
And meliorate the well concocted juice.
Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,
To justice she may make her bold appeal,
And leave to mercy with a tranquil mind,
The worthless and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear then how mercy, slighted and defied,
Retorts the affront against the crown of pride.

Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorred,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
The atonement, a Redeemer's love has wrought,
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn;
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when heaven denies it thee.
Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.

Is virtue then, unless of Christian growth,
Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both?
Ten thousand fages lost in endless woe,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue,
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.

Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed persuades me, well employed, may save;
While he that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing unimproved a curse.
Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind
Left sensuality and dross behind,
Possess for me their undisputed lot,
And take unenvied the reward they fought.
But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
Not blind by choice, but destined not to see.
Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Derived from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race;
Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law,
That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,
Led them, however faltering, faint, and slow,
From what they knew, to what they wished to know.
But let not him that shares a brighter day,
Traduce the splendour of a noon-tide ray,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his base stupidity no crime;
The wretch, who slights the bounty of the skies,
And sinks, while favoured with the means to rise,
Shall find them rated at their full amount,
The good he scorned all carried to account.
Marshalling all his terrors as he came,
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,

From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
 Life for obedience, death for every flaw.
 When the great Sovereign would his will express,
 He gives a perfect rule; what can he less?
 And guards it with a sanction as severe
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,
 And man might safely trifle with his name.
 He bids him glow with unremitting love
 To all on earth, and to himself above;
 Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,
 The thought that meditates a brother's wrong:
 Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
 His conduct to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark! universal nature shook and groaned,
 'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthroned:
 Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
 Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.
 What! silent? Is your boasting heard no more?
 That self-renouncing wisdom, learned before,
 Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
 That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer! He can speak—
 Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
 And cut up all my follies by the root,
 I never trusted in an arm but thine,
 Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine:

My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
However performed, it was their brightest part
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and faith receives the prize.

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EXPOSTULATION.

Tantane, tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli
Dona fines?

VIRG.

WHY weeps the muse for England? What appears
In England's case to move the muse to tears?
From side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile?
Can nature add a charm, or art confer
A new-found luxury not seen in her?
Where under heaven is pleasure more pursued,
Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
Poured out from plenty's overflowing horn;
Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
Her peaceful shores, where busy commerce waits
To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
Whom fiery suns, that scorch the ruffet spice
Of eastern groves, and oceans floored with ice
Forbid in vain to push his daring way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;

The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets,
 Her vaults below, where every vintage meets;
 Her theatres, her revels, and her sports;
 The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
 But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
 Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again;
 All speak her happy: let the muse look round
 From East to West, no sorrow can be found:
 Or only what, in cottages confined,
 Sighs unregarded to the passing wind.
 Then wherefore weep for England? What appears
 In England's case to move the muse to tears?

The prophet wept for Israel; wished his eyes
 Were fountains fed with infinite supplies:
 For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong;
 There were the scorner's and the slanderer's tongue;
 Oaths, used as playthings or convenient tools,
 As interest biased knaves, or fashion fools;
 Adultery, neighing at his neighbour's door;
 Oppression, labouring hard to grind the poor;
 The partial balance, and deceitful weight;
 The treacherous smile, a mask for secret hate;
 Hypocrisy, formality in prayer,
 And the dull service of the lip were there.
 Her women, insolent and self-careless,
 By vanity's unwearied finger dressed,
 Forgot the blush, that virgin fears impart
 To modest cheeks, and borrowed one from art;

Where juſt ſuch trifles, without worth or uſe,
 As filly pride and idleneſs produce;
 Curled, ſcented, furbelowed, and flounced around,
 With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
 They ſtretched the neck, and rolled the wanton eye,
 And ſighed for every fool that fluttered by.

He ſaw his people ſlaves to every luſt,
 Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjuſt;
 He heard the wheels of an avenging God
 Groan heavily along the diſtant road;
 Saw Babylon ſet wide her two-leaved braſs
 To let the military deluge paſs;
 Jeruſalem a prey, her glory foiled,
 Her princes captive, and her treaſures ſpoiled;
 Wept till all Iſrael heard his bitter cry,
 Stamped with his foot, and ſmote upon his thigh:
 But wept, and ſtamped, and ſmote his thigh in vain,
 Pleaſure is deaf when told of future pain,
 And ſounds prophetic are too rough to ſuit
 Ears long accuſtomed to the pleaſing lute;
 They ſcorned his inſpiration and his theme,
 Pronounced him frantic, and his fears a dream;
 With ſelf-indulgence winged the fleeting hours,
 Till the foe found them, and down fell the towers.

Long time Aſſyria bound them in her chain,
 Till penitence had purged the public ſtain,
 And Cyrus, with relenting pity moved,
 Returned them happy to the land they loved;

There, proof against prosperity, awhile
 They stood the test of her ensnaring smile,
 And had the grace in scenes of peace to show
 The virtue, they had learned in scenes of woe.
 But man is frail, and can but ill sustain
 A long immunity from grief and pain;
 And after all the joys that plenty leads,
 With tip-toe step vice silently succeeds.

When he that ruled them with a shepherd's rod,
 In form a man, in dignity a God,
 Came, not expected in that humble guise,
 To sift and search them with unerring eyes,
 He found, concealed beneath a fair outside,
 The filth of rottenness and worm of pride;
 Their piety a system of deceit,
 Scripture employed to sanctify the cheat;
 The pharisee the dupe of his own art,
 Self-idolized and yet a knave at heart.

When nations are to perish in their sins,
 'Tis in the church the leprosy begins;
 The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere
 To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,
 Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
 While others poison what the flock must drink;
 Or, waking at the call of lust alone,
 Infuses lies and errors of his own;
 His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure:
 And, tainted by the very means of cure,

Catch from each other a contagious spot,
The foul fore-runner of a general rot.
Then truth is hushed that herefy may preach,
And all is trash that reason cannot teach:
Then God's own image on the soul impressed
Becomes a mockery, and a standing jest;
And faith, the root whence only can arise
The graces of a life that wins the skies,
Loses at once all value and esteem,
Pronounced by grey-beards a pernicious dream:
Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend:
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.

Such, when the teacher of his church was there,
People and priest, the sons of Israel were;
Stiff in the letter, lax in the design
And import, of their oracles divine;
Their learning legendary, false, absurd,
And yet exalted above God's own word;
They drew a curse from an intended good,
Puffed up with gifts they never understood.
He judged them with as terrible a frown,
As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down:

Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,
Had grace for other's sins, but none for theirs;
Through all he spoke a noble plainness ran—
Rhetoric is artifice, the work of man;
And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise,
Are far too mean for him, that rules the skies.
The astonished vulgar trembled while he tore
The mask from faces never seen before;
He stripped the impostors in the noon-day sun,
Showed that they followed all they seemed to shun;
Their prayers made public, their excesses kept
As private as the chambers where they slept;
The temple and its holy rites profaned
By mummeries, he that dwelt in it disdained;
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times
Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,
Washed with a neatness scrupulously nice,
And free from every taint but that of vice.
Judgment, however tardy, mends her pace
When obstinacy once has conquered grace.
They saw distemper healed, and life restored,
In answer to the fiat of his word;
Confessed the wonder, and with daring tongue
Blasphemed the authority from which it sprung.
They knew by sure prognostics seen on high,
The future tone and temper of the sky;
But, grave dissemblers! could not understand
That sin let loose speaks punishment at hand.

Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence from every age;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land;
What nation will you find whose annals prove
So rich an interest in almighty love?
Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day
A people planted, watered, blest, as they?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours poured upon the Jewish name;
Their freedom purchased for them at the cost
Of all, their hard oppressors valued most;
Their title to a country not their own
Made sure by prodigies till then unknown;
For them the states, they left, made waste and void;
For them the states, to which they went, destroyed;
A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way;
That moving signal summoning, when best,
Their host to move, and when it stayed, to rest.
For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
The dews condensed into angelic food,
Their very garments sacred, old yet new,
And Time forbid to touch them as he flew;
Streams, swelled above the bank, enjoined to stand,
While they passed through to their appointed land;
Their leader armed with meekness, zeal, and love,
And graced with clear credentials from above;

Themselves secured beneath the Almighty wing;
Their God their captain*, lawgiver, and king;
Crowned with a thousand victories, and at last
Lords of the conquered foil, there rooted fast,
In peace possessing what they won by war,
Their name far published, and revered as far;
Where will you find a race like theirs, endowed
With all that man ever wished, or heaven bestowed?

They, and they only, amongst all mankind
Received the transcript of the eternal mind;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.
In vain the nations, that had seen them rise
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
Had fought to crush them, guarded as they were
By power divine, and skill that could not err.
Had they maintained allegiance firm and sure,
And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome
Had found one city not to be overcome;
And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurled
Had bid defiance to the warring world.
But grace abused brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest foil the most luxuriant weeds.

* Vide Joshua, v. 14.

Cured of the golden calves, their fathers' sin,
 They set up self, that idle god, within;
 Viewed a Deliverer with disdain and hate,
 Who left them still a tributary state;
 Seized fast his hand, held out to set them free
 From a worse yoke, and nailed it to the tree:
 There was the consummation and the crown,
 The flower of Israel's infamy full blown;
 Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
 Their woes not yet repealed, thence date them all.

Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
 And the most favoured land, look where we may.
 Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
 Had poured the day, and cleared the Roman skies;
 In other climes perhaps creative art,
 With power surpassing their's, performed her part,
 Might give more life to marble, or might fill
 The glowing tablets with a juster skill,
 Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
 With all the embroidery of poetic dreams;
 'Twas their's alone to dive into the plan,
 That truth and mercy had revealed to man;
 And while the world beside, that plan unknown,
 Deified useless wood, or senseless stone,
 They breathed in faith their well-directed prayers,
 And the true God, the God of truth, was their's.

Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
 The last of nations now, though once the first;

They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
 Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn:
 If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,
 Peeled, scattered, and exterminated thus;
 If vice received her retribution due
 When we were visited, what hope for you?
 When God arises with an awful frown
 To punish lust, or pluck presumption down;
 When gifts perverted, or not duly prized,
 Pleasure overvalued, and his grace despised,
 Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand
 To pour down wrath upon a thankless land;
 He will be found impartially severe,
 Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone!
 Thy diadem displaced, thy sceptre gone;
 Thy temple, once thy glory, fallen and rased,
 And thou a worshipper even where thou mayest;
 Thy services once only without spot,
 Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;
 Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
 No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,
 And thou thyself over every country fown,
 With none on earth that thou canst call thine own;
 Cry aloud thou that fittest in the dust,
 Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust;
 Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears;
 Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;
 But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore?
Mistress, at least while providence shall please,
And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas—
Why, having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and truth to others, findest thou none?
Thou that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposes now to succour thee.
Countries indebted to thy power, that shine
With light derived from thee, would smother thine:
Thy very children watch for thy disgrace—
A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With sums Peruvian mines could never clear;
As if, like arches built with skilful hand,
The more 'twere prest the firmer it would stand.

The cry in all thy ships is still the same,
Speed us away to battle and to fame.
Thy mariners explore the wide expanse,
Impatient to descry the flags of France:
But, though they fight as thine have ever fought,
Return ashamed without the wreaths they sought.
Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,
Chaos of contrarieties at war;
Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight;
Where obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,
To disconcert what policy has planned;

Where policy is buſied all night long
In ſetting right what faction has ſet wrong;
Where flails of oratory thresh the floor,
That yields them chaff and duſt, and nothing more.
Thy racked inhabitants repine, complain,
Taxed till the brow of labour ſweats in vain;
War lays a burthen on the reeling ſtate,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight;
Succeſſive loads ſucceeding broils impoſe,
And fighting millions prophecy the cloſe.

Is adverſe providence, when pondered well,
So dimly writ, or difficult to ſpell,
Thou canſt not read with readineſs and eaſe
Providence adverſe in events like theſe?
Know then that heavenly wiſdom on this ball
Creates, gives birth to, guides, conſummates all:
That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man
Snuffs up the praiſe of what he ſeems to plan,
He firſt conceives, then perfects his deſign,
As a mere inſtrument in hands divine:
Blind to the working of that ſecret power,
That balances the wings of every hour,
The buſy trifler dreams himſelf alone,
Frames many a purpoſe, and God works his own.
States thrive or wither as moons wax and wane,
Even as his will and his decrees ordain;
While honour, virtue, piety bear ſway,
They flouriſh; and as theſe decline, decay.

In juſt repentment of his injured laws,
 He pours contempt on them and on their cauſe;
 Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
 The web of every ſcheme they have at heart;
 Bids rottenneſs invade and bring to duſt
 The pillars of ſupport, in which they truſt,
 And do his errand of diſgrace and ſhame
 On the chief ſtrength and glory of the frame.
 None ever yet impeded what he wrought,
 None bars him out from his moſt ſecret thought:
 Darkneſs itſelf before his eye is light,
 And hell's cloſe miſchief naked in his fight.

Stand now and judge thyſelf.—Haſt thou incurred
 His anger, who can waſte thee with a word,
 Who poiſes and proportions ſea and land,
 Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,
 And in whoſe awful fight all nations ſeem
 As graſhoppers, as duſt, a drop, a dream?
 Haſt thou (a ſacrilege his foul abhors)
 Claimed all the glory of thy prosperous wars?
 Proud of thy fleets and armies, ſtolen the gem
 Of his juſt praiſe, to lavish it on them?
 Haſt thou not learned, what thou art often told,
 A truth ſtill ſacred, and believed of old,
 That no ſucceſs attends on ſpears and ſwords
 Unbleſt, and that the battle is the Lord's?
 That courage is his creature, and diſmay
 The poſt, that at his bidding ſpeeds away,

Ghastly in feature, and his stammering tongue,
 With doleful rumour and sad presage hung,
 To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
 And teach the combatant a woman's part?
 That he bids thousands fly when none pursue,
 Saves as he will by many or by few,
 And claims for ever, as his royal right,
 The event and sure decision of the fight?

Haft thou, though suckled at fair freedom's breast,
 Exported slavery to the conquered East,
 Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
 And raised thyself, a greater in their stead?
 Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
 Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
 A despot big with power obtained by wealth,
 And that obtained by rapine, and by stealth?
 With Asiatic vices stored thy mind,
 But left their virtues and thine own behind;
 And, having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee,
 To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?

Haft thou by statute shoved from its design
 The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
 And made the symbols of atoning grace
 An office-key, a picklock to a place,
 That infidels may prove their title good
 By an oath dipped in sacramental blood?
 A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
 Of all that grave apologists may write:

And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.
And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who never looked within?

 Hast thou, when heaven has clothed thee with disgrace,
And long provoked, repaid thee to thy face,
(For thou hast known eclipses, and endured
Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscured,
When sin has shed dishonour on thy brow;
And never of a fabler hue than now)
Hast thou, with heart perverse and conscience feared,
Despising all rebuke, still persevered,
And having chosen evil, scorned the voice
That cried, Repent!—and gloried in thy choice?
Thy fastings, when calamity at last
Suggests the expedient of a yearly fast,
What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a power
In lighter diet at a later hour,
To charm to sleep the threatening of the skies,
And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?
The fast, that wins deliverance, and suspends
The stroke, that a vindictive God intends,
Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw
Thy life upon the pattern of the law;
To war with pleasure idolized before;
To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.

All fasting else, whatever be the pretence,
Is wooing mercy by renewed offence.

Haft thou within thee sin, that in old time
Brought fire from heaven, the sex-abusing crime,
Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace,
Baboons are free from, upon human race?
Think on the fruitful and well-watered spot,
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,
Where Paradise seemed still vouchsafed on earth,
Burning and scorched into perpetual dearth,
Or, in his words who damned the base desire,
Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire:
Then nature injured, scandalized, defiled,
Unveiled her blushing cheek, looked on, and smiled;
Beheld with joy the lovely scene defaced,
And praised the wrath, that laid her beauties waste.

Far be the thought from any verse of mine,
And farther still the formed and fixed design,
To thrust the charge of deeds, that I detest,
Against an innocent unconscious breast:
The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man:
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark;
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From mean self-interest and ambition clear,

Their hope in Heaven, fervility their scorn,
 Prompt to persuade, exhortulate, and warn,
 Their wisdom pure, and given them from above,
 Their usefulness ensured by zeal and love,
 As meek as the man Moses, and withal
 As bold as in Agrippa's presence Paul,
 Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
 Holy and unpolluted:—are thine such?
 Except a few with Eli's spirit blest,
 Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

Where shall a teacher look in days like these,
 For ears and hearts that he can hope to please?
 Look to the poor—the simple and the plain
 Will hear perhaps thy salutary strain:
 Humility is gentle, apt to learn,
 Speak but the word, will listen and return.
 Alas, not so! the poorest of the flock
 Are proud, and set their faces as a rock;
 Denied that earthly opulence they choose,
 God's better gift they scoff at, and refuse.
 The rich, the produce of a nobler stem,
 Are more intelligent at least, try them:
 Oh vain enquiry! they without remorse
 Are altogether gone a devious course;
 Where beckoning pleasure leads them, wildly stray:
 Have burst the bands, and cast the yoke away.

Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
 Review thy dim original and prime.

This island, spot of unreclaimed rude earth,
The cradle that received thee at thy birth,
Was rocked by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howlings scared thee as they passed;
For thou wast born amid the din of arms,
And sucked a breast that panted with alarms.
While yet thou wast a groveling puling chit,
Thy bones not fashioned, and thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now:
His victory was that of orient light,
When the sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.
Thy language at this distant moment shows
How much the country to the conqueror owes;
Expressive, energetic, and refined,
It sparkles with the gems he left behind:
He brought thy land a blessing when he came,
He found thee savage, and he left thee tame;
Taught thee to clothe thy pinked and painted hide,
And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride;
He sowed the seeds of order where he went,
Improved thee far beyond his own intent,
And, while he ruled thee by the sword alone,
Made thee at last a warrior like his own.
Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired,
But thine, as dark as witcheries of the night,
Was formed to harden hearts and shock the fight;

Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
 With fingers deeply dyed in human gore;
 And, while the victim slowly bled to death,
 Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.

Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams
 Dispelled thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,
 Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,
 Babblers of ancient fables, leaves a doubt:
 But still light reached thee; and those gods of thine
 Woden and Thor, each tottering in his shrine,
 Fell broken and defaced at his own door,
 As Dagon in Philistia long before.

But Rome with forceries and magic wand
 Soon raised a cloud, that darkened every land;
 And thine was smothered in the stench and fog
 Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog.
 Then priests with bulls and briefs, and shaven crowns,
 And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
 Legates and delegates with powers from hell,
 Though heavenly in pretension, fleeced thee well;
 And to this hour to keep it fresh in mind,
 Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind.*
 Thy soldiery, the pope's well managed pack,
 Were trained beneath his lash, and knew the smack,
 And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
 Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.

* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

Lavish of life to win an empty tomb,
That proved a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,
His worthless absolution all the prize.
Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore,
That ever dragged a chain, or tugged an oar;
Thy monarchs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
Disdained thy counsels, only in distress
Found thee a goodly sponge for power to press.
Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
Provoked and harassed, in return plagued thee;
Called thee away from peaceable employ,
Domestic happiness and rural joy,
To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
In causeless feuds and bickerings of their own.
Thy parliaments adored on bended knees
The sovereignty, they were convened to please :
Whatever was asked, too timid to resist,
Complied with, and were graciously dismissed;
And if some Spartan soul a doubt expressed,
And blushing at the tameness of the rest,
Dared to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the general voice.
Oh slave! with powers thou didst not dare exert,
Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert;
It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain,
Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,

To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea,
 That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee;
 When other nations flew from coast to coast,
 And thou hadst neither fleet nor flag to boast.

Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust;
 Blush if thou canst; not petrified thou must;
 Act but an honest and a faithful part;
 Compare what then thou wast with what thou art;
 And God's disposing providence confessed,
 Obduracy itself must yield the rest.—
 Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
 Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.

Has he not hid thee, and thy favoured land,
 For ages safe beneath his sheltering hand,
 Given thee his blessing on the clearest proof,
 Bid nations leagued against thee stand aloof,
 And charged hostility and hate to roar,
 Where else they would, but not upon thy shore?
 His power secured thee, when presumptuous Spain
 Baptized her fleet invincible in vain;
 Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned,
 To every pang, that racks an anxious mind,
 Asked of the waves, that broke upon his coast,
 What tidings? and the surge replied—All lost!
 And when the Stuart leaning on the Scot,
 Then too much feared, and now too much forgot,
 Pierced to the very centre of the realm,
 And hoped to seize his abdicated helm,

'Twas but to prove how quickly with a frown,
 He that had raised thee could have plucked thee down.
 Peculiar is the grace by thee possessed,
 Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest;
 Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
 And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and ease.
 'Tis thus, extending his tempestuous arm,
 Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,
 While his own heaven surveys the troubled scene,
 And feels no change, unshaken and serene.
 Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,
 Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine;
 Thou hast as bright an interest in her rays,
 As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.
 True freedom is where no restraint is known,
 That scripture, justice, and good sense difown,
 Where only vice and injury are tied,
 And all from shore to shore is free beside.
 Such freedom is—and Windsor's hoary towers
 Stood trembling at the boldness of thy powers,
 That won a nymph on that immortal plain,
 Like her the fabled Phœbus wooed in vain:
 He found the laurel only—happier you
 The unfading laurel and the virgin too*!

* Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extorted from king John by the Barons at Runnymede near Windsor.

Now think, if pleasure have a thought to spare;
If God himself be not beneath her care;
If business, constant as the wheels of time,
Can pause an hour to read a serious rhyme;
If the new mail thy merchants now receive,
Or expectation of the next give leave;
Oh think, if chargeable with deep arrears
For such indulgence gilding all thy years,
How much, though long neglected, shining yet
The beams of heavenly truth have swelled the debt.
When persecuting zeal made royal sport
With tortured innocence in Mary's court,
And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake;
The sacred book, its value understood,
Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seem to reflection of a different race,
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
In such a cause they could not dare to fear;
They could not purchase earth with such a prize,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee conveyed along the tide,
Their streaming hearts poured freely when they die
Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.
What dotage will not vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?

The moles and bats in full assembly find,
 On special search, the keen-eyed eagle blind.
 And did they dream, and art thou wiser now!
 Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.
 Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart
 Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
 So then—as darkness overspread the deep,
 Ere nature rose from her eternal sleep,
 And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,
 Leaped out of nothing, called by the Most High;
 By such a change thy darkness is made light,
 Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might;
 And He, whose power mere nullity obeys,
 Who found thee nothing, formed thee for his praise.
 To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,
 Doing and suffering, his unquestioned will;
 'Tis to believe what men inspired of old,
 Faithful, and faithfully informed, unfold;
 Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
 To take for truth what cannot but be true;
 To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
 And bind the task assigned thee to thine heart:
 Happy the man there seeking and there found,
 Happy the nation where such men abound.

How shall a verse impress thee? by what name
 Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame?
 By theirs, whose bright example unimpeached
 Directs thee to that eminence they reached,

Heroes and worthies of days past, thy fires?
Or his, who touched their hearts with hallowed fires?
Their names, alas! in vain reproach an age,
Whom all the vanities they scorned engage;
And his, that seraphs tremble at, is hung
Disgracefully on every trifler's tongue,
Or serves the champion in forensic war
To flourish and parade with at the bar.
Pleasure herself perhaps suggests a plea,
If interest move thee, to persuade even thee;
By every charm, that smiles upon her face,
By joys possessed, and joys still held in chase,
If dear society be worth a thought,
And if the feast of freedom cloy thee not,
Reflect that these, and all that seems thine own,
Held by the tenure of his will alone,
Like angels in the service of their Lord,
Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word;
That gratitude and temperance in our use
Of what he gives, unsparing and profuse,
Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,
That thankless waste and wild abuse destroy.
But above all reflect, how cheap so'er
Those rights, that millions envy thee, appear,
And, though resolved to risk them, and swim down
The tide of pleasure, heedless of his frown,
That blessings truly sacred, and when given
Marked with the signature and stamp of heaven,

The word of prophecy, those truths divine,
 Which make that heaven, if thou desire it, think,
 (Awful alternative! believed, beloved,
 Thy glory, and thy shame, if unimproved)
 Are never long vouchsafed, if pushed aside
 With cold disgust or philosophic pride;
 And that, judicially withdrawn, disgrace,
 Error, and darkness, occupy their place.

A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot
 Not quickly found if negligently fought,
 Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small,
 Endurest the brunt, and darrest defy them all:
 And wilt thou join to this bold enterprize
 A bolder still, a contest with the skies?
 Remember, if he guard thee and secure,
 Whoever assails thee, thy success is sure;
 But if he leave thee, though the skill and power
 Of nations, sworn to spoil thee and devour,
 Were all collected in thy single arm,
 And thou couldst laugh away the fear of harm,
 That strength would fail, opposed against the push
 And feeble onset of a pigmy rush.

Say not (and if the thought of such defence
 Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence)
 What nation amongst all my foes is free
 From crimes as base as any charged on me?
 Their measure filled, they too shall pay the debt
 Which God, though long forborn, will not forget.

But know that wrath divine, when most severe,
Makes justice fill the guide of his career,
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murmuring with the solemn truths I teach;
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings,
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourged, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning song is sung in vain,
That few will hear and fewer heed the strain;
But if a sweeter voice and one designed
A blessing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wandering thousands, and bring home
A flock so scattered and so wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees;
The sound of truth will then be sure to please:
And truth alone, wherever my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.

H O P E.

———doceas iter, et sacra ostea pandas.

VIRG. EN. 6.

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment lowering in his eyes,
A painful passage over a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.
The poor, inured to drudgery and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And no where, but in feigned Arcadian scenes,
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
Riches are passed away from hand to hand,
As fortune, vice, or folly may command;
As in a dance the pair that take the lead
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
So shifting and so various is the plan,
By which Heaven rules the mixt affairs of man:
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud;
Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much,

The very sense of it foregoes its use,
By repetition palled, by age obtuse.
Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore?
Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,
Lothario cries, What philosophic stuff—
Oh querulous and weak!—whose useless brain
Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain;
Whose eye reverted weeps over all the past,
Whose prospect shows thee a disheartening waste;
Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
And youth invigorate that frame again,
Renewed desire would grace with other speech
Joys always prized, when placed within our reach.

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom,
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
See nature gay, as when she first began
With smiles alluring her admirer man;
She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils;
The sun obedient at her call appears,
To fling his glories over the robe she wears;
Banks clothed with flowers, groves filled with sprightly founts,
The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
Streams edged with osiers, fattening every field
Wherever they flow, now seen and now concealed;

From the blue rim where skies and mountains meet,
 Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
 Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
 Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes,
 All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
 Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice!
 Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
 And she gives largely more than he requires;
 Not that his hours devoted all to care,
 Hollow-eyed abstinence and lean despair,
 The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
 She holds a paradise of rich delight;
 But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
 To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere,
 To banish hesitation, and proclaim
 His happiness, her dear, her only aim.
 'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
 That heaven's intentions are not what they seem,
 That only shadows are dispensed below,
 And earth has no reality but woe.

Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
 As youth or age persuades; and neither true:
 So Flora's wreath through coloured crystal seen,
 The rose or lily appears blue or green,
 But still the imputed tints are those alone
 The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, fit slipshod and undressed,
 To read the news, or fiddle, as seems best,

Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
To fill the dull vacuity till four;
And, just when evening turns the blue vault gray,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day;
To make the sun a bauble without use,
Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce;
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not;
Through mere necessity to close his eyes
Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise;
Is such a life, so tediously the same,
So void of all utility or aim,
That poor JONQUIL, with almost every breath
Sighs for his exit, vulgarly called death:
For he, with all his follies, has a mind
Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
But now and then, perhaps, a feeble ray
Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
By which he reads, that life without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a foil for discontent
To thrive in; an incumbrance, ere half spent.
Oh weariness beyond what asses feel,
That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel;
A dull rotation, never at a stay,
Yesterday's face twin image of to-day;
While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.

No need, he cries, of gravity stuffed out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text:
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next;
For truth, self-evident, with pomp impressed,
Is vanity surpassing all the rest.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found,
While passion turns aside from its due scope
The inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.
Life is his gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
With every good and perfect gift proceeds;
Bestowed on man, like all that we partake,
Royally freely, for his bounty sake;
Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flower;
Designed in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above;
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.
Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator had no serious end.
When God and man stand opposite in view,
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.

The just Creator condescends to write,
 In beams of inextinguishable light,
 His names of wisdom, goodness, power and love,
 On all that blooms below, or shines above;
 To catch the wandering notice of mankind,
 And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
 His gracious attributes, and prove the share
 His offspring hold in his paternal care.
 If, led from earthly things to things divine,
 His creature thwart not his august design,
 Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,
 And captious cavil and complaint subside.
 Nature, employed in her allotted place,
 Is hand-maid to the purposes of grace;
 By good vouchsafed makes known superior good,
 And bliss not seen by blessings understood:
 That bliss, revealed in scripture, with a glow
 Bright as the covenant-enfuring bow,
 Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
 Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all,
 That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
 Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
 From emptiness itself a real use;
 And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
 What health and sober appetite demand,
 From fading good derives, with chemic art,
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.

Hope, with uplifted foot fet free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through the immense abyfs,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of blifs,
And crowns the foul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like thofe triumphant fpirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and fure, holds faft
The Christian vefsel, and defies the blaft.
Hope! nothing elfe can nourifh and fecure
His new-born virtues, and preferve him pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once confcious of the joy,
Whom now defpairing agonies deftroy,
Speak, for he can, and none fo well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the fpices, and the land,
That boafts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, the inefimable mine,
Were light, when weighed againft one fmile of thine.

Though clafped and cradled in his nurfe's arms,
He fhine with all a cherub's artlefs charms,
Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and fturdy as a wild afs's colt;
His paffions, like the watery ftores that fleep
Beneath the fmiling furface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a wintry ftorm,
To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.
From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,
Froward at fchool, and fretful in his plays,

The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
 The free republic of the whip-gig state.
 If one, his equal in athletic frame,
 Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,
 Dare step across his arbitrary views,
 An iliad, only not in verse, ensues:
 The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
 Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand prevails.

Now see him launched into the world at large;
 If priest, supinely droning over his charge,
 Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,
 Though short, too long, the price he pays for all.
 If lawyer, loud whatever cause he plead,
 But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
 Perhaps a grave physician, gathering fees,
 Punctually paid for lengthening out disease;
 No COTTON, whose humanity sheds rays,
 That make superior skill his second praise.
 If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
 His date of life, so likely to be short;
 A foldier may be any thing, if brave,
 So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
 Such stuff the world is made of; and mankind
 To passion, interest, pleasure, whim, resigned,
 Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
 Forgiveness and the privilege of hope.
 But conscience, in some awful silent hour,
 When captivating lusts have lost their power,

Perhaps when sickness or some fearful dream,
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme!
 Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
 And tells of laws despised, at least not kept:
 Shows with a pointing finger but no noise
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,
 All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,
 And life abused, and not to be suborned,
 Mark these, she says; these summoned from afar,
 Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;
 There find a Judge inexorably just,
 And perish there, as all presumption must.

Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give)
 Who live in pleasure, dead even while they live;
 Born capable indeed of heavenly truth;
 But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
 Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
 The plough of wisdom never entering there.
 Peace (if insensibility may claim
 A right to the meek honours of her name)
 To men of pedigree, their noble race,
 Emulous always of the nearest place
 To any throne, except the throne of grace.
 Let cottagers and unenlightened swains
 Revere the laws they dream that heaven ordains;
 Resort on Sundays to the house of prayer,
 And ask, and fancy they find, blessings there.

Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat
 To enjoy cool nature in a country feat,
 To exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
 For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,
 May now and then their velvet cushions take,
 And seem to pray for good example sake;
 Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
 Pious enough, and having need of none.
 Kind souls! to teach their tenantry to prize
 What they themselves, without remorse, despise:
 Nor hope have they, nor fear, of aught to come,
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb;
 They could have held the conduct they pursue,
 Had Paul of Tarsus lived and died a Jew;
 And truth, proposed to reasoners wise as they,
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.

They die.—Death lends them, pleased and as in sport,
 All the grim honours of his ghastly court.
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,
 Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow:
 The busy heralds hang the fable scene
 With mournful 'scutcheons and dim lamps between;
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
 But they that wore them move not at the sound;
 The coronet, placed idly at their head,
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead,
 And even the star that glitters on the bier,
 Can only say—Nobility lies here.

Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend
By useless censure, whom we cannot mend;
Life without hope can close but in despair,
'Twas there we found them, and must leave them there.

As, when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
Both may be lost, yet each in his own way;
So fares it with the multitudes beguiled
In vain opinion's waste and dangerous wild;
Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong.
But here, alas! the fatal difference lies,
Each man's belief is right in his own eyes;
And he that blames what they have blindly chose,
Incurs repentment for the love he shows.

Say botanist, within whose province fall
The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,
Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bowers,
What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flow'rs?
Sweet scent, or lovely form, or both combined,
Distinguish every cultivated kind;
The want of both denotes a meaner breed,
And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.
Thus hopes of every sort, whatever sect
Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
If wild in nature, and not duly found,
Gethsemane! in thy dear hallowed ground,
That cannot bear the blaze of scripture light,
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,

Nor animate the foul to Christian deeds,
(Oh cast them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's house, the centre of six ways,
Diverging each from each, like equal rays,
Himself as bountiful as April rains,
Lord paramount of the surrounding plains,
Would give relief of bed and board to none,
But guests that fought it in the appointed ONE.
And they might enter at his open door,
Even till his spacious hall would hold no more.
He sent a servant forth by every road,
To found his horn and publish it abroad,
That all might mark—knight, menial, high and low,
An ordinance it concerned them much to know,
If after all some headstrong hardy lout
Would disobey, though sure to be shut out,
Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
No! the decree was just and without flaw;
And he that made, had right to make, the law;
His sovereign power and pleasure unrestrained,
The wrong was his, who wrongfully complained.

Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With him the Donor of eternal life,
Because the deed, by which his love confirms
The largesse he bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with his will your lot ensures,
Accept it only, and the boon is your's.

And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
 As with a frown to say, Do this, and live.
 Love is not pedlar's trumpery bought and sold:
 He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold;
 His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
 And him as deeply who abhors it not;
 He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
 That man will freely take an unbought bliss,
 Will trust him for a faithful generous part,
 Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
 Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
 To place you where his faints his presence share,
 This only can; for this plain cause, expressed
 In terms as plain, himself has shut the rest.
 But oh the strife, the bickering, and debate,
 The tidings of unpurchased heaven create!
 The flirtd fan, the bridle and the tofs,
 All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
 From stuccoed walls smart arguments rebound;
 And beaux, adepts in every thing profound,
 Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound. }
 Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
 The explosion of the levelled tube excites,
 Where mouldering abbey-walls overhang the glade,
 And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade,
 The screaming nations, hovering in mid air,
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,

And seem to warn him never to repeat
His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.

Adieu, Vinofa cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
Adieu to all morality! if grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!—
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence every fear with—God is just.
But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
A thought intrude that says, or seems to say,
If thus the important cause is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side;
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus, between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with heaven in view,
And, pardon me, the bottle stands with you.

I never will believe, the colonel cries,
The sanguinary schemes that some devise,

Who make the good Creator on their plan
 A being of less equity than man.
 If appetite, or what divines call lust,
 Which men comply with, e'en because they must,
 Be punished with perdition, who is pure?
 Then their's, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
 If sentence of eternal pain belong
 To every sudden slip and transient wrong,
 Then heaven enjoins the fallible and frail
 An hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
 My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
 By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)
 My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
 And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign; and for aught I see,
 Your faith and mine substantially agree;
 The best of every man's performance here,
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
 A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
 Honesty shines with great advantage there.
 Fasting and prayer fit well upon a priest,
 A decent caution and reserve at least.
 A soldier's best is courage in the field,
 With nothing here that wants to be concealed.
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay;
 An hand as liberal as the light of day.
 The soldier thus endowed, who never shrinks,
 Nor clofets up his thoughts, whatever he thinks,

Who feorns to do an injury by stealth,
 Muſt go to heaven—and I muſt drink his health.
 Sir Smug, he cries, (for loweſt at the board,
 Juſt made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
 His ſhoulders witneſſing by many a ſhrug
 How much his feelings ſuffered, ſat Sir Smug)
 Your office is to winnow falſe from true;
 Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you?

Sighing and ſmiling as he takes his glaſs,
 Which they that woo preferment rarely paſs,
 Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
 Is ſtill found fallible, however wiſe;
 And differing judgments ſerve but to declare
 That truth lies ſomewhere, if we knew but where.
 Of all it ever was my lot to read,
 Of critics now alive, or long ſince dead,
 The book of all the world that charmed me moſt
 Was, well-a-day, the title page was loſt;
 The writer well remarks, an heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what heaven beſtows,
 With prudence always ready at our call,
 To guide our uſe of it, is all in all.
 Doubtleſs it is.—To which, of my own ſtore,
 I ſuperadd a few eſſentials more;
 But theſe, excuſe the liberty I take,
 I wave juſt now, for converſation ſake.—
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
 And add Right Reverend to Smug's honoured name.

And yet our lot is given us in a land,
 Where busy arts are never at a stand;
 Where science points her telescopic eye,
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky;
 Where bold inquiry diving out of sight,
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light;
 Where nought eludes the persevering quest,
 That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.

But above all in her own light arrayed,
 See mercy's grand apocalypse displayed!
 The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
 Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue;
 But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
 What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
 God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
 Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound:
 That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
 And in the gulphs of her Cornubian mines.
 And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons* to pour it on the farthest north:
 Fired with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
 The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

* The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

Oh blest within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful found of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell:
But winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the foil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
—Yet truth is your's, remote, unenvied isle!
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams, than his who fires the skies,
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,

That shoot into your darkeſt caves the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.

Here ſee the encouragement grace gives to vice,
The dire effect of mercy without price!
What were they? what ſome fools are made by art,
They were by nature, atheiſts, head and heart.
The groſs idolatry blind heathens teach
Was too refined for them, beyond their reach.
Not even the glorious ſun, though men revere
The monarch moſt, that ſeldom will appear,
And though his beams, that quicken where they ſhine
May claim ſome right to be eſteemed divine,
Not e'en the ſun, deſirable as rare,
Could bend one knee, engage one votary there;
They were, what baſe credulity believes
True Chriſtians are, diſſemblers, drunkards, thieves.
The full-gorged ſavage, at his nauſeous feaſt
Spent half the darkneſs, and ſnoored out the reſt,
Was one, whom juſtice on an equal plan
Denouncing death upon the ſins of man,
Might almoſt have indulged with an eſcape,
Chargeable only with an human ſhape.

What are they now?—Morality may ſpare
Her grave concern, her kind ſuſpicions there:
The wretch, who once ſang wildly, danced and laughed,
And ſucked in dizzy madneſs with his draught,
Has wept a ſilent flood, reverſed his ways,
Is ſober, meek, benevolent, and prays,

Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
 Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
 And he that stole has learned to steal no more.
 Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,
 Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
 And where unfightly and rank thistles grew,
 Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand
 On what foundation virtue is to stand,
 If self-exalting claims be turned adrift,
 And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift:
 The poor reclaimed inhabitant, his eyes
 Glistening at once with pity and surprise,
 Amazed that shadows should obscure the light
 Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,
 Shall answer, Hope, sweet hope, has set me free,
 And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied
 The common care that waits on all beside,
 Wild as if nature there, void of all good,
 Played only gambols in a frantic mood,
 (Yet charge not heavenly skill with having planned
 A play-thing world, unworthy of his hand;)

Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
 In all we touch, stamped plainly on his works;
 Deem life a blessing with its numerous woes,
 Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.

Hard task indeed over arctic seas to roam!
 Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?
 Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn,
 May press the eye too closely to be borne;
 A distant virtue we can all confess,
 It hurts our pride, and moves our envy, less.

Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
 I slur a name a poet must not speak)
 Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
 And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
 The very butt of slander, and the blot
 For every dart that malice ever shot.
 The man that mentioned *him* at once dismissed
 All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed;
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
 And perjury stood up to swear all true;
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
 His speech rebellion against common sense;
 A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule,
 And when by that of reason a mere fool;
 The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed;
 Die when he might, he must be damned at last.

Now truth perform thine office; waft aside
 The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,
 Reveal (the man is dead) to wandering eyes
 This more than monster in his proper guise.

He loved the world that hated him: the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible was sincere:

Affailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was, a blameless life;
 And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
 He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same.
 Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
 Like him he laboured, and like him content
 To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.
 Blush calumny! and write upon his tomb,
 If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies;
 And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
 Against thine image in thy faint, oh Lord!
 No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
 Than he who must have pleasure, come what will:
 He laughs, whatever weapon truth may draw,
 And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
 Scripture indeed is plain; but God and he
 On scripture-ground are sure to disagree;
 Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
 Than this his maker has seen fit to give;
 Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
 To take the bend his appetites ordain;

Contrived to suit frail nature's crazy case,
 And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
 By this, with nice precision of design,
 He draws upon life's map a zig-zag line,
 That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
 And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
 By this he forms, as pleased he sports along,
 His well poised estimate of right and wrong;
 And finds the modish manners of the day,
 Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan caprice decrees,
 With what materials, on what ground you please;
 Your hope shall stand unblamed, perhaps admired,
 If not that hope the scripture has required,
 The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams,
 With which hypocrisy for ever teems,
 (Though other follies strike the public eye,
 And raise a laugh) pass unmolested by;
 But if, unblameable in word or thought,
 A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught,
 With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
 And all the love of the beloved John,
 To storm the citadels they build in air,
 And smite the untempered wall; 'tis death to spare.
 To sweep away all refuges of lies,
 And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,
 LAMA SABACTHANI, before their eyes;

To prove that without Christ all gain is loss,
 All hope despair, that stands not on his cross;
 Except the few his God may have impressed,
 A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
 There dwells a consciousness in every breast,
 That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
 And he that finds his heaven must lose his sins.
 Nature opposes with her utmost force,
 This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce;
 And while religion seems to be her view;
 Hates with a deep sincerity *the true*:
 For this, of all that ever influenced man,
 Since Abel worshipped or the world began,
 This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
 But makes him, if at all, completely free;
 Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,
 Of an eternal, universal war;
 Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
 Scorns with the same indifference frowns and smiles;
 Drives through the realms of sin, where riot reels,
 And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels!
 Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
 Powers of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
 Insensible of truth's almighty charms,
 Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms!
 While bigotry, with well dissembled fears,
 His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,

Mighty to parry and push by God's word
 With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
 Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
 And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.

Parent of hope, immortal truth! make known
 Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own:
 The silent progress of thy power is such,
 Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,
 That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And none can teach them but whom thou hast taught.
 Oh see me sworn to serve thee, and command
 A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
 That while I trembling trace a work divine,
 Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
 And light, and shade, and every stroke be thine.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
 If ever when he sigh'd hast sigh'd again,
 If ever on thy eye-lid stood the tear,
 That pity had engendered, drop one here.
 This man was happy—had the world's good word,
 And with it every joy it can afford;
 Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
 Which most should sweeten his untroubled life;
 Politely learned, and of a gentle race,
 Good-breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
 And whether at the toilette of the fair
 He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,

Or if in masculine debate he shared,
 Ensured him mute attention and regard.
 Alas how changed! Expressive of his mind,
 His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined;
 Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
 Though whispered, plainly tell what works within;
 That conscience there performs her proper part,
 And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart;
 Forfaking, and forsaken of all friends,
 He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;
 Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
 And harder still as learnt beneath despair;
 His hours no longer pass unmarked away,
 A dark importance saddens every day;
 He hears the notice of the clock, perplexed,
 And cries, perhaps eternity strikes next;
 Sweet music is no longer music here,
 And laughter sounds like madness in his ear:
 His grief the world of all her power disarms,
 Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms:
 God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
 Now by the voice of his experience true,
 Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
 Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad;
 Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
 Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,

Expects in darknes and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mispent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis heaven, all heaven descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the king of kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
Oh welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are called to employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

These are thy glorious works, eternal truth,
The scoff of withered age and beardless youth;
These move the censure and illiberal grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin:
But these shall last when night has quenched the pole,
And heaven is all departed as a scroll.
And when, as justice has long since decreed,
This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope, which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong
To him, that blends no fable with his song)
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And while they captivate, inform the mind:
Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his honourable toil:
But happier far, who comfort those, that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallowed gate:
Their language simple, as their manners meek,
No shining ornaments have they to seek;
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste,
In forcing flowers to suit a fickle taste;
But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can only darken and disguise,
The abundant harvest, recompense divine,
Repay's their work—the gleanings only mine.

CHARITY.

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique divi :
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora prisicum.

HOR. Lib. IV. Ode 2.

FAIREST and foremost of the train, that wait
On man's most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee Charity or love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)
A task I venture on, impelled by thee :
Oh never seen but in thy blest effects,
Or felt but in the soul that heaven selects ;
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
To other hearts, must have thee in his own.
Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
And though disgraced and flighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man :
He made at first, though free and unconfined,
One man the common father of the kind ;

That every tribe, though placed as he sees best,
 Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
 Differing in language, manners, or in face,
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
 When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
 As ever mingled with heroic dust,
 Steered Britain's oak into a world unknown,
 And in his country's glory fought his own,
 Wherever he found man, to nature true,
 The rights of man were sacred in his view;
 He soothed with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
 The simple native of the new-found isle;
 He spurned the wretch, that slighted or withstood
 The tender argument of kindred blood,
 Nor would endure that any should controul
 His free-born brethren of the southern pole.

But though some nobler minds a law respect,
 That none shall with impunity neglect,
 In baser souls unnumbered evils meet,
 To thwart its influence, and its end defeat.
 While Cook is loved for savage lives he saved,
 See Cortez odious for a world enslaved!
 Where wast thou then, sweet Charity? where then,
 Thou tutelary friend of helpless men?
 Wast thou in monkish cells and nunneries found,
 Or building hospitals on English ground?
 No.—Mammon makes the world his legatee
 Through fear, not love; and heaven abhors the fee.

Wherever found, (and all men need thy care)
 Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.
 The hand, that flew till it could flay no more,
 Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.
 Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
 As vain imperial Philip on his own,
 Tricked out of all his royalty by art,
 That stripped him bare, and broke his honest heart,
 Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
 For scorning what they taught him to detest.
 How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze
 Of heaven's mysterious purposes and ways;
 God stood not, though he seemed to stand, aloof;
 And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof:
 The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,
 The fretting plague is in the public purse,
 The cankered spoil corrodes the pining state,
 Starved by that indolence their mines create.

Oh could their ancient Incas rise again,
 How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
 Art thou too fallen Iberia? Do we see
 The robber and the murderer weak as we?
 Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
 Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
 Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
 Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
 We come with joy from our eternal rest,
 To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed.

Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
 Rolled over all our desolated land,
 Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
 And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
 The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
 And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
 'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
 And vengeance executes what justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was designed
 To associate all the branches of mankind;
 And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
 Wise to promote whatever end he means,
 God opens fruitful nature's various scenes:
 Each climate needs what other climes produce,
 And offers something to the general use;
 No land but listens to the common call,
 And in return receives supply from all.
 This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
 Cheers what were else an universal shade,
 Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den,
 And softens human rock-work into men.
 Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
 Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
 Not only fills necessity's demand,
 But overcharges her capacious hand:
 Capricious taste itself can crave no more,
 Than she supplies from her abounding store:

She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
 And gains new vigour at her endless task.
 Her's is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
 From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
 And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
 She guides the finger over the dancing keys,
 Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of art, and art thrives most
 Where commerce has enriched the busy coast;
 He catches all improvements in his flight,
 Spreads foreign wonders in his country's fight,
 Imports what others have invented well,
 And stirs his own to match them, or excel.
 'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,
 Alternately the nations learn and teach;
 While providence enjoins to every soul
 An union with the vast terraqueous whole.

Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurled
 To furnish and accommodate a world,
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit the unsocial climates into one.—
 Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
 Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,
 To succour wasted regions, and replace
 The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.—

Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
 Impede the bark that plows the deep serene,
 Charged with a freight transcending in its worth
 The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,
 That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 An herald of God's love to pagan lands.
 But ah! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage, and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end;
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
 The fable warrior, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far receding shore,
 But not the thought that they must meet no more;
 Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,
 What has he left that he can yet forego?
 Yes, to deep sadness fullenly resigned,
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
 Puts off his generous nature; and, to suit
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Oh most degrading of all ills, that wait
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,
 And find submission more than half a cure;

Grief is itself a medicine, and bestowed
 To improve the fortitude that bears the load,
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace;
 But slavery!—virtue dreads it as her grave:
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave;
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.
 Nature imprints upon whatever we see,
 That has a heart and life in it, Be free;
 The beasts are chartered—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
 He breaks the cord, that held him at the rack;
 And, conscious of an unincumbered back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs;
 Nor stops, till overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honoured with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame;
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold:

So may the ruffian, who with ghoffly glide,
 Dagger in hand, fteals clofe to your bedfide;
 Not he, but his emergence forced the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

Has God then given its fweetnefs to the cane,
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?

Built a brave world, which cannot yet fubfift,
 Unless his right to rule it be difmiffed?

Impudent blaſphemy! So folly pleads,
 And, avarice being judge, with eaſe ſucceeds.

But grant the plea, and let it ſtand for juſt,
 That man make man his prey, becauſe he *muſt*;
 Still there is room for pity to abate,
 And ſooth the forrows of ſo ſad a ſtate.
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
 The ſcripture placed within his reach, he ought,
 That ſouls have no diſcriminating hue,
 Alike important in their Maker's view;
 That none are free from blemiſh ſince the fall,
 And love divine has paid one price for all.
 The wretch, that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one that notices his ſilent grief.
 He, from whoſe hands alone all power proceeds,
 Ranks its abuſe among the fouleſt deeds,
 Conſiders *all* injuſtice with a frown;
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.
 Begone, the whip and bell in that hard hand
 Are hateful enſigns of uſurped command.

Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
 To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
 Remember, heaven has an avenging rod,
 To smite the poor is treason against God.

Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brooked,
 While life's sublimest joys are overlooked:
 We wander over a sun-burnt thirsty soil,
 Murmuring and weary of our daily toil,
 Forget to enjoy the palm-tree's offered shade,
 Or taste the fountain in the neighbouring glade:
 Else who would lose, that had the power to improve,
 The occasion of transmuting fear to love?
 Oh 'tis a godlike privilege to save,
 And he that scorns it is himself a slave.
 Inform his mind; one flash of heavenly day
 Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.
 "Beauty for ashes" is a gift indeed,
 And slaves, by truth enlarged, are doubly freed.
 Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,
 While gratitude and love made service sweet,
 My dear deliverer out of hopeless night,
 Whose bounty bought me but to give me light,
 I was a bondman on my native plain,
 Sin forged, and ignorance made fast, the chain;
 Thy lips have shed instruction, as the dew,
 Taught me what path to shun and what pursue;
 Farewell my former joys! I sigh no more
 For Africa's once loved, benighted shore;

Serving a benefactor I am free,
At my best home if not exiled from thee.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds;
The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit on the bordering lands:
These have an ear for his paternal call,
Who makes some rich for the supply of all;
God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ,
And THORNTON is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light,
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky.

This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly power,
 While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
 Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long.
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care.
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
 To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
 Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood;
 And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
 Where covert guile and artifice abound.
 Let just restraint, for public peace designed,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
 But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despised of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
 Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed;
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting HOWARD'S name.

Bleſt with all wealth can give thee, to reſign
 Joys doubly ſweet to feelings quick as thine,
 To quit the bliſs thy rural ſcenes beſtow,
 To ſeek a nobler amidſt ſcenes of woe,
 To traaverse ſeas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
 But knowledge ſuch as only dungeons teach,
 And only ſympathy like thine could reach;
 That grief, ſequeſtered from the public ſtage,
 Might ſmooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage;
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
 The boldeſt patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
 That pleads for peace till it diſturbs the ſtate,
 Were huſhed in favour of thy generous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and heaven's ſmile thy fee!

Philoſophy, that does not dream or ſtray,
 Walks arm in arm with nature all his way;
 Compaſſes earth, dives into it, aſcends
 Whatever ſteep inquiry recommends,
 Sees planetary wonders ſmoothly roll
 Round other ſyſtems under her control,
 Drinks wiſdom at the milky ſtream of light,
 That cheers the ſilent journey of the night,
 And brings at his return a boſom charged
 With rich inſtruction, and a ſoul enlarged.
 The treasured ſweets of the capacious plan,
 That heaven ſpreads wide before the view of man,

All prompt his pleased pursuit, and to pursue
Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new;
He too has a connecting power, and draws
Man to the centre of the common cause,
Aiding a dubious and deficient fight
With a new medium and a purer light.
All truth is precious, if not all divine;
And what dilates the powers must needs refine.
He reads the skies, and watching every change,
Provides the faculties an ampler range;
And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,
A prouder station on the general scale.
But reason still, unless divinely taught,
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought;
The lamp of revelation only shows,
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
And graced with all philosophy can add,
Though fair without, and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride;
He feels his need of an unerring guide,
And knows that falling he shall rise no more,
Unless the power that bade him stand restore.
This is indeed philosophy; this known
Makes wisdom worthy of the name, his own;
And without this, whatever he discufs;
Whether the space between the stars and us,

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,
 The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still:
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
 Self-knowledge truly learned of course implies
 The rich possession of a nobler prize;
 For self to self, and God to man revealed,
 (Two themes to nature's eye for ever sealed)
 Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace
 From the same centre of enlightening grace.
 Here stay thy foot; how copious and how clear,
 The over-flowing well of Charity springs here!
 Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand rills,
 Some thro' the groves, some down the sloping hills,
 Winding a secret or an open course,
 And all supplied from an eternal source.
 The ties of nature do but feebly bind,
 And commerce partially reclaims mankind;
 Philosophy, without his heavenly guide,
 May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride;
 But, while his province is the reasoning part,
 Has still a veil of midnight on his heart:
 'Tis truth divine, exhibited on earth,
 Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppose (when thought is warm, and fancy flows,
 What will not argument sometimes suppose?)

An isle possessed by creatures of our kind,
 Endued with reason, yet by nature blind.
 Let supposition lend her aid once more,
 And land some grave optician on the shore:
 He claps his lens, if haply they may see,
 Close to the part where vision ought to be;
 But finds that though his tubes assist the sight,
 They cannot give it, or make darkness light.
 He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud
 A sense they know not, to the wondering crowd;
 He talks of light, and the prismatic hues,
 As men of depth in erudition use;
 But all he gains for his harangue is—Well,——
 What monstrous lies some travellers will tell!

The soul, whose sight all-quickenng grace renews,
 Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
 As diamonds, stript of their opaque disguise,
 Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.
 She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
 In language warm as all that love inspires,
 And in the glow of her intense desires,
 Pants to communicate her noble fires.

She sees a world stark blind to what employs
 Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;
 Though wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
 Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all:

Herself as weak as her support is strong,
She feels that frailty she denied so long;
And, from a knowledge of her own disease,
Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.
Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine Charity commence.
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
She still is kind, and still she perseveres;
The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream,
The danger they discern not they deny;
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But still a soul thus touched can never cease,
Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace,
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested; she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And injured makes forgiveness her delight.

Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
The bright original was one he knew;
Heaven held his hand, the likeness must be true.

When one, that holds communion with the skies,
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,
 'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
 So when a ship well freighted with the stores,
 The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
 Has dropped her anchor and her canvases furl'd
 In some safe haven of our western world,
 'Twere vain enquiry to what port she went,
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queasy conscience has its qualms,
 To lull the painful malady with alms;
 But charity not feigned intends alone
 Another's good—their's centres in their own;
 And too short lived to reach the realms of peace,
 Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.
 Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
 Is rather careless of her sister's fame:
 Her superfluity the poor supplies,
 But, if she touch a character, it dies.
 The seeming virtue weighed against the vice,
 She deems all safe, for she has paid the price:
 No charity but alms aught values she,
 Except in porcelain on her mantle-tree.
 How many deeds, with which the world has rung,
 From pride, in league with ignorance, have sprung!

But God o'errules all human follies still,
 And bends the tough materials to his will.
 A conflagration, or a wintry flood,
 Has left some hundreds without home or food;
 Extravagance and avarice shall subscribe,
 While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.
 The brief proclaimed, it visits every pew,
 But first the squire's, a compliment but due:
 With slow deliberation he unties
 His glittering purse, that envy of all eyes,
 And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
 Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm;
 Till finding, what he might have found before,
 A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
 Pinched close between his finger and his thumb,
 He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.
 Gold to be sure!—Throughout the town 'tis told
 How the good squire gives never less than gold.
 From motives such as his, though not the best,
 Springs in due time supply for the distressed;
 Not less effectual than what love bestows,
 Except that office clips it as it goes.

But lest I seem to sin against a friend,
 And wound the grace I mean to recommend,
 (Though vice derided with a just design
 Implies no trespass against love divine,)
 Once more I would adopt the graver style,
 A teacher should be sparing of his smile.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
 Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
 He hides behind a magisterial air
 His own offences, and strips others bare;
 Affects indeed a most humane concern,
 That men, if gently tutored, will not learn;
 That mulish folly not to be reclaimed
 By softer methods, must be made ashamed;
 But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
 Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
 Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
 Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
 Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirred,
 The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
 Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
 By lean despair upon an empty purse,
 The wild assassins start into the street,
 Prepared to poignard whomsoever they meet.
 No skill in swordmanship, however just,
 Can be secure against a madman's thrust;
 And even virtue so unfairly matched,
 Although immortal, may be pricked or scratched.
 When scandal has new minted an old lie,
 Or taxed invention for a fresh supply,
 'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
 Gathering around it with erected ears:
 A thousand names are tossed into the crowd;
 Some whispered softly, and some twanged aloud;

Just as the sapience of an author's brain
 Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
 Strange! how the frequent interjected dash
 Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;
 The important letters, that include the rest,
 Serve as a key to those that are suppressed;
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
 The world is charmed, and Scrib escapes the law.
 So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,
 Worms may be caught by either head or tail;
 Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
 They meet with little pity, no redress;
 Plunged in the stream they lodge upon the mud,
 Food for the famished rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
 To peace and charity, is mere pretence:
 A bold remark, but which if well applied,
 Would humble many a towering poet's pride.
 Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
 And had no other play-place for his wit;
 Perhaps, enchanted with the love of fame,
 He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame;
 Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
 The cause of virtue could not be his view.
 At every stroke wit flashes in our eyes;
 The turns are quick, the polished points surprise,
 But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
 That while they please possess us with alarms:

So have I seen, (and hastened to the fight
On all the wings of holiday delight)
Where stands that monument of ancient power,
Named with emphatic dignity, the tower,
Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small,
In starry forms disposed upon the wall;
We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
That brass and steel should make so fine a show;
But though we praise the exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

No work shall find acceptance in that day,
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.
As he ordains things fordid in their birth
To be resolved into their parent earth;
And, though the soul shall seek superior orbs,
Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs;
So self starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal, where it began the race.
Such as our motive is our aim must be,
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free:
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought;
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The judge of all men owes them no regard.
True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love, from which it rose at first,

Thrives against hope and in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green;
 Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
 Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies.
 To look at him, who formed us and redeemed,
 So glorious now, though once so disesteemed,
 To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
 To uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
 To recollect that in a form like our's,
 He bruised beneath his feet the infernal powers,
 Captivity led captive, rose to claim
 The wreath he won so dearly in our name;
 That throned above all height he condescends
 To call the few that trust in him his friends;
 That in the heaven of heavens, that space he deems
 Too scanty for the exertion of his beams,
 And shines, as if impatient to bestow
 Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
 That light imparts a never-dying flame,
 Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
 Like him the soul thus kindled from above
 Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
 And still enlarged as she receives the grace,
 Includes creation in her close embrace.
 Behold a Christian!—and without the fires
 The founder of that name alone inspires,
 Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
 To make the shining prodigy complete,
 Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat!

Were love, in these the world's last dotting years,
As frequent as the want of it appears,
The churches warmed, they would no longer hold
Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold;
Relenting forms would lose their power, or cease;
And even the dipt and sprinkled live in peace:
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.
The statesman, skilled in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep;
His budget often filled, yet always poor,
Might swing at ease behind his study door,
No longer prey upon our annual rents,
Or scare the nation with its big contents:
Disbanded legions freely might depart,
And slaying man would cease to be an art.
No learned disputants would take the field,
Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield;
Both sides deceived, if rightly understood,
Pelting each other for the public good.
Did charity prevail, the prefs would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love;
And I might spare myself the pains to show
What few can learn, and all suppose they know.
Thus have I fought to grace a serious lay
With many a wild indeed but flowery spray,
In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
The attention pleasure has so much engrossed.

But if unhappily deceived I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake
That zeal, not vanity, has chanced to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake.

}

CONVERSATION.

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus auftri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctû tam littora, nec quæ
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIRG. Ecl. 5.

THOUGH nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,
And Conversation in its better part
May be esteemed a gift and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words learnt by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
As Alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unlettered boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those feeds of science called his A B C;
So language in the mouths of the adult,
Witness its insignificant result,
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,

And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
 The scales are false, or Algebra a lie.
 Sacred interpreter of human thought,
 How few respect or use thee as they ought!
 But all shall give account of every wrong,
 Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue;
 Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
 Or sell their glory at a market price;
 Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
 The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.

There is a prurience in the speech of some,
 Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb:
 His wife forbearance has their end in view,
 They fill their measure, and receive their due.
 The heathen law-givers of ancient days,
 Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,
 Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
 And shut up every fatyr in his den.
 Oh come not ye near innocence and truth,
 Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!
 Infectious as impure, your blighting power
 Taints in its rudiments the promised flower;
 Its odour perished and its charming hue,
 Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
 Not even the vigorous and headlong rage
 Of adolescence, or a firmer age,
 Affords a plea allowable or just
 For making speech the pamperer of lust;

But when the breath of age commits the fault,
 'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault.
 So withered stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,
 No longer fruitful, and no longer green;
 The sapless wood, divested of the bark,
 Grows fungous, and takes fire at every spark.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
 Some men have surely then a peaceful life;
 Whatever subject occupy discourse,
 The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
 Affeuration blustering in your face
 Makes contradiction such an hopeless case:
 In every tale they tell, or false or true,
 Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
 They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
 With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;
 And even when sober truth prevails throughout,
 They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
 A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
 Who though devout yet bigotry had none,
 Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
 With adjurations every word impress,
 Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,
 God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
 Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,
 And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.

Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferred,
 Henceforth associate in one common herd,

Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
 Pronounce your human form a false pretence;
 A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
 Who yet betrays his secret by his works.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
 And make colloquial happiness your care,
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
 A duel in the form of a debate.

The clash of arguments and jar of words,
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
 Decide no question with their tedious length,
 For opposition gives opinion strength,
 Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
 And put the peaceably-disposed to death.

Oh thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
 Nor carp at every flaw you may discern;
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
 I am not surely always in the wrong;
 'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
 No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
 A disputable point is no man's ground;
 Roam where you please, 'tis common all around.
 Discourse may want an animated—No,
 To brush the surface and to make it flow;
 But still remember, if you mean to please,
 To press your point with modesty and ease.

The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
 Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
 Knots and impediments make something hitch;
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
 Your thread of argument is snapt again;
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite,
 A noisy man is always in the right—
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt!

DUBIUS is such a scrupulous good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were called by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
 Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,
 What he remembers, seems to have forgot;

His sole opinion whatfoe'er befall,
Centering at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and balk your listening ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduced to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having placed all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks, absurdity strikes out of pride:
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idolized in every case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face:
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provoked by pride,

Few competitions but engender spite;
 And those the most, where neither has a right.

The point of honour has been deemed of use,
 To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;
 Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
 Our polished manners are a mask we wear,
 And at the bottom barbarous still and rude,
 We are restrained indeed, but not subdued.
 The very remedy, however sure,
 Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
 And savage in its principle appears,
 Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
 'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend
 Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
 That now and then an hero must decease,
 That the surviving world may live in peace.
 Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
 The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
 That men engage in it compelled by force,
 And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
 The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
 Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
 At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
 And hazard life for any or no cause,
 To rush into a fixt eternal state
 Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
 Or send another shivering to the bar
 With all the guilt of such unnatural war,

Whatever use may urge, or honour plead,
 On reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
 Am I to set my life upon a throw,
 Because a bear is rude and furly? No—
 A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
 Will not affront me, and no other can.
 Were I empowered to regulate the lists,
 They should encounter with well-loaded fists;
 A Trojan combat would be something new,
 Let DARES beat ENTELLUS black and blue;
 Then each might show to his admiring friends,
 In honourable bumps his rich amends,
 And carry, in contusions of his skull,
 A satisfactory receipt in full.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
 Is often useful, always entertains:
 A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
 May furnish illustration, well applied;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations, dull and dry,
 Embellished with—*He said*, and *So said I*.
 At every interview their route the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame;
 We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
 And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed!*

The path of narrative with care pursue,
 Still making probability your clue;
 On all the vestiges of truth attend,
 And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
 Of all ambitious man may entertain,
 The worst, that can invade a sickly brain,
 Is that, which angles hourly for surprize,
 And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
 Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
 Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
 Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
 Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
 A great retailer of this curious ware
 Having unloaded and made many stare,
 Can this be true?—an arch observer cries,
 Yes, (rather moved) I saw it with these eyes;
 Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
 I could not, had I seen it with my own.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
 The language plain, and incidents well linked;
 Tell not as new what every body knows,
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
 There, centering in a focus round and neat,
 Let all your rays of information meet.
 What neither yields us profit nor delight
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
 Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,
 Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
 The dozing fages drop the drowsy strain,
 Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
 Such often, like the tube they so admire,
 Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
 Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
 The sex, whose presence civilizes our's:
 Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
 To poison vermin that infest his plants;
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind,
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms
 As little mercy, as he grubs and worms?
 They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
 Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
 When wine has given indecent language birth,
 And forced the flood-gates of licentious mirth;
 For sea-born Venus her attachment shows
 Still to that element, from which she rose,
 And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,
 Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose.
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with the magnet had attracted his.

His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
 An extract of his diary—no more,
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again,
 Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear Sir! lest you should lose it now.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
 A fine pufs-gentleman that's all perfume;
 The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
 Who thrusts his nose into a raree-show?
 His odoriferous attempts to please
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,
 Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
 'Tis wrong to bring into a mixt resort,
 What makes some sick, and others *a-la-mort*,
 An argument of cogence, we may say,
 Why such an one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop; significant and budge;
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;

He fays but little, and that little faid
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock it never is at home:
 'Tis like a parcel fent you by the ftage,
 Some handfome prefent, as your hopes preface;
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An abfent friend's fidelity and love,
 But when unpacked your difappointment groans
 To find it ftuffed with brickbats, earth, and ftones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
 In making known how oft they have been fick,
 And give us in recitals of difeafe
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic or cathartic fped;
 Nothing is flightly touched, much lefs forgot,
 Nofe, eyes, and ears, feem prefent on the fpot.
 Now the diftemper, fpite of draught or pill,
 Victorious feemed, and now the doctor's fkill;
 And now—alas for unforefeen mishaps!
 They put on a damp night-cap and relapfe;
 They thought they muft have died, they were fo bad;
 Their peevifh hearers almoft wifh they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much:
 You fpeak with life, in hopes to entertain,
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;

You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble bee.
The southern fash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now it's night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With foal—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes your's little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But, being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip:

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained;
It seems as if we Britons were ordained,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,
Self-searching with an introverted eye,
Concealed within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart:
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risque them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed to appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produced and nursed.
The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual suffering a constraint
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint;

As if in clofe committee on the fky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime an happy fource
Of wife reflection, and well timed difcourfe.
We next enquire, but foftly and by ftealth,
Like confervators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if fuch there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthific, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chafm enfues,
Filled up at laft with interefting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hanged, and who is brought to bed:
But fear to call a more important caufe,
As if 'twere treason againft English laws.
The vifit paid, with ecftacy we come,
As from a feven years transportation, home,
And there refume an unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we loft we know not how,
The faculties that feemed reduced to nought,
Expreflion and the privilege of thought.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chafe,
I give him over as a desperate cafe.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honeft ones, when death is fure;
And though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed.
Some farrier fhould prefcribe his proper courfe,
Whofe only fit companion is his horfe,

Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet even the rogue that serves him, though he stand
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire?
Oh to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good fellowship and noise;
There, in the sweet society of those,
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably sealed
Like their's, that cleave the flood or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Given him a soul, and bade him understand;
The reasoning power vouchsafed of course inferred
The power to clothe that reason with his word;
For all is perfect that God works on earth,
And he that gives conception, aids the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What uses of his boon the giver would,
The mind, dispatched upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has blest the soil;
Visiting every flower with labour meet,
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet.

She should embue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,
That good diffused may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the power that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the live-long night,
That fills the listening lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twittering of a meaner bird,
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on an human voice?
No—nature unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;
The melody, that was at first designed
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note delivered in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years:
Yet fashion, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her votary to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds an usurped dominion over his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And when accomplished in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable fixed decree
That none could frame or ratify but she,

That heaven and hell, and righteoufnefs and fin,
Snares in his path and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happinefs to fray),
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never named in ears efteemed polite.
That he who dares, when fhe forbids, be grave,
Shall ftand proferibed, a madman or a knave,
A clofe defigner not to be believed,
Or, if excufed that charge, at leaft deceived.
Oh folly worthy of the nurfe's lap,
Give it the breast, or ftop its mouth with pap!
Is it incredible, or can it feem
A dream to any, except thofe that dream,
That man fhould love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, fhould at his lips tranfpire?
Know then, and modeftly let fall your eyes,
And veil your daring creft that braves the fkies;
That air of infolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provcke his rod:
Now, in a pofture that becomes you more
Than that heroic ftut affumed before,
Know, your arrears with every hour accrue
For mercy fhewn, while wrath is juftly due.
The time is fhort, and there are fouls on earth,
Though future pain may ferve for prefent mirth,
Acquainted with the woes that fear or fhame,
By fafhion taught, forbade them once to name,

And, having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
 Have proved them truths too big to be expressed.
 Go seek on revelation's hallowed ground,
 Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;
 Touched by that power that you have dared to mock,
 That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
 Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
 That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.

It happened on a solemn even-tide,
 Soon after He that was our Surety died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
 Sought their own village, busied as they went
 In musings worthy of the great event:
 They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
 Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,
 The farther traced, enriched them still the more;
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
 Sent to do more than he appeared to have done;
 To exalt a people, and to place them high
 Above all else, and wondered he should die.
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
 And asked them with a kind engaging air
 What their affliction was, and begged a share.

Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
 And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
 The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
 That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
 Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say,
 Did they not burn within us by the way?

Now their's was converse, such as it behoves
 Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
 Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
 But yet successful, being aimed at him.
 Christ and his character their only scope,
 Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
 They felt what it became them much to feel,
 And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
 Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,
 To spread the new-born glories in their view.
 Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
 Matched against truths, as lasting as sublime?
 Can length of years on God himself exact,
 Or make that fiction which was once a fact?
 No—marble and recording brass decay,
 And like the graver's memory pass away;

The works of man inherit, as is just,
 Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
 But truth divine for ever stands secure,
 Its head is guarded, as its base is sure;
 Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
 The pillar of the eternal plan appears,
 The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
 Built by that architect, who built the skies.
 Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour
 That love of Christ, and all its quickening power;
 And lips unstained by folly or by strife,
 Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
 Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
 A Jordan for the ablution of our woes.
 Oh days of heaven, and nights of equal praise,
 Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
 When souls drawn upwards, in communion sweet,
 Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
 Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
 Of dangers past and wonders yet to come,
 And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
 Upon the lap of covenanted rest.

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
 Like angel heads in stone with pigeon-wings?
 Canting and whining out all day the word,
 And half the night? fanatic and absurd!
 Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,
 Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,

Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
 And chafe the spleenetic dull hours away;
 Content on earth in earthly things to shine,
 Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,
 Leaves faints to enjoy those altitudes they teach,
 And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.

Well spoken, Advocate of sin and shame,
 Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.
 Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right,
 The fixt fee-simple of the vain and light?
 Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
 That come to waft us out of sorrow's power,
 Obscure or quench a faculty, that finds
 Its happiest foil in the sereneft minds?
 Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
 And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,
 But gives it usefulness unknown before,
 And, purifying, makes it shine the more.
 A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
 A beam that aids, but never grieves the fight;
 Vigorous in age, as in the flush of youth,
 'Tis always active on the side of truth;
 Temperance and peace insure its healthful state,
 And make it brightest at its latest date.
 Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
 Ere life go down, to see such fights again)
 A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
 Who never saw the sword he could not wield;

Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
 Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen eyed;
 A man that would have foiled at their own play
 A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
 Who, when occasion justified its use,
 Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
 Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
 Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
 His rich materials, and regale your ear
 With strains it was a privilege to hear:
 Yet all above is luxury supreme,
 And his chief glory was the gospel theme;
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
 His happy eloquence seemed there at home,
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
 But to treat justly what he loved so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
 When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
 Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
 And wiser men's ability pretence.
 Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
 Such men are not forgot as soon as cold,
 Their fragrant memory will out-last their tomb,
 Embalmed for ever in its own perfume:
 And to say truth, though in its early prime,
 And when unstained with any grosser crime,
 Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
 That in the valley of decline are lost,

And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet age, by long experience well informed,
Well read, well tempered, with religion warmed,
'That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of age, less fair, are yet more found,
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And, like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry rigours unimpaired endure.

What is fanatic frenzy, scorned so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?
I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an almighty power)
Before his presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,
To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,
Though common sense allowed a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice,

Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme,
 And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
 But that disease, when soberly defined,
 Is the false fire of an overheated mind;
 It views the truth with a distorted eye,
 And either warps or lays it useless by;
 'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
 Its sordid nourishment from man's applause;
 And while at heart sin unrelinquished lies,
 Presumes itself chief favourite of the skies.
 'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds
 In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,
 Shines in the dark, but ushered into day
 The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
 Of hearts in union mutually disclosed;
 And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
 Those hearts should be reclaimed, renewed, upright.
 Bad men, profaning friendship's hallowed name,
 Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame,
 A dark confederacy against the laws
 Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause:
 They build each other up with dreadful skill,
 As bastions set point blank against God's will;
 Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
 Deeply resolved to shut a Saviour out;
 Call legions up from hell to back the deed;
 And, curst with conquest, finally succeed.

But souls, that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys, they meet with in their heavenly range,
And with a fearless confidence make known
The sorrows, sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
The Christian, in whose soul, though now distressed,
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possessed,
When all his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,
Or seem to boast a fire, he does not feel.
The song of Sion is a tasteless thing,
Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.

Strange tidings these to tell a world, who treat
All but their own experience as deceit!

Will they believe, though credulous enough
 To swallow much upon much weaker proof,
 That there are blest inhabitants of earth,
 Partakers of a new ethereal birth,
 Their hopes, desires, and purposes estranged
 From things terrestrial, and divinely changed,
 Their very language of a kind, that speaks
 The soul's sure interest in the good she seeks,
 Who deal with scripture, its importance felt,
 As Tully with philosophy once dealt,
 And in the silent watches of the night,
 And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,
 The social walk, or solitary ride,
 Keep still the dear companion at their side;
 No—shame upon a self-disgracing age,
 God's work may serve an ape upon a stage
 With such a jest, as filled with hellish glee
 Certain invisibles as shrewd as he;
 But veneration or respect finds none,
 Save from the subjects of that work alone.
 The world grown old her deep discernment shows,
 Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,
 Peruses closely the true Christian's face,
 And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace,
 Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,
 And finds hypocrisy close lurking there,
 And serving God herself through mere constraint,
 Concludes his unfeigned love of him, a feint.

And yet, God knows, look human nature through,
(And in due time the world shall know it too)
That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast,
That after man's defection laid all waste,
Sincerity towards the heart-searching God
Has made the new-born creature her abode,
Nor shall be found in unregenerate souls,
Till the last fire burn all between the poles.
Sincerity! Why 'tis his only pride,
Weak and imperfect in all grace beside,
He knows that God demands his heart entire,
And gives him all his just demands require.
Without it his pretensions were as vain,
As having it he deems the world's disdain;
That great defect would cost him not alone
Man's favourable judgment, but his own;
His birthright shaken, and no longer clear,
Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.
Retort the charge, and let the world be told,
She boasts a confidence she does not hold;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread;
That while in health the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short;
That sick she trembles knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie;
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,
She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives,

Her utmost reach, historical assent,
The doctrines warpt to what they never meant;
That truth itself is in her head as dull,
And useles, as a candle in a scull,
And all her love of God a groundles claim,
A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,
And all her censures of the work of grace,
Are insincere, meant only to conceal
A dread she would not, yet is forced to feel;
That in her heart the Christian she reveres,
And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.

A poet does not work by square or line,
As smiths and joiners perfect a design;
At least we moderns, our attention less,
Beyond the example of our fires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.
The world and I fortuitously met,
I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt;
She did me wrong, I recompens'd the deed,
And, having struck the balance, now proceed.
Perhaps however as some years have pass'd,
Since she and I convers'd together last,
And I have lived recluse in rural shades,
Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
Great changes and new manners have occurred,
And blest reforms, that I have never heard,

And ſhe may now be as diſcreet and wiſe,
As once abſurd in all diſcerning eyes.
Sobriety perhaps may now be found,
Where once intoxication preſſed the ground;
'The ſubtle and injurious may be juſt,
And he grown chaſte that was the ſlave of luſt;
Arts once eſteemed may be with ſhame diſmiſſed;
Charity may relax the miſer's fiſt;
The gameſter may have caſt his cards away,
Forgot to curſe, and only kneel to pray.
It has indeed been told me (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me ſtate)
That fables old, that ſeemed for ever mute,
Revived are haſtening into freſh repute,
And gods and goddeſſes diſcarded long
Like uſeleſs lumber, or a ſtroller's ſong,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again;
That certain feaſts are inſtituted now,
Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow,
That all Olympus through the country roves,
To conſecrate our few remaining groves.
And echo learns politely to repeat
The praiſe of names for ages obſolete;
That having proved the weakneſs, it ſhould ſeem,
Of revelation's ineffectual beam,
To bring the paſſions under ſober ſway,
And give the moral ſprings their proper play,

They mean to try what may at last be done,
 By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,
 And whether Roman rites may not produce
 The virtues of old Rome for English use.
 May such success attend the pious plan,
 May Mercury once more embellish man,
 Grace him again with long forgotten arts,
 Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts,
 Make him athletic as in days of old,
 Learned at the bar, in the palæstra bold,
 Divest the rougher sex of female airs,
 And teach the softer not to copy their's:
 The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught
 Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought,
 'Tis time, however, if the case stands thus,
 For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
 To build our altar, confident and bold,
 And say as stern Elijah said of old,
 The strife now stands upon a fair award,
 If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord:
 If he be silent, faith is all a whim,
 Then Baal is the God, and worship him.

Digression is so much in modern use,
 Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
 Some never seem so wide of their intent,
 As when returning to the theme they meant;
 As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
 Make every parish but their own their home.

Though such continual zigzags in a book,
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,
And I had rather creep to what is true,
Than rove and stagger with no mark in view;
Yet to consult a little, seem'd no crime,
The freakish humour of the present time:
But now to gather up what seems dispersed,
And touch the subject I designed at first,
May prove, though much beside the rules of art,
Best for the public, and my wisest part.
And first, let no man charge me that I mean
To clothe in fable every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier;
For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life mispent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory with a light, that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades,
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks inspires.
Thus touched the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure:

Held within modest bounds the tide of speech
Pursues the course, that truth and nature teach;
No longer labours merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use:
Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh, enriches every theme,
While all the happy man possessed before,
The gift of nature, or the classic store,
Is made subservient to the grand design,
For which heaven formed the faculty divine.
So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre, on which an artist plays,
With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;
But let the wise and well instructed hand
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
In gentle sounds it seems as it complained
Of the rude injuries it late sustained,
Till tuned at length to some immortal song,
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

RETIREMENT.

————— *studiis florens ignobilis otii.*

VIRG. Georg. Lib. 4.

HACKNEYED in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequestered spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.
Thus conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebelled against, not yet suppressed,
And calls a creature formed for God alone,
For heaven's high purposes, and not his own;
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,

From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are clustered close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.
'Tis well if, looked for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls, that have long despised their heavenly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with earth,
For threescore years employed with ceaseless care
In catching smoke, and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of men,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Inveterate habits choke the unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.

Happy, if full of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,

We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born to obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill displayed
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,
The invisible in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatched, and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordained and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More heinous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet heads and dragon scales adorned,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorned,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth:
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at his command
From urns, that never fail, through every land;

These like a deluge with impetuous force,
 Those winding modestly a silent course;
 The cloud surmounting alps, the fruitful vales;
 Seas, on which every nation spreads her sails;
 The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
 The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
 Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
 Fast-anchored in the deep abyss of space—
 At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
 And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
 These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
 How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
 Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
 This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
 Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,
 Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.
 Absorbed in that immensity I see,
 I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee;
 Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day
 Thy words, more clearly than thy works, display,
 That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
 I may resemble thee and call thee mine.

Oh blest proficiency! surpassing all
 That men erroneously their glory call,
 The recompense that arts or arms can yield,
 The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
 Compared with this sublimest life below,
 Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show?

Thus studied, used, and consecrated thus,
 On earth what is, seems formed indeed for us;
 Not as the plaything of a froward child,
 Fretful unless diverted and beguiled,
 Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
 Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
 But as a scale by which the soul ascends
 From mighty means to more important ends,
 Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
 Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
 And sees, by no fallacious light or dim,
 Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean to approve, or would enforce,
 A superstitious and monastic course:
 Truth is not local, God alike pervades
 And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
 And may be feared amidst the busiest scenes,
 Or scorned where business never intervenes.
 But 'tis not easy with a mind like our's,
 Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,
 And in a world where, other ills apart,
 The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
 To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
 Wherever freakish fancy points the way;
 To bid the pleadings of self-love be still,
 Resign our own and seek our Maker's will;
 To spread the page of scripture, and compare
 Our conduct with the laws engraven there;

To measure all that passes in the breast,
 Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;
 To dive into the secret deeps within,
 To spare no passion and no favourite sin,
 And search the themes, important above all,
 Ourselves and our recovery from our fall.
 But leisure, silence, and a mind released
 From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increased,
 How to secure, in some propitious hour,
 The point of interest or the post of power,
 A soul serene, and equally retired
 From objects too much dreaded or desired,
 Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
 At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Opening the map of God's extensive plan,
 We find a little isle, this life of man;
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears
 Circling around and limiting his years.
 The busy race examine, and explore
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight;
 The waves overtake them in their serious play,
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
 They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

A few forfake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Sealed with his signet, whom they serve and love;
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use;
The love of change, that lives in every breast,
Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines its votary to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of avarice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes;
The fruits, that hang on pleasure's flowery stem,
Whatever enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recesses of dusky groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills, that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.
With eager step, and carelessly arrayed,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,

From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleased fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.
Oh nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose,
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next to that power, who formed thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light though I should miss renown,
And, poring on thy page, whose every line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel an heart enriched by what it pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.
Woe to the man, whose wit disclaims its use,
Glittering in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,

Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a furer aim.

The lover too shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms.

Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
That he devotes not with a zeal like their's;

'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And every thought that wanders, is a crime.

In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
And weeps a sad libation in despair,

Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain.

As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash, or glossy beech,

In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,

But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
Straitening its growth by such a strict embrace;

So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids the advancement of the soul he binds;

The suitor's air indeed he soon improves,
And forms it to the taste of her he loves,

Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
Refines his speech and fashions his address;

But farewell promises of happier fruits,
Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits;

Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake;

Who will may pant for glory and excel,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell!
Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name
May least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,
And lovers of all creatures, tame or wild,
Can least brook management, however mild.
Yet let a poet (poetry difarms
The fiercest animals with magic charms)
Risqué an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary feats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Sooth thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire, that wastes thy powers away.
Up—God has formed thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue,
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow
When he designed a paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be beloved, but not adored.

Post away fwiftly to more active fcenes,
 Collect the fcattered truths that ftudy gleans,
 Mix with the world, but with its wifer part,
 No longer give an image all thine heart;
 Its empire is not her's, nor is it thine,
 'Tis God's juft claim, prerogative divine.

Virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN! whose skill
 Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
 Gives melancholy up to nature's care,
 And fends the patient into purer air.
 Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove
 Stand clofe concealed, and fee a ftatue move:
 Lips bufy, and eyes fixt, foot falling flow,
 Arms hanging idly down, hands clafped below,
 Interpret to the marking eye diftreffs,
 Such as its fymptoms can alone exprefs.
 That tongue is filent now; that filent tongue
 Could argue once, could jeft or join the fong,
 Could give advice, could cenfure or commend,
 Or charm the forrows of a drooping friend.
 Renounced alike its office and its fport,
 Its brisker and its graver ftains fall fhort;
 Both fail beneath a fever's fecret fway,
 And like a fummer-brook are paff away.
 This is a fight for pity to perufe,
 Till fhe refemble faintly what fhe views,
 Till fympathy contract a kindred pain,
 Pierced with the woes that fhe laments in vain.

This, of all maladies that man infest,
 Claims most compassion, and receives the least:
 Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
 And the barbed arrows of a frowning God;
 And such emollients as his friends could spare,
 Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
 Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
 Kept snug in caskets of close-hammered steel,
 With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
 And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
 With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
 And wit, that puppet-prompters might inspire,
 Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
 On pangs enforced with God's severest stroke.
 But with a soul, that ever felt the sting
 Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
 Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
 A laugh at his expence, is slender praise;
 He, that has not usurped the name of man,
 Does all, and deems too little all, he can,
 To assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
 And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
 'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
 Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
 Man is an harp whose chords elude the fight,
 Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
 The screws reversed (a task which if he please
 God in a moment executes with ease),

Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Loft, till he tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which art preceptress nature weds,
Nor gardens interspers'd with flowery beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by:
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand:
To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening and resplendent moon,
The stars, that sprinkled over the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:
Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow or a sound:
Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth!

Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
The fount shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye groves (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)
My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose,
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise!)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its ardour as I mus'd along;
Nor seldom, as propitious heaven might send,
What once I valued and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I press'd
His undiffembling virtue to my breast;
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But versed in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay.

To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was fatigued I come:
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice:
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disincumbered Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry stones, or plating rush,
How fair is freedom?—he was always free:
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashioned hook
To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize:
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escaped from office and its constant cares,
What charms he sees in freedom's smile express'd,
In freedom lost so long, now repossess'd;
The tongue, whose strains were cogent as commands,
Revered at home, and felt in foreign lands,

Shall own itself a flatterer in that cause,
Or plead its silence as its best applause.
He knows indeed that whether dressed or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,
Nature in every form inspires delight,
But never mark'd her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,
Green balks and furrowed lands, the stream, that spreads
Its cooling vapour over the dewy meads,
Downs, that almost escape the enquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he passed,
Seem all created since he travelled last.
Master of all the enjoyments he designed,
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps,
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!
Not founder he, that on the mainmast head,
While morning kindles with a windy red,
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits till evening watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammoc, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good breeding tires;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home;

Nor can he much affect the neighbouring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom dismissing forms he may unbend!
A man, whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place;
Who comes when called, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence;
On whom he rests well-pleas'd his weary powers,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But no where with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss;
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here;
No happiness is felt, except the true,
That does not charm thee more for being new.
This observation, as it chanced, not made,
Or if the thought occurred, not duly weigh'd,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees
The spot he loved has lost the power to please;
To cross his ambling pony day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away;

The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
 He views it not, or sees no beauty there;
 With aching heart, and discontented looks,
 Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
 But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
 A secret thirst of his renounced employs.
 He chides the tardiness of every post,
 Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
 Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
 'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
 Flies to the levee, and received with grace,
 Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
 That dread th'encroachment of our growing streets,
 Tight boxes neatly fashed, and in a blaze
 With all a July sun's collected rays,
 Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
 Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
 Oh sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
 That could afford retirement, or could not?
 'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
 The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
 A step if fair, and if a shower approach,
 You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
 There, prisoned in a parlour snug and small,
 Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
 The man of business and his friends compressed,
 Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;

But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;
And he, that deems his leisure well bestowed
In contemplation of a turnpike road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
As he, that slumbers in pavilions graced
With all the charms of an accomplished taste.
Yet hence, alas! involencies; and hence
The unpitied victim of ill-judged expence,
From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.
Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge-wells,
When health required it would consent to roam,
Else more attached to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.—

Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the power and majesty of God.
He swatches about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep;
Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
The breathings of the lightest air that blows;
Curling and whitening over all the waste,
The rising waves obey the increasing blast,
Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the steadfast shores,
Till he, that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again.—
Nereids or Dyrads, as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
Votaries of pleasure still, wherever she dwells,
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
Oh grant a poet leave to recommend
(A poet fond of nature, and your friend)
Her flighted works to your admiring view;
Her works must needs excel, who fashioned you.
Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
To waste unheard the music of his strains,
And deaf to all the impertinence of tongue,
That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong,
Mark well the finished plan without a fault,
The seas globe and huge, the overarching vault,

Earth's millions daily fed, a world employed
 In gathering plenty yet to be enjoyed,
 Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise
 Of God, beneficent in all his ways:
 Graced with such wisdom, how would beauty shine!
 Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
 Force many a shining youth into the shade,
 Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
 And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
 There, hid in loathed obscurity, removed
 From pleasures left, but never more beloved,
 He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
 Sighs over the beauties of the charming scene.
 Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme;
 Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime:
 The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
 Are musical enough in Thomson's song;
 And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
 When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets;
 He likes the country, but in truth must own,
 Most likes it, when he studies it in town.
 Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame
 I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
 Lived in his saddle, loved the chase, the course,
 And always, ere he mounted, kissed his horse.
 The estate, his fires had owned in ancient years,
 Was quickly distanced, matched against a peer's.

Jack vanished, was regretted and forgot;
'Tis wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long supposed him dead,
By cold submerſion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his uſual place,
The Crown, took notice of an oſtler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hoped in that diſguiſe
He might eſcape the moſt obſerving eyes,
And whiſtling, as if unconcerned and gay,
Curried his nag, and looked another way.
Convinced at laſt, upon a nearer view,
'Twas he, the ſame, the very Jack he knew,
Overwhelmed at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
He preſſed him much to quit his baſe employ;
His countenance, his purſe, his heart, his hand,
Influence and power, were all at his command:
Peers are not always generous as well-bred,
But Granby was, meant truly what he ſaid.
Jack bowed, and was obliged—confeſſed 'twas ſtrange,
That ſo retired he ſhould not wiſh a change,
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
And his old ſtint—three thouſand pounds a year.

Thus ſome retire to nourish hopeleſs woe;
Some ſeeking happineſs not found below;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To ſocial ſcenes by nature diſinclined;
Some ſwayed by faſhion, ſome by deep diſguſt;
Some ſelf-impoveriſhed, and becauſe they muſt;

But few, that court retirement, are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Lucrative offices are seldom lost
For want of powers proportioned to the post:
Give even a dunce the employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talents it requires;
A business with an income at its heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
But in its arduous enterprize to close
His active years with indolent repose,
He finds the labours of that state exceed
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.
'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace;
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
The veteran steed, excused his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turned into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind:
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestowed,
He proves less happy than his favoured brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;

But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought:
Nor yet the swarms, that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign;
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we? to what end ordained?
What means the drama by the world sustained?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy?
Is there, as reason, conscience, scripture, say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, earth's assigned duration at an end,
Man shall be summoned and the dead attend?
The trumpet—will it sound? the curtain rise?
And show the august tribunal of the skies,
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours and important aims,

And hold the world indebted to your aid,
 Enriched with the discoveries ye have made;
 Yet let me stand excused, if I esteem
 A mind employed on so sublime a theme,
 Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
 And outline of the present transient state,
 And, after poisoning her adventurous wings,
 Settling at last upon eternal things,
 Far more intelligent, and better taught
 The strenuous use of profitable thought,
 Than ye, when happiest, and enlightened most,
 And highest in renown, can justly boast.

A mind unnerved, or indisposed to bear
 The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,
 Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
 Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
 An idler is a watch, that wants both hands,
 As useless if it goes as when it stands.
 Books therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
 In which lewd sensualists print out themselves;
 Nor those, in which the stage gives vice a blow,
 With what success let modern manners show;
 Nor his, who for the bane of thousands born
 Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn,
 Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
 And stab religion with a sly side-thrust;
 Nor those of learned philologists, who chase
 A panting syllable through time and space,

Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;
 But such as learning without false pretence,
 The friend of truth, the associate of sound sense,
 And such as in the zeal of good design,
 Strong judgment labouring in the scripture mine,
 All such as manly and great souls produce,
 Worthy to live, and of eternal use:
 Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
 Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
 Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
 And while she polishes, perverts the taste;
 Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
 Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
 Till authors hear at length one general cry,
 Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
 The loud demand, from year to year the same,
 Beggars invention and makes fancy lame,
 Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
 And novels (witness every month's review)
 Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
 The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
 Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
 Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
 Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
 Friends (for I cannot stint, as some have done,
 Too rigid in my view, that name to one;

Though one, I grant it, in the generous breast
Will stand advanced a step above the rest:
Flowers by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all)—
Friends, not adopted with a school-boy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And, though the world may think the ingredients odd,
The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean,
As their's, who bustle in the busiest scene;
For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre, in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman*, his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away;

* Bruyere.

Divine communion, carefully enjoyed,
Or fought with energy must fill the void.
Oh sacred art, to which alone life owes
Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorned in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
Flowers of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And, while experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours tart as wine upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget;
These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chafes, as the day
Drives to their dens the obedient beasts of prey.
See Judah's promised king, bereft of all,
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul,
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him, overwhelmed with sorrow, yet rejoice;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;

'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
 Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake;
 His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
 The sense of mercy kindles into praise.
 And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
 Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before:
 'Tis love like his, that can alone defeat
 The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.

Religion does not censure or exclude
 Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued;
 To study culture, and with artful toil
 To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
 To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
 The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands;
 To cherish virtue in an humble state,
 And share the joys your bounty may create;
 To mark the matchless workings of the power,
 That shuts within its seed the future flower,
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and those delight the smell,
 Sends nature forth the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes;
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
 These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
 That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
 Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)

Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse;
Content if thus sequestered I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

THE
YEARLY DISTRESS,

OR

TITHING-TIME AT STOCK IN ESSEX.

Verfes addressed to a Country Clergyman complaining of the difagreeableneſs of the day annually appointed for receiving the Dues at the Parfonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jeſt,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy prieſt
The burden of my ſong.

This prieſt he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of the year,
But oh! it cuts him like a ſithe,
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a ſigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In footh, the forrow of fuch days
Is not to be expreffed,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike diftreffed.

Now all, unwelcome, at his gates
The clumsy fwains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the fight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Inftead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a fcore.

‘ And how does mifs and madam do,
‘ The little boy and all?
‘ All tight and well. And how do you,
‘ Good Mr. What-d’ye-call?’

The dinner comes, and down they fit:
 Were ever such hungry folk?
 There's little talking, and no wit;
 It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
 One spits upon the floor,
 Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
 Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
 And lumpish still as ever;
 Like barrels with their bellies full,
 They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins,
 'Come, neighbours, we must wag—'
 The money chinks, down drop their chins,
 Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
 And one of storms of hail,
 And one of pigs, that he has lost
 By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, 'A rarer man than you
 'In pulpit none shall hear:
 'But yet methinks, to tell you true,
 'You fell it plaguy dear.'

Oh, why are farmers made so coarse,
 Or clergy made so fine!
 A kick that scarce would move a horse,
 May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home;
 'Twould cost him, I dare say,
 Less trouble taking twice the sum,
 Without the clowns that pay.

S O N N E T

ADDRESSED TO HENRY COWPER, ESQ.

On his emphatical and interesting Delivery of the Defence of WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.
 in the House of Lords.

COWPER, whose silver voice, tasked sometimes hard,
 Legends prolix delivers in the ears
 (Attentive when thou readest) of England's peers,
 Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward.
 Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,
 Expending late on all that length of plea
 Thy generous powers, but silence honoured thee
 Mute as ever gazed on Orator or Bard.

Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside
 Both heart and head; and could'st with music sweet
 Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone,
 Like thy renowned forefathers, far and wide
 Thy fame diffuse, praised not for utterance meet
 Of *others'* speech, but magic of *thy own*.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,

Author of the "BOTANIC GARDEN."

'Two Poets,* (poets, by report,
 Not oft so well agree)
 Sweet Harmonist of Flora's court!
 Conspire to honour Thee.

They best can judge a poet's worth,
 Who oft themselves have known
 The pangs of a poetic birth
 By labours of their own.

We therefore pleased extol thy song,
 Though various yet complete,
 Rich in embellishment as strong,
 And learned as it is sweet.

* Alluding to the poem by Mr. Hayley, which accompanied this.

No envy mingles with our praise,
 Though, could our hearts repine
 At any poet's happier lays,
 They would—they must at thine.

But we, in mutual bondage knit
 Of friendship's closest tie,
 Can gaze on even Darwin's wit
 With an unjaundiced eye;

And deem the bard, whoever he be,
 And howsoever known,
 Who would not twine a wreath for Thee,
 Unworthy of his own.

ON

MRS. MONTAGUE'S

FEATHER HANGINGS.

THE Birds put off their every hue
 To dress a room for Montague.
 The Peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
 His *rainbows* and his *starry eyes*;
 The Pheasant, plumes, which round infold
 His mantling neck with downy gold;

The Cock, his arched tail's azure show ;
 And, river blanched, the Swan, his snow.
 All tribes beside of Indian name,
 That glossy shine or vivid flame,
 Where rises and where sets the day,
 Whatever they boast of rich and gay,
 Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
 Proud to advance it all they can.
 This plumage neither dashing shower,
 Nor blasts, that shake the dripping bower,
 Shall drench again or discompose,
 But screened from every storm that blows,
 It boasts a splendour ever new,
 Safe with protecting Montague.

To the same patroness resort,
 Secure of favour at her court,
 Strong genius, from whose forge of thought
 Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,
 Which, though new-born, with vigour move,
 Like Pallas springing armed from Jove—
 Imagination scattering round
 Wild roses over furrowed ground,
 Which Labour of his frown beguile—
 And teach Philosophy a smile—
 Wit flashing on Religion's side,
 Whose fires to sacred Truth applied,
 The gem, though luminous before,
 Obtrude on human notice more,

Like fun-beams on the golden height
Of some tall temple playing bright—
Well-tutored Learning, from his books,
Dismissed with grave, not haughty, looks,
Their order on his shelves exact,
Not more harmonious or compact
Than that, to which he keeps confined
The various treasures of his mind—
All these to Montague's repair,
Ambitious of a shelter there.
There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit,
The ruffled plumage calm refit,
(For stormy troubles loudest roar
Around their flight who highest soar)
And in her eye, and by her aid,
Shine safe without a fear to fade.

She thus maintains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day;
The Plume and Poet both we know
Their lustre to his influence owe;
And she the works of Phœbus aiding,
Both Poet saves and Plume from fading.

V E R S E S

Supposed to be written by ALEXANDER SELKIRK, during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude! where are the charms;
That fages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

II.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

III.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the follies of youth.

IV.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These vallies and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

V.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land, I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

VI.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

VII.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

 ON THE PROMOTION OF

EDWARD THURLOW, ESQ,

TO THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLORSHIP OF ENGLAND.

I.

ROUND Thurlow's head in early youth,
 And in his sportive days,
 Fair science poured the light of truth,
 And genius shed his rays.

II.

See! with united wonder cried
The experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy supplied
With all the skill of age!

III.

Discernment, eloquence, and grace
Proclaim him born to sway
The balance in the highest place,
And bear the palm away.

IV.

The praise bestowed was just and wise;
He sprang impetuous forth
Secure of conquest, where the prize
Attends superior worth.

V.

So the best courser on the plain
Ere yet he starts is known,
And does but at the goal obtain
What all had deemed his own.

ODE TO PEACE.

I.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

II.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas dost thou prepare
The sweets, that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

III.

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven, that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequestered shed,
To be a guest with them?

IV.

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
 Whatever I loved before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 Farewell! we meet no more ?

HUMAN FRAILTY.

I.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
 The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.

II.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

III.

Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

IV.

'Tis here the folly of the wife
 Through all his art we view;
 And, while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

V.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

VI.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

 THE MODERN PATRIOT.

I.

REBELLION is my theme all day;
 I only wish 'twould come
 (As who knows but perhaps it may?)
 A little nearer home.

II.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight
On t'other side the Atlantic,
I always held them in the right,
But most so when most frantic.

III.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
That man shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.

IV.

But oh! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flowers she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.

V.

Such civil broils are my delight,
Though some folks can't endure them,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them.

VI.

A rope! I wish we patriots had
Such strings for all who need 'em—
What! hang a man for going mad?
Then farewell British freedom.

ON OBSERVING

SOME NAMES OF LITTLE NOTE

RECORDED IN

THE BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

OH, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain, recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark,
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

R E P O R T

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY
OF THE BOOKS.

I.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

II.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

III.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

IV.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,
Designed to fit close to it, just like a saddle.

V.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 ('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose.
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

VI.

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
 With a reasoning, the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

VII.

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

VIII.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear without one if or but—
 That, whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

ON THE
BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,

TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.

By the Mob, in the month of June, 1780.

I.

So then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

II.

And MURRAY sighs over Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

III.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone*;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own*.

ON THE SAME.

I.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

II.

OVER MURRAY'S loss the muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet blessed the guardian care, that kept
His sacred head from harm.

III.

There memory, like the bee, that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasured up before.

IV.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flowers are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.

THE
LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED;
OR,
HYPOCRISY DETECTED*.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
Good mussulman abstain from pork;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whatever his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These chose the back, the belly those;

* It may be proper to inform the reader that this piece has already appeared in print, having found its way, though with some unnecessary additions by an unknown hand, into the Leeds Journal, without the author's privity.

By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 Renounce the world—the preacher cries.
 We do—a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play;
 Some love a concert, or a race;
 And others shooting, and the chase.
 Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
 Yet likes a slice as well as he:
 With sophistry their fauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

ON
THE DEATH
OF
MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON'S
BULFINCH.

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless favourites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her favourite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Affained by a thief.

Where Rhenus frays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung,
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blest,
Well-taught he all the sounds express'd
Of flagelet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole,
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise
To sweep up all the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
 Dire foe alike to bird and mouse,
 No cat had leave to dwell;
 And Bully's cage supported stood
 On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
 Large-built and latticed well.

Well-latticed—but the grate, alas!
 Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
 For Bully's plumage sake,
 But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
 With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
 The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole. All seemed secure.
 When led by instinct sharp and sure,
 Subsistence to provide,
 A beast forth sallied on the scout,
 Long-backed, long-tailed, with whiskered snout,
 And badger-coloured hide.

He, entering at the study-door,
 Its ample area 'gan explore;
 And something in the wind
 Conjectured, sniffing round and round,
 Better than all the books he found,
 Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then by adverse fate impressed,
A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest;

 In sleep he seemed to view
A rat, fast clinging to the cage,
And screaming at the sad presage,
 Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went—

 Ah muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensued;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
 He left poor Bully's beak.

He left it—but he should have ta'en;
That beak, whence issued many a strain

 Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
 Fast set within his own.

Maria weeps—The Muses mourn—
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,

 On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell!
His head alone remained to tell
 The cruel death he died.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture incumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while,
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

THE DOVES.

I.

REASONING at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

II.

One silent eve I wandered late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus addressed her mate,
And foothed the listening dove;

III.

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age:

IV.

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

V.

Those ills that wait on all below,
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,
 Or gently felt, and only so,
 As being shared with thee.

VI.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
 Or kites are hovering near,
 I fear lest thee alone they seize,
 And know no other fear.

VII.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
 And press thy wedded side,
 Resolved an union formed for life
 Death never shall divide.

VIII.

But oh! if fickle and unchaste,
 (Forgive a transient thought)
 Thou could become unkind at last,
 And scorn thy present lot,

IX.

No need of lightning from on high,
 Or kites with cruel beak;
 Denied the endearments of thine eye,
 This widowed heart would break.

X.

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird,
 Soft as the passing wind,
 And I recorded what I heard,
 A lesson for mankind.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
 Her new-laid eggs she fondly pressed,
 And on her wicker-work high mounted,
 Her chickens prematurely counted,
 (A fault philosophers might blame
 If quite exempted from the same)
 Enjoyed at ease the genial day;
 'Twas April as the bumpkins say,
 The legislature called it May. }
 But suddenly a wind as high,
 As ever swept a winter sky,
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,
 And filled her with a thousand fears,
 Left the rude blast should snap the bough,
 And spread her golden hopes below.
 But just at eve the blowing weather,
 And all her fears were hushed together:

And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
 'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
 (For ravens, though as birds of omen
 They teach both conjurers and old women
 To tell us what is to befall,
 Can't prophecy themselves at all.)
 The morning came when neighbour Hodge,
 Who long had marked her airy lodge,
 And destined all the treasure there
 A gift to his expecting fair,
 Climbed like a squirrel to his dray,
 And bore the worthless prize away.

M O R A L.

'Tis Providence alone secures
 In every change both mine and your's:
 Safety consists not in escape
 From dangers of a frightful shape;
 An earthquake may be bid to spare
 The man, that's frangled by a hair.
 Fate steals along with silent tread,
 Found ofteneft in what least we dread,
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
 But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart;
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

A N O T H E R.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that winds thro' yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng;

With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
 And heaven reflected in her face.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

TO

MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA! I have every good
 For thee wish'd many a time,
 Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
 But never yet in rhyme.

To wish thee fairer is no need,
 More prudent or more sprightly,
 Or more ingenious, or more freed
 From temper-flaws unfightly.

What favour then not yet possessed
 Can I for thee require,
 In wedded love already blest,
 To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part:
 Full blifs is blifs divine;
 There dwells fome wish in every heart,
 And doubtless one in thine.

That wish, on some fair future day,
 Which fate shall brightly gild,
 ('Tis blameless, be it what it may)
 I wish it all fulfilled.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INK-GLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
 That to the wrong side leaning
 Indite much metre with much pains,
 And little or no meaning.

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
 That water all the nations,
 Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
 In constant exhalations,

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
 Too covetous of drink,
 Apollo, hast thou stolen away
 A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air,
It floats a vapour now,
Impelled through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordained perhaps ere summer flies,
Combined with millions more,
To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot,
Of all that ever past my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rouffeau*,
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child, who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanced then on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds conceiving a design
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

Entreated, opening wide his beak,
 A moment's liberty to speak;
 And, silence publickly enjoined,
 Delivered briefly thus his mind.

My friends! be cautious how ye treat
 The subject, upon which we meet;
 I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
 With golden wing, and fatin poll,
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
 What marriage means, thus pert replied.

Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,
 Opposite in the apple-tree,
 By his good will would keep us single
 Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
 Or (which is likelier to befall)
 Till death exterminate us all.
 I marry without more ado,
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
 Turning short round, strutting and fideling,
 Attested, glad, his approbation
 Of an immediate conjugation.
 Their sentiments so well expressed
 Influenced mightily the rest,
 All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
 The leaves came on not quite so fast,

And destiny that sometimes bears
 An aspect stern on man's affairs,
 Not altogether smiled on theirs. }
 The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
 Now shifted east and east by north;
 Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
 Could shelter them from rain or snow,
 Stepping into their nests they paddled,
 Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled;
 Soon every father bird and mother
 Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
 Parted without the least regret,
 Except that they had ever met,
 And learned in future to be wiser,
 Than to neglect a good adviser.

INSTRUCTION.

Misses! the tale that I relate
 This lesson seems to carry—
 Choose not alone a proper mate,
 But proper time to marry.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

NO. FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs* adorned with every grace
That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into flight
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a flower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent surveyed,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I fought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.

Beau marked my unfuccefsful pains
With fixt confiderate face,
And puzzling fat his puppy brains,
To comprehend the cafe.

But with a chirrup clear and ftrong,
Disperſing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the ſream.

My ramble finiſhed, I returned.
Beau trotting far before
The floating wreath again diſcerned,
And plunging left the ſhore.

I ſaw him with that lily cropped
Impatient ſwim to meet
My quick approach, and ſoon he dropped
The treafure at my feet.

Charmed with the ſight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog ſhall mortify the pride
Of man's ſuperior breed:

But chief myſelf I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To ſhew a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

THE

POET, THE OYSTER, AND SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN Oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded—

Ah, hapless wretch! condemned to dwell
For ever in my native shell;
Ordained to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now *in* the water and now *out*.
'Twere better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine!
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against every rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.

When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants called sensitive grow there?

No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you:
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unlettered spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think!
Thus life is spent (oh fie upon't!)
In being touched, and crying—Don't!

A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and checked this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and your's,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grotto-work enclosed,
Complain of being thus exposed;

Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,
 Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon every touch a blemish,
 If all the plants, that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow,
 You would not feel at all—not you.
 The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love :
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.

His censure reached them as he dealt it,
 And each by shrinking showed he felt it.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

I.

OH, happy shades—to me unblest !
 Friendly to peace, but not to me !
 How ill the scene that offers rest,
 And heart, that cannot rest, agree !

II.

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
 Those alders quivering to the breeze,
 Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
 And please, if any thing could please.

III.

But fix'd unalterable care
 Foregoes not what she feels within,
 Shows the same sadness every where,
 And flights the season and the scene.

IV.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
 While peace possessed these silent bowers,
 Her animating smile withdrawn,
 Has lost its beauties and its powers.

V.

The faint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley musing slow;
 They seek like me the secret shade,
 But not like me to nourish woe!

VI.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 Alike admonish not to roam;
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

I.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that funny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

II.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress, to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest, that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

III.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus addressed her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen,
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engaged myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door,
Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf the lady cried,
 (And raised her voice, and frowned beside)
 You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
 What shall I do to make you hear?

Dismiss poor Harry! he replies;
 Some people are more nice than wife,
 For one slight trespass all this stir?
 What if he did ride whip and spur,
 'Twas but a mile—your favourite horse
 Will never look one hair the worse.

Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—
 Child! I am rather hard of hearing—
 Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl,
 I tell you, you can't hear at all!
 Then, with a voice exceeding low,
 No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
 That forest ill of human life,
 A plague so little to be feared,
 As to be wantonly incurred,
 To gratify a fretful passion,
 On every trivial provocation?
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear;
 And something, every day they live,
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.
 But if infirmities, that fall
 In common to the lot of all,

A blemish or a sense impaired,
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all, that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love, that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention:
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils, it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

THE

NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and fold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be fold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant, for which we toil ?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the foil.

Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets, your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one, who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting crews,
Are the means, which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wafting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice, with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Afric wafted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;

By our sufferings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart ;
 All sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart :

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose fordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours!

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

*Video meliora proboque
 Deteriora sequor.*

I OWN I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,
 And fear those, who buy them and sell them, are knaves ;
 What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
 Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
 For how could we do without sugar and rum?
 Especially sugar, so needful we see?
 What give up our deserts, our coffee, and tea!

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
 Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
 If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
 And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
 Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
 But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
 Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
 A story so pat, you may think it is coined,
 On purpose to answer you out of my mint;
 But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
 Had once his integrity put to the test;
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
 And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered—"Oh no!
 What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go;
 Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
 Then think of his children for they must be fed."

“ You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.”

They spoke, and Tom pondered—“ I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I cou'd,
But staying behind will do him no good.

“ If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropt from the tree;
But, since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.”

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
 So pleasant it seemed as I lay.
I dreamed that on ocean afloat,
 Far hence to the westward I failed,
While the billows high-lifted the boat,
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
 Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
 Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
 Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
 “ I go to make Freemen of Slaves.”—

Then raising her voice to a strain
 The sweetest, that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
 Wherever her glory appeared.

Some clouds, which had over us hung,
 Fled, chafed by her melody clear,
 And methought while she liberty sung,
 'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
 To a slave-cultured island we came,
 Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
 Oppression his terrible name.
 In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
 A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
 And stood looking out for his prey
 From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
 That goddess-like woman he view'd,
 The scourge he let fall from his hand,
 With blood of his subjects imbrued.
 I saw him both sicken and die,
 And the moment the monster expired,
 Heard shouts, that ascended the sky,
 From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but muse
 At what such a dream should betide?
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,
 Which served my weak thought for a guide—

That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves
For the hatred, she ever has shown,
To the black-sceptered rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE
NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,

You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

I.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistles downy feed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

II.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

III.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close,
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

THE
PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples, in triple row,
Were basking hot, and all in blow;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceived the fragrance as he passed,
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And searched for crannies in the frame,
Urged his attempt on every side,
To every pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light:
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimmed his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind.
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit,
While Cynthia ogles, as she passes,
The nymph between two chariot glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.

The maid, who views with pensive air
 The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,
 Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
 But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
 Like thine, her appetite is keen,
 But ah, the cruel glass between!

Our dear delights are often such,
 Exposed to view, but not to touch;
 The sight our foolish heart inflames,
 We long for pine-apples in frames;
 With hopeless wish one looks and lingers;
 One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
 But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
 Can gather honey from a weed.

HORACE. BOOK the 2d. ODE the 10th.

I.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

II.

He, that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
Feels not the wants, that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his state.

III.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

IV.

The well informed philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And nature laughs again.

V.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
 Expect a brighter sky.
The God, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

VI.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen;
 But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

A REFLECTION

ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
 Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
 Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
 The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
 Where duty bids he confidently steers,
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
 And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

I.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

II.

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

III.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

IV.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

V.

This civil bickering and debate
 The goddeſs chanced to hear,
 And flew to ſave, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre;

VI.

Yours is, ſhe ſaid, the nobler hue,
 And yours the ſtatelier mien;
 And, till a third ſurpaſſes you,
 Let each be deemed a queen.

VII.

Thus, foothed and reconciled, each ſeeks,
 The faireſt Britiſh fair:
 The feat of empire is her cheeks,
 They reign united there.

 IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

I.

HEU inimicitias quoties parit æmula forma,
 Quam raro pulchræ pulchra placere poteſt?
 Sed fines ultrà ſolitos diſcordia tendit,
 Cum flores ipſos bilis et ira movent.

II.

Hortus ubi dulces præbet tacitosque recessûs,
Se rapit in partes gens animosa duas;
Hic sibi regales Amaryllis candida cultûs,
Illic purpureo vindicat ore Rosa.

III.

Ira Rosam et meritis quæsitâ superbia tangunt,
Multaque ferventi vix cohibenda finû,
Dum sibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatûm,
Jusque suum, multo carmine fulta, probat.

IV.

Altior emicat illa, et celfo vertice nutat,
Ceus flores inter non habitura parem,
Fastiditque alios, et nata videtur in ufûs
Imperii, sceptrum, Flora quod ipsa gerat.

V.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis murmura rixæ,
Cui curæ est pietas pandere ruris opes.
Deliciasque suas nunquam non prompta tueri,
Dum licet et locus est, ut tueatur, adest.

VI.

Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus, inquit,
Et tibi, principibus qui solet esse, color,
Et donec vincat quædam formosior ambas,
Et tibi reginæ nomen, et esto tibi.

VII.

His ubi fedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham,
 Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit:
 Hanc penés imperium est, nihil optant amplius, hujus
 Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.

 THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
 And the whispering found of the cool colonade;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
 And the scene, where his melody charmed me before,
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all haſting away,
 And I muſt ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breaſt, and a ſtone at my head,
 Ere another ſuch grove ſhall ariſe in its ſtead.

'Tis a fight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To muſe on the periſhing pleaſures of man;
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I ſee,
 Have a being leſs durable even than he*.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

POPULÆ cecidit gratiſſima copia ſilvæ,
 Conticuère fuſurri, omniſque evanuit umbra.
 Nullæ jam levibus ſe miſcent frondibus auræ,
 Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

Hei mihi! bis ſenos dum luçtû torqueor annos
 His cogor ſilvis fuetoque carere reſeſſû,
 Cum ferò rediens, ſtrataſque in gramine cernens
 Infedi arboribus, ſub queîs errare ſolebam.

* Mr. Cowper afterwards altered this laſt ſtanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleaſures, we ſee,
 Have a ſtill ſhorter date, and die ſooner than we.

Ah ubi nunc merulæ cantus? Felicior illum
 Silva tegit, duræ nondum permiffa bipenni;
 Scilicet exuftos colles camposque patentés
 Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

Sed qui fuccifas doleo fuccidar et ipfe,
 Et priùs huic parilis quàm creverit altera filva
 Flebor, et, exequiis parvis donatus, habebó
 Defixum lapidem tumulique cubantis acervum.

Tam fubitò periiffè videns tam digna manere,
 Agnofco humanas fortes et trifitia fata—
 Sit licèt ipfe brevis, volucrique fimillimus umbræ,
 Eft homini brevior citiùsque obitura voluptas.

V O T U M.

O MATUTINI rores, auræque falubres,
 O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
 Graminei colles, et amænæ in vallibus umbræ!
 Fata modò dederint quas olim in rure paterno
 Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine novi,
 Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea femper avebat,
 Ante larem proprium placidam expectare fenectam,
 Tum demùm, exactis non infeliciter annis,
 Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut fub cespite condi!

C I C I N D E L A.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

SUB sepe exiguum est, nec rarò in margine ripæ,
Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet,
Vermis habet speciem, sed habet de lumine Nomen;
At priscâ à famâ non liquet, unde micet.
Plerique à caudâ credunt procedere lumen;
Nec desunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.
Nam superas stellas quæ nox accendit, et illi
Parcam eadem Lucem dat, moduloque parem.
Forfitan hoc prudens voluit Natura caveri,
Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret:
Exiguam, in tenebris ne gressum offenderet ullus,
Prætendi voluit forfitan Illa facem
Sive usum hunc Natura parens seu maluit illum
Haud frustra accensa est Lux, radiique dati.
Ponite vos fastus, humiles nec spernite, magni;
Quando habet et minimum reptile, quod niteat.

I. THE GLOW-WORM.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

I.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

II.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

III.

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

IV.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

V.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
 Might serve, however small,
 To shew a stumbling stone by night,
 And save him from a fall.

VI.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
 Is legible and plain,
 'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
 Nor bids him shine in vain.

VII.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
 Teach humbler thoughts to you,
 Since such a reptile has its gem,
 And boasts its splendour too.

CORNICULA.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

NIGRAS inter aves avis est, quæ plurima turres,
 Antiquas ædes, celsaque Fana colit.
 Nil tam sublime est, quod non audace volatu,
 Aeriis spernens inferiora, petit.

Quo nemo ascendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
 Corripiat, certè hunc feligit illa locum.
 Quo vix à terrâ tu suspicis absque tremore,
 Illa metûs expers incolumisque sedet.
 Lamina delubri supra fastigia, ventus
 Quâ cœli spiret de regione, docet;
 Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult, secura pericli,
 Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadat.
 Res inde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat,
 Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.
 Concurfus spectat, plateâque negotia in omni,
 Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet.
 Clamores, quas infra audit, si forsitan audit,
 Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.
 Ille tibi invideat, felix Cornicula, pennas,
 Qui sic humanis rebus abesse velit.

II. THE JACKDAW.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

I.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

II.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather.
 Look up—your brains begin to swim,
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

III.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees
 The baffle and the raree-show,
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his ease.

IV.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
 On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall.
 No; not a single thought like that
 Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

V.

He sees that this great roundabout
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs, and its businesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

VI.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
 Much of the vanities of men;
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.

 AD GRILLUM

ANACREONTICUM.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

I.

O qui meæ culinæ
 Argutulus Choraules,
 Et Hospes es canorus,
 Quacunq̃ue commoreris,
 Felicitatis omen;
 Jucundiore cantu
 Siquando me salutes,
 Et ipse te rependam,
 Et ipse, quâ valebo,
 Remunerabo musâ.

II.

Dicêris innocensque
 Et gratus inquilinus;
 Nec victitans rapinis,
 Ut forices voraces,
 Muresve curiosi,
 Furumque delicatum
 Vulgus domesticorum;
 Sed tutus in camini
 Reccessibus, quiete
 Contentus & calore.

III.

Beatior Cicadâ,
 Quæ te referre formâ,
 Quæ voce te videtûr;
 Et saltitans per herbas,
 Unius, haud secundæ,
 Æstatis est Chorista:
 Tu carmen integratum
 Reponis ad Decembrem,
 Lætus per uniuersum
 Incontinenter annum.

IV.

Te nulla Lux relinquit,
 Te nulla nox reuifit,
 Non Muficæ vacantem,
 Curifve non folutum:

Quin amplius canendo,
 Quin amplius fruendo,
 Ætatulam, vel omni,
 Quam nos Homunciones
 Abfumimus querendo,
 Ætate longiorem.

III. THE CRICKET.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

I.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wherefoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good,
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

II.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,
 Inoffensive, welcome guest!
 While the rat is on the scout,
 And the mouse with curious snout,

With what vermin else infest
 Every dish, and spoil the best;
 Friking thus before the fire,
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

III.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassest, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;
 Theirs is but a summer's song,
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

IV.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,
 Puts a period to thy play:
 Sing then—and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man.
 Wretched man, whose years are spent
 In repining discontent,
 Lives not, aged though he be,
 Half a span, compared with thee.

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

CHRISTATUS, pictisque ad Thaida Pfittacus alis,
Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
Archididascaliæ dat sibi Thais opus.
Pfittace, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle
Bafia, quæ docilis molle refingit Avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat Tyrunculus; & jam
Integrat auditos articulatque fonos.
Pfittace mi pulcher pulchelle, Hera dicit alumno;
Pfittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus Heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque ægrotat in horâ,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.
Multaque scurratur mendax, & multa jocatur,
Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudet Fratrem, qui suspicit, & Pol!
Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, Homo est;
Argutæ nunc fridet anûs argutulus instar;
Respicit, & nebulo es, quisquis es, inquis Anus.
Quando fuit melior Tyro, meliorve Magistra!
Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!
Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti.
Ardua; - cum doceat Fæmina, discat Avis.

IV. THE PARROT.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

I.

IN painted plumes superbly drest,
A native of the gorgeous east,
By many a billow tost;
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the captain's precious store,
A present to his toast.

II.

Belinda's maids are soon preferred
To teach him now and then a word,
As Poll can master it;
But 'tis her own important charge
To qualify him more at large,
And make him quite a wit.

III.

Sweet Poll! his doating mistress cries,
Sweet Poll! the mimic bird replies,
And calls aloud for sack.
She next instructs him in the kifs;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss;
And now a hearty smack.

IV.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, listening close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to the amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

V.

A querulous old woman's voice
His humorous talent next employs,
He scolds and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die!

VI.

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare
To meet with such a well matched pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part
Sustained with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

VII.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures:
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

THE
DIVERTING HISTORY
OF
JOHN GILPIN;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sifter and my sifter's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,
 "The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and found.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot fit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that fort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had flung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay,

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin—Here's the house
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And fore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke!
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as your's,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did ring most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be your's when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

AN EPISTLE
TO
A PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A STRANGER'S purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature her Creator's due
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or ev'n to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain,
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its end.
But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,

In pity to the finners he designed
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
 Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears."
 Oh balmy gales of soul-reviving air,
 Oh salutary streams that murmur there,
 These flowing from the fount of grace above,
 Those breathed from lips of everlasting love!
 The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
 And sudden sorrow nips their springing joys,
 An envious world will interpose its frown
 To mar delights superior to its own,
 And many a pang, experienced still within,
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, sin;
 But ills of every shape and every name
 Transformed to blessings miss their cruel aim,
 And every moment's calm, that soothes the breast,
 Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
 Far from the flock, and in a distant waste!
 No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,
 But the chief Shepherd is for ever near;
 Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
 Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
 Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
 And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
 'Twas thus in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
 And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

I.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay
The kindness of a friend,
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay
As ever friendship penned,
Thy name omitted in a page,
That would reclaim a vicious age.

II.

An union formed, as mine with thee,
Not rashly, nor in sport,
May be as fervent in degree,
And faithful in its fort,
And may as rich in comfort prove,
As that of true fraternal love.

III.

The bud inserted in the rind,
The bud of peach or rose,
Adorns, though differing in its kind,
The stock whereon it grows,
With flower as sweet, or fruit as fair,
As if produced by nature there.

IV.

Not rich, I render what I may,
I feize thy name in hafte,
And place it in this firft effay,
Left this fhould prove the laft.
'Tis where it fhould be—in a plan,
That holds in view the good of man.

V.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart:
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art.
No mufes on thefe lines attend,
I fink the poet in the friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the *SOFA* for a subject. He obeyed; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought, to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume.

In the Poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such, as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel therefore is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

THE TASK,

A P O E M.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa.—A School-boy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipsies.—The blessing of civilized life.—That state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea islanders compassionate, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured.—Fete champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

THE TASK.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

I SING the Sofa. I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our fires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile:
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.

Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms:
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated fore,
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And over the seat, with plenteous wadding stuffed,
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish; severed into stripes,
That interlaced each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.

But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part,
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich: the rest, whom fate had placed
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixt,
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous and fixt by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived;
And some ascribe the invention to a priest
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But, rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side; and, elevated high,
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or ever our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiouly pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.

Ingenious fancy, never better pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So fit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And so two citizens who take the air,
Close packed, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days. So slow
The growth of what is excellent; so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplished sofa last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk;
The tedious rector drawing over his head;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour
To slumber in the carriage more secure,

Nor fleep enjoyed by curate in his defk,
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are fweet,
Compared with the refofe the sofa yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltlefs of pampered appetite obfcene)
From pangs arthritic, that infect the toe
Of libertine excefs. The sofa fuits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a sofa, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of graffy fwarth, clofe cropt by nibbling fheep,
And fkirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
Over hills, through vallies, and by rivers' brink,
Ever fince a truant boy I paffed my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And ftill remember, nor without regret
Of hours, that forrow fince has much endeared,
How oft, my flice of pocket ftore confumed,
Still hungering, pennylefs, and far from home,
I fed on fcarlet hips and ftony haws,
Or blufhing crabs, or berries, that imbofs
The bramble, black as jet, or floes aulfere:
Hard fare! but fuch as boyifh appetite
Difdains not; nor the palate, undepraved.
By culinary arts, unfavory deems:
No sofa then awaited my return;
Nor sofa then I needed. Youth repairs

His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired
My relish of fair prospect! scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne

The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unfated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled over,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.
Nor rural sights alone; but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,

That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devised the weather-house, that useful toy!

Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate his timorous mate retires,
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discoveries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perched upon the green-hill top, but close
Environed with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth
I called the low-roofed lodge the *peasant's nest*.
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous whether pleased or pained,
Oft have I wished the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated site forbids the wretch

To drink ſweet waters of the cryſtal well ;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy-laden, brings his beverage home,
Far fetched and little worth ; nor ſeldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry and ſad, and his laſt cruſt conſumed.
So farewell envy of the *peaſant's neſt!*
If ſolitude make ſcant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou ſeeming ſweet,
Be ſtill a pleaſing object in my view ;
My viſit ſtill, but never mine abode.

Not diſtant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taſte,
Now ſcorned, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a ſcreen
From ſultry ſuns: and, in their ſhaded walks
And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolneſs of declining day.
We bear our ſhades about us; ſelf-deprived
Of other ſcreen, the thin umbrella ſpread,
And range an Indian waſte without a tree.
Thanks to * Benevolus—he ſpares me yet
Theſe cheſnuts ranged in correſponding lines;
And, though himſelf ſo poliſhed, ſtill reprieves
The obſolete prolixity of ſhade.

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Eſq. of Weſton Underwood.

Descending now, (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme,
We mount again, and feel at every step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gained, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impressed
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that even a few
Few transient years, won from the abysses abhorred
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheep-fold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants over the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scattered by degrees,

Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning over his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun;
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright
Over these, but far beyond (a spacious map

Of hill and valley interposed between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent: between them weeps
A little naiad her impoverished urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the * lord of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepped at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,

* See the foregoing note.

And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new-braced and spirits cheered,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-rolled walks,
With curvature of flow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating over his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,

All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation: even the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And their's alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are their's;
Even age itself seems privileged in them,

With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who ofteneft sacrifice are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only penciled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's every sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power

Peculiar, and exclusively her own.

Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;

'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;

Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.

He does not scorn it, who, imprisoned long

In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey

To fallow sickness, which the vapours, dank

And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,

Escapes at last to liberty and light:

His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue:

His eye relumines its extinguished fires:

He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,

And riots in the sweets of every breeze.

He does not scorn it, who has long endured

A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs,

Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed

With acrid salts; his very heart athirst

To gaze at nature in her green array,

Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed

With visions prompted by intense desire:

Fair fields appear below, such as he left

Far distant, such as he would die to find—

He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;

The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,

And sullen sadness, that overshade, distort,

And mar, the face of beauty, when no cause

For such immeasurable woe appears,

These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and fatiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and fits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds

Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overhoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from their's, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripped off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,

That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.

The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that shapeless and deformed
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.

She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smiled again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, flung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;

Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;

Not rude and furly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to fight, as when the springs
(If ever the spring spontaneous) in remote
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War followed for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot:
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust!
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Towards the Antarctic. Even the favoured isles
So lately found, although the constant sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, placed remote
From all, that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches; and enclosed

In boundless oceans, never to be passed
By navigators uninformed as they,
Or ploughed perhaps by British bark again.
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle * savage! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to shew thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatched with leaves. But hast thou found
Their former charms? And having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with our's?
Rude as thou art, (for we returned thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,

* Omai.

And asking of the furge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has washed our distant shore.

I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.
Thus fancy paints thee, and though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.

She tells me too that duly every morn
Thou climbest the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the watery waste
For sight of ship from England. Every speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.

But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepared
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.

We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be bribed to compass earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than your's.

But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: in proud and gay
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,

As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likenefs. Rank abundance breeds
In grofs and pampered cities sloth and luft,
And wantonnefs and gluttonous excefs.
In cities vice is hidden with most eafe,
Or feen with leaft reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapfe, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of fuccefsful flight.
I do confefs them nurseries of the arts
In which they flourish moft; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect fize.
Such London is, by tafte and wealth proclaimed
The faireft capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worft.
There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature fees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a ftone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chiffel occupy alone
The powers of fculpture, but the ftyle as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incifion of her guided fteel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a foil
So ftérile with what charms foever fhe will,

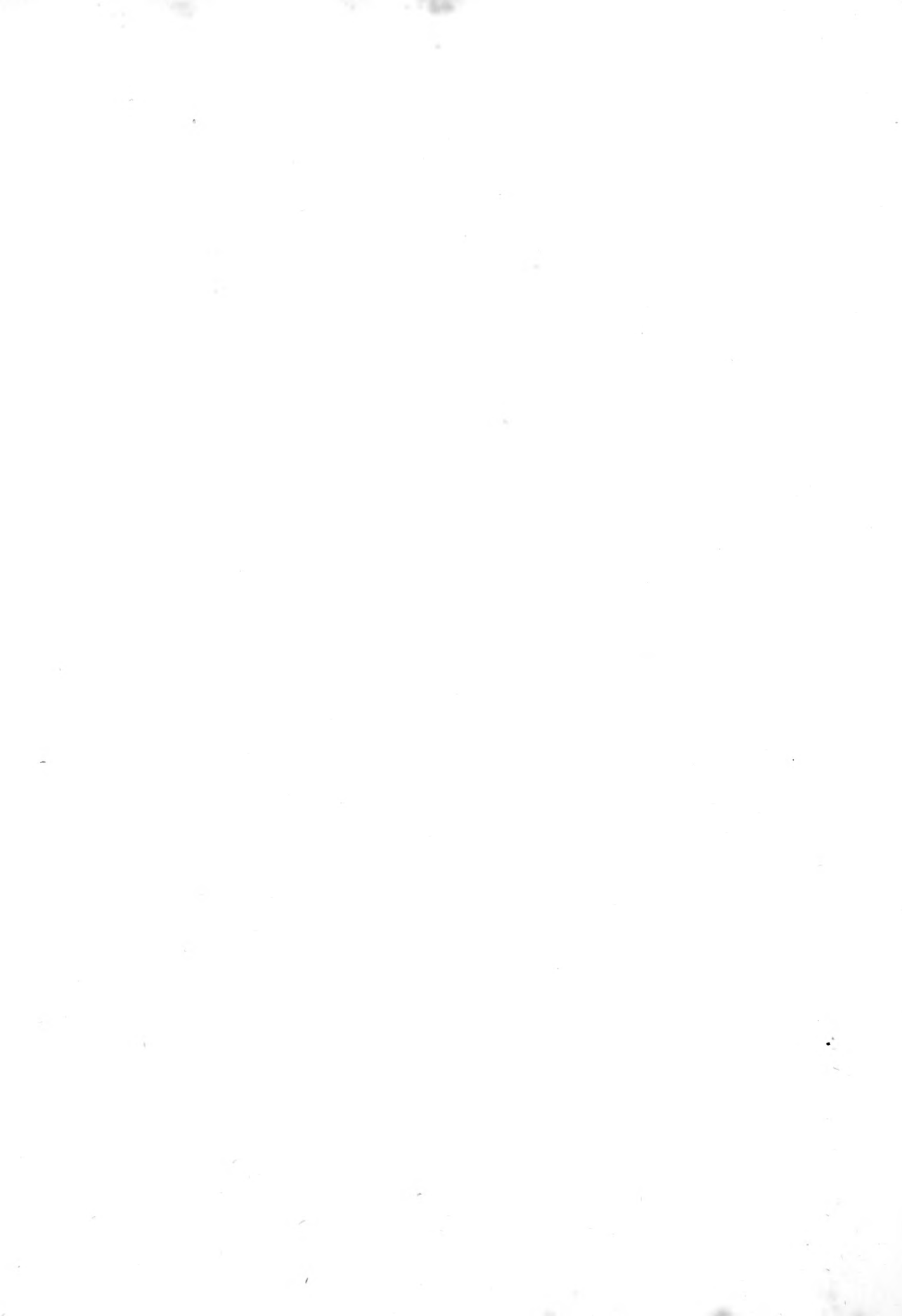
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London: where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
To avenge than to prevent the breach of law:
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold;
That thieves at home must hang; but he, that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.

Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And centering all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorced.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spar
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as your's,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could never have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.



THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.—Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reprov'd.—Our own late mis-carriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre Parson.—The good preacher.—Pictures of a theatrical clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reprov'd.—Apostrophe to popular applause —Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man, the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith

Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried over the wave,
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That is noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,

And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom*. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily overleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors † from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature ‡ with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplished yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in his breast, who smites the earth

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August 18, 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand exposed by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scattered, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?—With what signs
Of gratulation and delight her king?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing paradise wherever he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross.

And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all its soil
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and overbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possessed an inland scene. Where now the throng,
That pressed the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Looked to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the reflux wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and lettered worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: The pale inhabitants come forth,

And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that sets them free.
Who then that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,
That even a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake.

Such evil sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And in the furious inquest, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise to overwhelm him: or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulphs.
What then!—were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast anchored isle
Moved not, while their's was rocked like a light skiff,
The sport of every wave? No: none are clear,

And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choofe his mark:
May punifh, if he please, the lefs, to warn
The more malignant. If he fpared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thine efcape,
Far guiltier England, left he fpare not thee!

Happy the man, who fees a God employed
In all the good and ill, that chequer life!
Refolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wife of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The leaft of our concerns (fince from the leaft
The greateft oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or difpofe
One lawlefs particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be furprifed, and unforefeen
Contingence might alarm him, and difturb
The fmooth and equal courfe of his affairs.
This truth philofophy, though eagle eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or difregards, or, more prefumptuous fill,
Denies the power, that wields it. God proclaims
His hot difpleafure againft foolifh men,
That live an atheift life: involves the heaven
In tempefts: quits his grafp upon the winds,

And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
 And putrify the breath of blooming health.
 He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
 And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneal and discordant springs
 And principles; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects;
 Of action and re-action. He has found
 The source of the disease, that nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
 Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
 And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Formed for his use, and ready at his will?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy fullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of foldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all effenced over
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many foldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, wherever he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude favour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft
Ye clarionets; and softer still ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lulled by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore!
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That picked the jewel out of England's crown,

With all the cunning of an envious threw.
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of fate!
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, shamed as we have been, to the very beard
Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Ensured us mastery there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes! be grooms and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
'Tis generous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learned:
And under such preceptors who can fail!

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns.
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
To arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them fit, till he has penciled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;

Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
There least amusement where he found the most.
But is amusement all? studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? Whose heart reclaimed
By rigour, or whom laughed into reform?

Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed:
 Laughed at he laughs again; and stricken hard
 Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
 That fear no discipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it filled
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
 The pulpit (when the satyrift has at last,
 Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
 Spent all his force and made no profelyte)—
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
 The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
 There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
 The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
 He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
 And, armed himself in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect!

Are all such teachers?—would to heaven all were!
 But hark—the doctor's voice!—fast wedged between
 Two empirics he stands, and with swollen cheeks
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
 Announces to the world his own and their's!
 He teaches those to read whom schools dismissed,
 And colleges, untaught; tells accent, tone,
 And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
 The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.

He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern use; transforms old print
 To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.

Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
 Oh, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
 Affuming thus a rank unknown before—
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
 Coincident exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in drefs
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:
From such apostles, oh ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,

And tender in addrefs, as well becomes
A meffenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a fkip,
And then fkip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote.
Juft fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whifper clofe the fcene!

In man or woman, but far moft in man,
And moft of all in man that minifters
And ferves the altar, in my foul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect fcorn;
Object of my implacable difguft.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A filly fond conceit of his fair form,
And juft proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in prefence of his God?
Or will he feek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and fhames
His noble office, and inftead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, ftarves his flock!
Therefore avault all attitude, and ftare,
And ftart theatric, practifed at the glafs!
I feek divine fimplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all befides,

Though learned with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Mifled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the preft noftril, fpectacle-beftrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That talk performed, relapse into themfelves;
And having fpoken wifely at the clofe
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoever was edified, themfelves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—Firft we ftroke
An eye-brow; next compofe a ftraggling lock;
Then with an air moft gracefully performed
Fall back into our feat, extend an arm
And lay it at its eafe with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more bufy gives the nofe
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glafs, to watch the moving fcene,
And recognize the flow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulfome, and offends me more
Than in a churchman flovenly neglect
And ruffic coarfenefs would. An heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her houfe of clay,
And flight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body fo fantaftic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,

Can lodge an heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negotiates between God and man
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a fowl;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till fides and benches fail.
No, he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swelled into a gust—who then alas!
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
Praise from the riveled lips of toothless bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean

And craving poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the smutched artificer,
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,
 Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,
 In language soft as adoration breathes?
 Ah spare your idol! think him human still.
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
 Drew from the stream below. More favoured we
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
 To them it flowed much mingled and defiled
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of philosophy, so called,
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
 The thirst, than slaked it, and not seldom bred
 Intoxication and delirium wild.
 In vain they pushed inquiry to the birth
 And spring-time of the world! asked, Whence is man?
 Why formed at all? and wherefore as he is?
 Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
 Or does he sit regardless of his works?
 Has man within him an immortal seed?

Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life
Defective and unfunctioned, proved too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
'Tis revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
Of Academus—is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at every turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathomed store?
How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!
Men that, if now alive, would fit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain
By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and to exalt
Aburdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlightened, and too proud to learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often, by the strefs of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
The noblest function, and discredits much
The brightest truths, that man has ever seen.
For ghostly counsel; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not backed
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
Or be dishonoured in the exterior form
And mode of its conveyance by such tricks,
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mummery, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage;
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirmed by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutored heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapt,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?

Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one; so we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or an hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since heaven would fure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like our's,
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, closely braced
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
Sovereign and most effectual to secure
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion else our lot.
But, thus admonished, we can walk erect—
One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his.
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with every moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;

Surveys his fair reverſion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obſolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very ſpice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. We have run
Through every change, that fancy at the loom
Exhausted has had genius to ſupply;
And, ſtudious of mutation ſtill, diſcard
A real elegance, a little uſed,
For monſtrous novelty, and ſtrange diſguiſe.
We ſacrifice to drefs, till houſehold joys
And comforts ceaſe. Drefs drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, froſt, and woe,
Where peace and hoſpitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
Would fail to exhibit at the public ſhows
A form as ſplendid as the proudeſt there,
Though appetite raiſe outcries at the coſt?
A man of the town dines late; but ſoon enough,
With reaſonable forecaſt and diſpatch,
To inſure a ſide box ſtation at half price.
You think perhaps ſo delicate his drefs,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
He picks clean teeth, and, buſy as he ſeems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!

The rout is folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,
Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest, who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite,
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She, that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just reprisals; and with cringe and shrug
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her, who frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,
Is hackneyed home unlacquyed; who in haste
Alighting turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,

On fortune's velvet altar offering up
Their last poor pittance—fortune, most severe
Of goddeses yet known, and costlier far
Than all, that held their routs in Juno's heaven.—
So fare we in this prison-house the world;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links, that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again!

Now basket up the family of plagues,
That waste our vitals; speculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door. Profusion is the fire.
Profusion unrestrained, with all that's base
In character, has littered all the land,
And bred, within the memory of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice:—it eats up all,
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapped
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws

Can seize the slippery prey: unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin: hardens, blinds,
And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
That trust them; and in the end disclose a face,
That would have shocked credulity herself,
Unmasked, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does profusion, and the accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blushed at its own praise; and press the youth

Cloſe to his ſide, that pleaſed him. Learning grew,
Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well informed, the paſſions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanced, as ſometimes chance it muſt,
That one among ſo many overleaped
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew ſtern, and darted a ſevere rebuke:
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and cloſed the breach.
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years;
A palsy ſtruck his arm; his ſparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age: his voice unſtrung
Grew tremulous, and moved deriſion more
Than reverence in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Diſcipline at length
O'erlooked and unemployed fell ſick and died.
Then ſtudy languiſhed, emulation ſlept,
And virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcene
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance in ſtilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the ſcholar's part,
Proceeding ſoon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and ſcrutiny

Became stone blind; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of head-strong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tasseled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And such expence, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him, that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquired,
Where science and where virtue are professed?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task,

That bids defiance to the united powers
Of fashion, diffipation, taverns, stews.
Now blame we most the nurflings or the nurse?
The children crooked, and twisted, and deformed,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye
And flumbering ofcitaney mars the brood?
The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college*, in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honoured, loved, and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are tempered happily, and mixt
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake;
Nor can example hurt them: what they see

* Bene't Coll. Cambridge.

Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those, whose negligence of sloth
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decayed,
In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder if, discharged into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine!
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artillery armed. Vice parries wide
The undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not tracked the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because every plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of the edifice, that policy has raised,
Swarms in all quarters: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts

Of the robed pedagogue! Elfe let the arraigned
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So, when the Jewish leader stretched his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the pest; the streets were filled;
The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.



THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Justification of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of flower seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter.—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foiled
And fore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging and half despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greenward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirrup brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and called
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserved),
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.

But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous and refreshed for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that I to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamoured of sequestered scenes,
And charmed with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer fears the plains;
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And sheltered Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturbed by folly, and apprized
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks, that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust concealed
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,

Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys, that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forfaking thee what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets; and senates seem
Convened for purposes of empire less,
Than to release the adulteress from her bond.
The adulteress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to the indignant heart,
That feels for injured love! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandoned, glorying in her shame!
No:—let her pass, and chariotted along
In guilty splendour shake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has washed them white,
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,

Whom matrons now of character unmirched,
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time
Not to be passed: and she, that had renounced
Her sex's honour, was renounced herself
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
Desirous to return, and not received:
But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught the unblemished to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judged offenders well. Then he that sharped,
And pocketted a prize by fraud obtained,
Was marked and shunned as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she required
His every nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had basely spared,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In christian charity, (good-natured age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Transgress what laws they may. Well dressed, well bred,
Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through every door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,

(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her mask not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come,
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,

And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
An history: describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapped them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or having kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation; travel nature up

To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fixed,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight
Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
That having wielded the elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain. When I see such games
Played by the creatures of a power, who swears
That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
To a sharp reckoning, that has lived in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in the infallible result
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learned,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.

Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.
Defend me therefore common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!

'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arched and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True; I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like your's. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,

And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
That seems half quenched in the immense abyss:
Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlightened from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him, that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray

Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
And found integrity, not more than famed
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth

Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? Will not God impart his light
To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent, inquirer not a spark.
What's that, which brings contempt upon a book
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unfought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure passed!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,

E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradise, (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By every pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes,
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quelled in all our summer-months' retreat;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought,

For all the savage din of the swift pack,
And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
Vain tears, alas, and sighs, that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe. One sheltered hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayest frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed;
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend*.

* See the note at the end of the volume.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too.
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me therefore studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings; business finds
E'en here: while sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He, that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem

To him that leads it wise, and to be praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in forms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequestered man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well chosen, and not fullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs, that she may smile to hear,
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works indeed,
That ask robust tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.

Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford,
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel;
These therefore are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distempered, or has lost prolific powers,
Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife; nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at the expence of neighbouring twigs
Lies ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measured distances, that air and sun,
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence summer has her riches, autumn hence,
And hence e'en winter fills his withered hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own*.
Fair recompense of labour well bestowed,
And wise precaution; which a clime so rude
Makes needful still, whose spring is but the child
Of churlish winter, in her froward moods

* *Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma.* VIRG.

Discovering much the temper of her fire.
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
Maternal nature had reversed its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles;
But once delivered kills them with a frown.
He therefore timely warned himself supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteemed—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matured,
And at this moment unassayed in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy; those sang the Mantuan bard,
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
The solitary shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
The ambition of one meaner far, whose powers,
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste
Of critic appetite, no fordid fare,

A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast:
For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Exposed to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily therefore and with prudent heed
He seeks a favoured spot; that where he builds
The agglomerated pile his frame may front
The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread
Dry fern or littered hay, that may imbibe
The ascending damps; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Sheltering the base with its projected eaves;
The uplifted frame, compact at every joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dashed pane the deluge as it falls.
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.

Thrice must the voluble and restless earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gathering in the midst, through the square mafs
Diffused, attain the surface: when, behold!
A pestilent and most corrosive stream,
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,
And fast condensed upon the dewy fash,
Asks egress; which obtained, the overcharged
And drenched conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling flow, the vapour dank;
And purified rejoices to have lost
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
The impatient fervour, which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
The auspicious moment, when the tempered heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed.
The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well filled with well-prepared
And fruitful soil, that has been treasured long,
And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds:
These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
The smoking manure and o'erspreads it all,

He places lightly, and, as time subdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the soft medium, till they stand immersed.
Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,
And spreading wide their spongy lobes; at first
Pale, wan, and livid; but assuming soon,
If fanned by balmy and nutritious air,
Strained through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
A pimple, that portends a future sprout,
And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed
The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish;
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
And transplantation in an ampler space.
Indulged in what they wish, they soon supply
Large foliage, overshadowing golden flowers,
Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit.
These have their sexes! and, when summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use.
Not so when winter scouls. Assistant art
Then acts in nature's office, brings to pass
The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.

Grudge not ye rich, (since luxury must have
His dainties, and the world's more numerous half

Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
That day and night are exercised, and hang
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,
That ye may garnish your profuse regales
With summer fruits brought forth by wintry funs.
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies,
Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long
Too long, to tell the expedients and the shifts,
Which he that fights a season so severe
Devises, while he guards his tender trust;
And oft at last in vain. The learned and wise
Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labour, worthless when produced.

Who loves a garden loves a green-house too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,

Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
The anemum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours, and the spangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screened from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Aufonia claims,
Levantine regions these; the Azores send
Their jessamine, her jessamine remote
Caffraia: foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade; as if convened
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flower,
Must lend its aid to illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retired, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So once were ranged the sons of ancient Rome,
A noble show; while Roscius trod the stage;
And so, while Garrick, as renowned as he,
The sons of Albion; fearing each to lose
Some note of Nature's music from his lips,
And covetous of Shakespeare's beauty, seen

In every flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well-contrived display
Suffice to give the marshalled ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unfung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depend
Their vigour, injured soon, not soon restored.
The soil must be renewed, which often washed
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,
Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife; the withered leaf
Must be detached, and where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleased,
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening blossom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful, are the employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swelled and gaily dressed appears

A flowery island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deemed a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-matched
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous spade
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace, the garden flows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.
Without it all is gothic as the scene,
To which the insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath; where industry mispent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a heaven on earth; with suns and moons
Of close-rammed stones has charged the encumbered soil,
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He therefore, who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their feeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as performed
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind

Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age
For interest sake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the foil that feeds them, far diffused
And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen:
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
The impoverished earth; an overbearing race,
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

Oh blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil; proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
By vicious custom, raging uncontrolled
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce temptation, seconded within
By traitor appetite, and armed with darts

Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton, though a wandering, muse,
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss,
Hopeless indeed that dissipated minds,
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys, that I describe,
Allured by my report: but sure no less,
That self-condemned they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire we praise; and when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordained
Should best secure them and promote them most;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forfaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol.

Not as the prince in Shushan, when he called,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she, that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand,
That errs not, and find raptures still renewed,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admirers, and be destined to divide
With meaner objects e'en the few she finds!
Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandoned, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
By roses; and clear suns though scarcely felt;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms;
To be preferred to smoke, to the eclipse,
That Metropolitan volcanos make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
And to the stir of commerce, driving flow,
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
They would be, were not madness in the head,

And folly in the heart; were England now,
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauched. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters; and, laborious hinds,
Who had survived the father, served the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertised, and auctioneered away.
The country starves, and they, that feed the o'ercharged
And forfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings, that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gamester's elbows; and the alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whiskered race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,

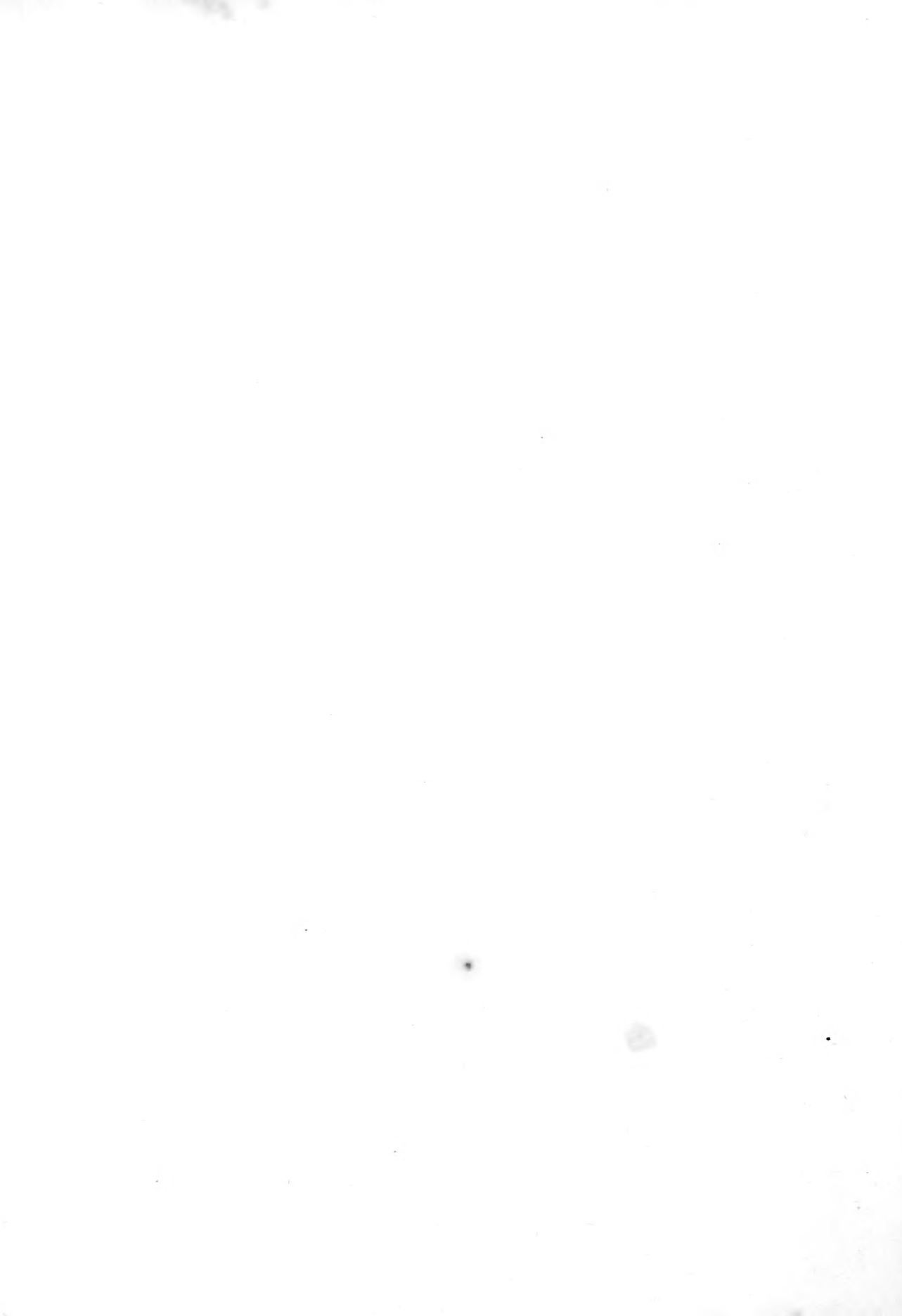
But in a distant spot; where more exposed
It may enjoy the advantage of the north,
And aguish east, till time shall have transformed
Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades—
Ev'n as he bids! The enraptured owner smiles.
'Tis finished, and yet, finished as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy the enormous cost.
Drained to the last poor item of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves the accomplished plan,
That he has touched, retouched, many a long day
Labour'd, and many a night pursued in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heaven
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge to endear
Her interest, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest;
Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse

Supplies his need with an ufurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well-managed shall have earned its worthy price.
Oh innocent, compared with arts like these,
Crape, and cocked pistol, and the whiffling ball
Sent through the traveller's temples! He, that finds
One drop of heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sickening at his own success.

Ambition, avarice, penury incurred
By endless riot, vanity, the lust
Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
As duly as the swallows disappear,
The world of wandering knights and squires to town.
London ingulphs them all! The shark is there,
And the shark's prey; the spendthrift and the leech,
That sucks him. There the sycophant, and he
Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every statesman's door,
"BATTERED AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE."
These are the charms, that fully and eclipse

The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amused,
That at the found of winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loose
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

Oh thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shockest me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.



THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor family piece.—The rural thief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Besrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And having dropped the expected bag, passes on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet

With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
'The logic and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
And bored with elbow points through both his sides,
Out-colds the ranting actor on the stage:

Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;

There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;

Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou holdest the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than your's
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unfavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to the roof,
(As if one master-spring controuled them all)
Relaxed into an universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refined or so sincere as our's.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unfoiled, and swift, and of a filken sound;
But the world's time is time in masquerade!

Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Enfanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus decked, he charms a world whom fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleased when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The back-string and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted time, and night by night
Placed at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home
Describes and prints it, that the world may know.
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mixed for a far different use,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing,
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than her's, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining filken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I flight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk

Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul, that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The footy films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face

Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Uprturned so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes

Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Affimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast.
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found
Without some thiftly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others, suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded fore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
Oh happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparsely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing clear,
But dying soon like all terrestrial joys.

The few small embers left the nurses well ;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil ;
Yet he too finds his own distress in their's.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still ;
Sleep seems their only refuge : for alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands ; but other boast have none
To sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure

The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would blush
To wear a tattered garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth;
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your numerous progeny, well-trained
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plashed neatly, and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,

Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrenched the door, however well secured,
Where Chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His every action, and imbrutes the man.
Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman, he has sworn to love!

Pass where we may, through city or through town,

Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes,
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.
There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its wasted tones in harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perched on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin found
The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those, which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practice with politer grace,

But none with readier skill!—'tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her incumbered lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain the attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That like the filth, with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fallen upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: innocence, it seems,
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of simplicity, impressed
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
Then were not all effaced: then speech profane,

And manners profligate, were rarely found;
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favoured such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polished now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft,
And ribbands streaming gay, superbly raised,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form
Ill propped upon French heels; she might be deemed
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels,

No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!

The town has tinged the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it foils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
The unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
To invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturbed by fear, unscared
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unsuspecting nights,
And slumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polished arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full may a cause
Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,

From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of power begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to check
The licence of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslaved by terror of the band,
The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well

His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
Corruption. Whofo seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild fowl or venifon; and his errand fpeeds.

But fafter far, and more than all the reft,
A noble caufe, which none, who bears a fpark
Of public virtue, ever wifhed removed,
Works the deplored and mifchievous effect.
'Tis univerfal foldierfhip has ftabbed
The heart of merit in the meaner clafs.
Arms, through the vanity and brainlefs rage
Of thofe that bear them, in whatever caufe,
Seem moft at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with ferious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Bleft with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own fimple pleafures; now and then
A wrefling match, a foot-race, or a fair;
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepifh he doffs his hat, and mumbling fwears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they pleafe,
To do he knows not what. The tafk performed,
That infant he becomes the ferjeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jeft.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round fhoulders, and dejected looks,

Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well:
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroism expired,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And fights for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

But man, affociated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or felf-joined by bond
For interest-fake, or fwarming into clans
Beneath one head for purpofes of war,
Like flowers felected from the reft, and bound
And bundled clofe to fill fome crowded vafe,
Fades rapidly, and by compreffion marred
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence chartered boroughs are fuch public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathfome body, only fit
For diffolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of fin
Againft the charities of domeftic life,
Incorporated feem at once to lofe
Their nature; and difclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade .
At the fword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial juftice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Mifdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majefty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting mufic and immortal wreaths,
Is but a fchool, where thoughtleffnefs is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes,
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste his Paradise surpassed
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.
I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engaged my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner found.
There too enamoured of the life I loved,

Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favoured lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemployed; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all; the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been formed
And tutored with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth

In human bosoms; quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That sooth the rich possessor; much consoled,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder fashies fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's * darling? are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over head

* Mignonnette.

Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witness how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche, he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, an heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.



THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of a frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastile, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated. Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportioned limb
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,

As they designed to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous fight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unfightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent fadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mafs:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of funny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned

To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and vallies with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought; the imprisoned worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labour more; and perched aloft
By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fixt, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.

Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulph below :
No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung the embroidered banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The chrystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam ; there, embossed and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers ;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,

Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Rus!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace poetry might place
The armory of winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy fleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No found of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side: a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,

That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious feat
(What seemed at least commodious feat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesigned severity, that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seemed,
Intrinsically precious; to the foot
Traucherous and false; it smiled, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and fought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.

Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the furrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wife,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drove asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they plowed, and sowed,
And reaped their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks, that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:
The deluge washed it out; but left unquenched
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found

The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim;
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some
To improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, for courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they served in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves
As he, whose prowess had subdued their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call

For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of most,
That, being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and befotted thus
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
"And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they raised themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,

He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnished into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
Even in the cradled weakness of the world!
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reached the finewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made:
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor examples set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevailed,
Can even now, when they are grown mature

In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even fervitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from fire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given, or wrong sustained,
And force the beggarly last doit by means,
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die?
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
In the shadow of a bramble, and reclined.

In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his fway,
Where find ye paffive fortitude? Whence fprings
Your felf-denying zeal, that holds it good
To froke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with freamers of continual praife?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king, who loves the law, refpects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we ferve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting ftill that he is man,
We truft him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious ftill;
May exercife amifs his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choofe to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is our's
To adminifter, to guard, to adorn, the ftate,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To ferve him nobly in the common caufe,
True to the death, but not to be his flaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boaft your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and our's.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardlefs author of its woes:
We for the fake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's fake.

Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
 Your's, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will
 Of a superior, he is never free.

Who lives, and is not weary of a life
 Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
 The state, that strives for liberty, though foiled,
 And forced to abandon what she bravely fought,
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
 Not often unsuccessful: power usurped
 Is weakness when opposed: conscious of wrong,
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
 The surest presage of the good they seek*.

* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastile.
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart, that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he, who values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And filleted about with hoops of brass
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the fullen found is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note

To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements, as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then afloat
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till the sum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortless existence! hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?

That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps an heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation; makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and begets
In those that suffer it a fordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,

Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl:
Yet being free I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes, which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who flights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
Such were not they of old, whose tempered blades
Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
And hewed them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart

Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once called to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequestered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promised once more firmness, so assailed
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was registered in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, un Sung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven,
Bought with HIS blood, who gave it to mankind,

And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter functioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has filled the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose the artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,
And still designing a more glorious far,
Doomed it as insufficient for his praise.
These therefore are occasional, and pass;
Formed for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office served, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of his love: they shine
In other heavens than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.

Of these the first in order, and the pledge
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty. A flight into his arms
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And fordid gravitation of his powers
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not? from lusts opposed in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience. He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all,

That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
And death still future. Not an hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forgery may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud,
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethroned and vanquished. Peace ensues,
But spurious and short-lived; the puny child
Of self congratulating pride, begot
On fancied innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing nature, foiled
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause

Perverfely, which of late ſhe ſo condemned ;
 With ſhallow ſhifts and old devices, worn
 And tattered in the ſervice of debauch,
 Covering his ſhame from his offended fight.

“ Hath God indeed given appetites to man,
 “ And ſtored the earth ſo plenteouſly with means
 “ To gratify the hunger of his wiſh ;
 “ And doth he reprobate and will he damn
 “ The uſe of his own bounty? making firſt
 “ So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
 “ So ſtrict, that leſs than perfect muſt deſpair?
 “ Falſehood! which whoſo but ſuſpects of truth
 “ Diſhonours God, and makes a ſlave of man.
 “ Do they themſelves, who undertake for hire
 “ The teacher’s office, and diſpenſe at large
 “ Their weekly dole of edifying ſtrains,
 “ Attend to their own muſic? have they faith
 “ In what with ſuch ſolemnity of tone
 “ And geſture they propound to our belief?
 “ Nay—conduct hath the loudeſt tongue. The voice
 “ Is but an inſtrument, on which the prieſt
 “ May play what tune he pleaſes. In the deed,
 “ The unequivocal authentic deed,
 “ We find found argument, we read the heart.”
 Such reasonings (if that name muſt need belong
 To excuſes in which reaſon has no part)
 Serve to compoſe a ſpirit well inclined
 To live on terms of amity with vice, ..

And sin without disturbance. Often urged,
(As often as libidinous discourse
Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
Of theological and grave import)
They gain at last his unreserved assent;
Till, hardened his heart's temper in the forge
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
He flights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his constancy in ill;
Vain tampering has but fostered his disease;
'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
Consulted and obeyed, to guide his steps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise:
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high founding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm
The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.
The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;

Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The flag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who posted at the shrine of truth
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood

Well spent in such a strife may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise*.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green wyths.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.

* See Hume.

His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded foil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:

For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb,
It yields them; or recumbent on its brow
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,

Fair as it is, existed ere it was.

Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged sovereign, finds at once,
Its only just proprietor in Him.

The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,
“ That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
“ Beneath a vault un sullied with a cloud,
“ If from your elevation, whence ye view
“ Distinctly scenes invisible to man,

“ And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
“ Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
“ Favoured as our’s; transgressors from the womb,
“ And hastening to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
“ And to possess a brighter heaven than your’s?
“ As one who long detained on foreign shores,
“ Pants to return, and when he sees afar
“ His country’s weather-bleach’d and batter’d rocks,
“ From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
“ Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
“ So I with animated hopes behold,
“ And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
“ That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
“ Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
“ From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
“ Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
“ That give assurance of their own success,
“ And that infused from heaven must thither tend.”

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious word!
Which who so sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by thee employed,
Worlds, that had never been hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears,

That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Their's is indeed
A teaching voice: but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell;
Yet, deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
Then skilful most when most severely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reignest:
Thy providence forbids that fickle power
(If power she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunned and hated thee before.

Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the foul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
Till thou hast touched them; 'tis the voice of song
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his power denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all, that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But oh thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect —A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books —Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is —The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitting act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on —Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of him who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells,
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace

(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seemed not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impresses the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We missed that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,

Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length

As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hood-winked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total gift unfifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow sollicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect we flight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! but speaks it less

An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, fighting as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; fyinga, ivory pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of an humbler growth, the * other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring cypresses, or more sable yew,

* The Guelder-rose.

Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
Althæa with the purple eye: the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncoloured scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man

In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wildernefs are his,
That makes fo gay the folitary place
Where no eye fees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He fetts the bright proceffion on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which winter may not pafs,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its cafe,
Ruffet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery feafon fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some fay that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements received a law,
From which they fwerve not fince. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who firft
Prefcribed their courfe, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to fave a God
The incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The ftrefs of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and fevere a task.

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's fun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impelled
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts:
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,

Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules univerfal nature. Not a flower
But shows fome touch, in freckle, freak, or ftain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He infpires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with neftar, and includes.
In grains as countlefs as the fea-side fands,
The forms, with which he fprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of fcant in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the fun,
Prompts with remembrance of a prefent God.
His prefence, who made all fo fair, perceived
Makes all ftill fairer. As with him no fcene
Is dreary, fo with him all feafons pleafe.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punifhed for its tenant's fake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this fmiling fky,
So foon fucceeding fuch an angry night,
And thefe diffolving fnows, and this clear ftream
Recovering faft its liquid mufic, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well ftrung and tuned
To contemplation, and within his reach
A fcene fo friendly to his favourite tafk,
Would wafte attention at the chequered board.
His hoft of wooden warriors to and fro

Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fixt as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into frowns, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and, pushing ivory balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destined goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To misg, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduced,
Andfoothed into a dream that he discerns
The difference of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: stationed there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplished in the fulsome cant
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
That he has let it pass—but never bids!

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daifies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome fallad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock dove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outlept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void

Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops and snorts, and throwing high his heels
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind nature graces every scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
A far superior happiness to their's,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to his call,
Who formed him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crowned as never king was since.

God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood
The new-made monarch, while before him passed,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, summoned from their various haunts
To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love.
He ruled with meekness, they obeyed with joy;
No cruel purpose lurked within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in their's.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part, who ruled the whole,
Begot a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear,
But sin marred all: and the revolt of man,
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punished with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witnessed! Every heart,
Each animal of every name conceived
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And, conscious of some danger, either fled
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
Or growled defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.

Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradise; and in that hour
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swelled
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorred resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They feared, and as his perfect image loved.
The wilderness is their's with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrolled;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude

Within the confines of their wild domain :
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrained, they live
Dependent upon man : those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection—Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault
Under dissection of the knotted scourge ;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness ; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse :
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murderer on his back, and pushed all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much !
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent ? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts

(As if barbarity were high desert)

The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own:
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in heaven, and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charged the Jew
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seized
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Proved he not plainly that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an interest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on power of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
The oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!
The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledged raven, and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs

Of hunger unaffluaged, has interposed,
Not feldom, his avenging arm, to fmite
The injurious tramplur upon Nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardnefs of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not ftrike
The blamelefs animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Saved him, or the unrelenting feer had died.
He fees that human equity is flack
To interfere though in fo juft a caufe;
And makes the tafk his own. Inspiring dumb
And helplefs victims with a fenfe fo keen
Of injury, with fuch knowledge of their ftrengrth
And fuch fagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beaft has feemed to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of found intelligence rehearfed,
(If fuch who plead for providence may feem
In modern eyes) fhall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, fretched towards the fetting fun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the weftern wave,
Dwelt young Mifagathus; a fcorner he
Of God and goodnefs, atheift in oftent,
Vicious in act, in temper favage-fierce.
He journeyed; and his chance was as he went
To join a traveller, of far different note,
Evander, famed for piety, for years

Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
The charity, that warmed his heart, was moved
At sight of the man monster. With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wished
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thundered forth or rudely pressed,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
“And dost thou dream,” the impenetrable man
Exclaimed, “that me the lullabies of age,
“And fantasies of dotards such as thou,
“Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
“Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
“Need no such aids, as superstition lends,
“To steel their hearts against the dread of death.”
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Pushed with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulph as he designed his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declined the death, and wheeling swiftly round,

Or e'er his hoof had pressed the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, saved against his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redressed
By medicine well applied, but without grace
The heart's infanity admits no cure.
Enraged the more, by what might have reformed
His horrible intent, again he fought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroyed,
With founding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spared yet again the ignobler for his sake.
And now, his prowess proved, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinced,
His rage grew cool; and pleased perhaps to have earned,
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resumed
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fixt motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they fared. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seemed to obliterate the past;
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smiled, as if transformed.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.
The impious challenger of Power divine

Was now to learn that Heaven, though slow to wrath,
Is never with impunity defied.

His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controlled,
Rushed to the cliff, and having reached it, stood.
At once the flock defeated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immersed
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
The death he had deserved, and died alone.
So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho' graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,

And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish their's.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,

From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on their's.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in their's,
Are oft-times vanquished and thrown far behind.
Some shew that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand fit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(Oh wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
For was it less, what heathen would have dared
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never used before,
To buckram out the memory of a man.
But hush!—the muse perhaps is too severe;
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,

Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of King George!
Man praises man; and Garrick's memory next,
When time hath somewhat mellowed it, and made
The idol of our worship while he lived
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the world shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre too small shall suffocate
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified. For there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act,
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs;

And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas an hallowed time: decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtless, much edified, and all refreshed.
—Man praises man. The rabble all alive
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and fyes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy:
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charmed them? Hath he saved the state?
No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out every crevice of the head,
That is not found and perfect, hath in their's
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doomed to the dust, or lodged already there.
Encomium in old time was poets' work;

But poets, having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humbler theme,
Have poured my stream of panegyric down
The vale of nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his fultry march,
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend

Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his forms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt shall with a simile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch;
Nor can the wonders it records be fung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss; which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thifty curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,

For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chafed it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb; for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!

Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 * Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travelled forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they come
 To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
 O Sion! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heaven-ward all things tend. For all were once
 Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
 So God has greatly purposed; who would else
 In his dishonoured works himself endure
 Dishonour, and be wronged without redress.
 Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,
 Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see

* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

(A fight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers;
And ev'n the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
Oh for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men:
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where he, that fills an office, shall esteem
The occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright:
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,

Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love!

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy faints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy faints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting question, asked so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.

They now are deemed the faithful, and are praised,
Who constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet even these
Worthy, compared with hypocrites, who knee
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth
To prey upon each other; stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degenerate times,
Exhibit every lineament of these.

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world!

He is the happy man, whose life ev'n now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,

Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to choofe,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happinefs; befpeak him one
Content indeed to fojourn while he muft
Below the fkies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her bufy fearch
Of objects, more illuftrious in her view;
And, occupied as earneftly as ſhe,
Though more fublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She fcorns his pleasures, for ſhe knows them not;
He fees not her's, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like ſummer birds
Purſuing gilded flies; and ſuch he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliſs,
Whoſe power is ſuch, that whom ſhe lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unſeen,
And ſhows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not flothful he, though ſeeming unemployed,
And cenſured oft as uſeleſs. Stilleſt ſtreams
Oft water faireſt meadows, and the bird,
That flutters leaſt, is longeſt on the wing.
Aſk him, indeed, what trophies he has raiſed,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purpoſes, and he ſhall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent ſpirit labours. There he fights,

And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling filks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary faint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou buffler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,

From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of wo,
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a flighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast what few that win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impunity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,

Like an unburied carcase tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when called
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,

If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes! 'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I called to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?

Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seemed, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begged to go abroad.
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home—you are always going out.
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—
For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—
A friend! Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
How'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.

Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,
No matter where in China or Japan,
Decreed that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

Oh happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM:

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφάλαιον δι παιδείας ὀρθῆ τροφῆ.—PLATO.

Ἀρχὴ πολιτικῆς ἀγωγῆς νεῶν τροφῆ.—DIOG. LAERT.

TO THE
REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,
RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,
THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.

TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed, the associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom all her own.
For her the memory fills her ample page
With truths poured down from every distant age;
For her amasses an unbounded store,
The wisdom of great nations now no more;
Though laden, not incumbered with her spoil;
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
When copiously supplied, then most enlarged;
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharged.
For her the fancy, roving unconfined,
The present muse of every pensive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To nature's scenes than nature ever knew.

At her command winds rife and waters roar,
 Again she lays them flumbering on the shore;
 With flower and fruit the wilderneck's supplies,
 Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.
 For her the judgment, umpire in the strife
 That grace and nature have to wage through life,
 Quick-fighted arbiter of good and ill,
 Appointed sage preceptor to the will,
 Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
 Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
 To yon fair sun and his attendant earth?
 And, when descending he resigns the skies,
 Why takes the gentler moon her turn to rise,
 Whom ocean feels through all his countless waves,
 And owns her power on every shore he laves?
 Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
 Fruitful and young as in their first career?
 Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze;
 Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
 Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
 Till autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
 Dye them at last in all their glowing hues. —
 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
 Power misemployed, munificence misplaced,
 Had not its author dignified the plan,
 And crowned it with the majesty of man.

Thus formed, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
 Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
 The wildest corner of his Maker's laws
 Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
 To press the important question on his heart,
 "Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
 If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
 The next mere dust and ashes in the grave,
 Endued with reason only to descry
 His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
 With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
 The force he spends against their fury vain;
 And if, soon after having burnt by turns,
 With every lust with which frail nature burns,
 His being end where death dissolves the bond,
 The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
 Then he, of all that nature has brought forth,
 Stands self-impeached the creature of least worth,
 And useless while he lives, and when he dies,
 Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths, that the learned pursue with eager thought,
 Are not important always as dear-bought,
 Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
 A childish waste of philosophic pains;
 But truths, on which depends our main concern,
 That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
 Shine by the side of every path we tread
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the fun-set of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heaven required of human kind,
And all the plan their destiny designed,
What none could reverence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.
But reason heard, and nature well perused,
At once the dreaming mind is disabused.
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who placed them there,
Fulfil the purpose, and appear designed
Proofs of the wisdom of the all-seeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature whom he chose to invest
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Received his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the power in which he stands arrayed,
That first or last, hereafter if not here,
He too might make his author's wisdom clear,
Praise him on earth, or obstinately dumb
Suffer his justice in a world to come.
This once believed, 'twere logic misapplied
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wandering miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost:
Preserved from guilt by salutary fears,
Or guilty soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we fought with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wisely store the nursery by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease.
Neatly secured from being soiled or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page)
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.
Lispings our syllables, we scramble next
Through moral narrative, or sacred text;
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marred, and who has ransomed, man.
Points, which unless the scripture made them plain,
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;

Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
 Witty, and well-employed, and like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his flighted word;
 I name thee not, lest so despised a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
 Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
 And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.
 'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
 Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
 The man approving what had charmed the boy,
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
 And not with curses on his heart, who stole
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
 The stamp of artless piety impressed
 By kind tuition on his yielding breast,
 The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
 Regards with scorn, though once received with awe;
 And, warped into the labyrinth of lies,
 That babblers, called philosophers, devise,
 Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
 Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
 Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
 Assert the native evil of his heart,
 His pride resents the charge, although the proof*
 Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough:

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross
 As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,
 The young apostate sickens at the view,
 And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

How weak the barrier of mere nature proves,
 Opposed against the pleasures nature loves!
 While self-betrayed, and wilfully undone,
 She longs to yield, no sooner wooed than won.
 Try now the merits of this blest exchange
 Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.
 'Time was, he closed as he began the day
 With decent duty, not ashamed to pray:
 The practice was a bond upon his heart,
 A pledge he gave for a consistent part;
 Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
 A power, confessed so lately on his knees.
 But now farewell all legendary tales,
 The shadows fly, philosophy prevails;
 Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves;
 Religion makes the free by nature slaves.
 Priests have invented, and the world admired
 What knavish priests promulgate as inspired;
 Till reason, now no longer overawed,
 Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
 And, common sense diffusing real day,
 The meteor of the gospel dies away.
 Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
 Learn from expert inquirers after truth;

Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
 Is not to find what they profess to seek.
 And thus, well-tutored only while we share
 A mother's lectures and a nurse's care;
 And taught at schools much mythologic stuff*,
 But found religion sparingly enough;
 Our early notices of truth disgraced,
 Soon lose their credit, and are all effaced.

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
 Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
 That in good time the stripling's finished taste
 For loose expence, and fashionable waste,
 Should prove your ruin, and his own at last;
 Train him in public with a mob of boys,
 Childish in mischief only and in noise,
 Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
 In infidelity and lewdness men.
 There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
 That authors are most useful pawned or sold;
 That pedantry is all that schools impart,
 But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
 There waiter Dick with Bacchanalian lays,
 Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
 His counsellor and bosom friend shall prove,
 And some street-pacing harlot his first love.

* The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a school-boy in the religion of the heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
 Detain their adolescent charge too long;
 The management of tiros of eighteen
 Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
 The stout tall captain, whose superior size
 The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
 Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
 Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
 His pride, that scorns to obey or to submit,
 With them is courage; his effrontery wit.
 His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
 Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
 His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,
 Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.
 In little bosoms such achievements strike
 A kindred spark; they burn to do the like.
 Thus, half-accomplished ere he yet begin
 To show the peeping down upon his chin;
 And, as maturity of years comes on,
 Made just the adept that you designed your son;
 To ensure the perseverance of his course,
 And give your monstrous project all its force,
 Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
 Or in one article of vice reclaimed,
 Where no regard of ordinances is shown
 Or looked for now, the fault must be his own,
 Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
 Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,
 Nor gambling practices, can find it out.

Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too.
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think:
And such an age as our's baulks no expense,
Except of caution and of common-sense;
Else sure notorious fact and proof so plain
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.
I blame not those, who with what care they can
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquitous presence and controul,
Elisha's eye, that when Gehazi strayed,
Went with him, and saw all the game he played?
Yes—ye are conscious; and on all the shelves
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if by nature sober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men;
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs addressed
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.

But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
 And evils, not to be endured, endure,
 Left power exerted, but without success,
 Should make the little ye retain still less.
 Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth
 Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth;
 And in the firmament of fame still shines
 A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
 Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines. }
 Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,
 And no such lights are kindling in their stead.
 Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays,
 As set the midnight riot in a blaze;
 And seem, if judged by their expressive looks,
 Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say muse, (for education made the song,
 No muse can hesitate or linger long)
 What causes move us, knowing as we must,
 That these *menageries* all fail their trust,
 To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
 While colts and puppies cost us so much care?

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carved, subsisting still;

The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed:
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likenesses placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life;
His skill in coachmanship, or in driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to escape;

What fums he loft at play, and how he fold
 Watch, feals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
 Retracing thus his *frolics*, ('tis a name
 That palliates deeds of folly and of fhame)
 He gives the local bias all its fway;
 Refolves that where he played his fons fhall play,
 And deftines their bright genius to be fhown
 Juft in the fcene, where he difplayed his own.
 The meek and bashful boy will foon be taught,
 To be as bold and forward as he ought;
 The rude will fcuffle through with eafe enough,
 Great fchools fuit beft the fturdy and the rough.
 Ah happy defignation, prudent choice,
 The event is fure; expect it; and rejoice!
 Soon fee your wifh fulfilled in either child,
 The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
 Excufed the incumbrance of more folid worth,
 Are beft difpofed of where with moft fuccefs
 They may acquire that confident addrefs,
 Thofe habits of profufe and lewd expenfe,
 That fcorn of all delights but thofe of fenfe,
 Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
 With fo much reafon all expect from them.
 But families of lefs illuftrious fame,
 Whofe chief diftinction is their fpotlefs name,
 Whofe heirs, their honours none, their income fmall,
 Muft fhine by true defert, or not at all.

What dream they of, that with so little care
 They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure there?
 They dream of little Charles or William graced
 With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist;
 They see the attentive crowds his talents draw,
 They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
 The father, who designs his babe a priest,
 Dreams him episcopally such at least;
 And while the playful jockey scours the room
 Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
 In fancy sees him more superbly ride
 In coach with purple lined and mitres on its side.
 Events improbable and strange as these,
 Which only a parental eye foresees,
 A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
 But how? resides such virtue in that air,
 As must create an appetite for prayer?
 And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
 That candidates for such a prize should feel,
 To take the lead and be the foremost still
 In all true worth and literary skill?
 “ Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
 “ The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
 “ Church-ladders are not always mounted best
 “ By learned clerks and Latinists professed.
 “ The exalted prize demands an upward look,
 “ Not to be found by poring on a book.

“ Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
 “ Is more than adequate to all I seek.
 “ Let erudition grace him or not grace,
 “ I give the bauble but the second place;
 “ His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
 “ Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.
 “ A friend, whate’er he studies or neglects,
 “ Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
 “ His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—
 “ There dawns the splendour of his future years;
 “ In that bright quarter his propitious skies
 “ Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
 “ *Your Lordship*, and *Your Grace!* what school can teach
 “ A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?
 “ What need of Homer’s verse, or Tully’s prose,
 “ Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
 “ Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
 “ Who stare upon a dog’s-eared Pentateuch,
 “ The parson knows enough, who knows a duke.” }
 Egregious purpose! worthily begun
 In barbarous prostitution of your son;
 Pressed on *his* part by means, that would disgrace
 A scrivener’s clerk or footman out of place,
 And ending, if at last its end be gained,
 In sacrilege, in God’s own house profaned.
 It may succeed; and, if his sins should call
 For more than common punishment, it shall;

The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The *royal letters* are a thing of course,
A king, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
Behold your bishop! well he plays his part,
Christian in name, and infidel in heart,
Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
A piece of mere church-furniture at best;
To live estranged from God his total scope,
And his end sure without one glimpse of hope.
But fair although and feasible it seem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For providence, that seems concerned to exempt
The hallowed bench from absolute contempt,
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace;
And therefore 'tis, that though the fight be rare,
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and found;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;

New situations give a different cast
 Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
 And he, that seem'd our counterpart at first,
 Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
 Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
 And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
 Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
 Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
 Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
 But learns his error in maturer years,
 When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
 Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
 If, therefore, ev'n when honest in design,
 A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
 'Twere wiser sure to inspire a little heart
 With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
 Than set your son to work at a vile trade
 For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile resort,
 That are of chief and most approved report,
 To such base hopes in many a sordid soul,
 Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
 A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
 Unquestioned, though the jewel be but glass—
 That with a world, not often over-nice,
 Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice;
 Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
 Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—

Contributes most perhaps to enhance their fame;
And emulation is its specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel;
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in their's the scholar's prize.
The spirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ill by turns;
Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Repents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,
Deems his reward too great if he prevail,
And labours to surpass him day and night,
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is powerful, and I grant its force;
It pricks the genius forward in its course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth;
And, felt alike by each, advances both:
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against an heart depraved and temper hurt;
Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
If you can crown a discipline, that draws
Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.

}

Connexion formed for interest, and endeared
By selfish views, thus censured and cashiered;
And emulation, as engendering hate,
Doomed to a no less ignominious fate;
The props of such proud seminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be managed well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?
Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dressed,
“Whate’er is best administered is best.”
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;
Then ask not, Whether limited or large;
But, Watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languish, a despised concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame,
Different in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue’s cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found;
Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.

If fhrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,
 Keen in purfuit, and vigorous to retain,
 Your fon come forth a prodigy of fkill;
 As, wherefoever taught, fo formed, he will;
 The pedagogue, with felf-complacent air,
 Claims more than half the praife as his due fhare.
 But if, with all his genius, he betray,
 Not more intelligent than loofe and gay.
 Such vicious habits, as difgrace his name,
 Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
 Though want of due reftRAINT alone have bred
 The fymptoms, that you fee with fo much dread;
 Unenvied there, he may fuftain alone
 The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

Oh 'tis a fight to be with joy perufed,
 By all whom fentiment has not abufed;
 New-fangled fentiment, the boafed grace
 Of thofe, who never feel in the right place;
 A fight furpaffed by none that we can fhew,
 Though Veftris on one leg ftill fhine below,
 A father bleft with an ingenuous fon,
 Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
 How!—turn again to tales long fince forgot,
 Æfop, and Phædrus, and the reft?—Why not?
 He will not blufh that has a father's heart,
 To take in childifh plays a childifh part;
 But bends his fturdy back to any toy,
 That youth takes pleasure in, to pleafe his boy:

Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your interest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one, whose tenderest thoughts all hover round your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his!
The indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and natural, as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there:
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His favourite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—The natural effect
Of love by absence chilled into respect,
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquired,
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesired?

Thou well deserveſt an alienated ſon,
Unleſs thy conſcious heart acknowledge—none;
None that, in thy domeſtic ſnug receſs,
He had not made his own with more addreſs,
Though ſome perhaps that ſhock thy feeling mind,
And better never learned, or left behind.
Add too, that, thus eſtranged, thou canſt obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again;
That here begins with moſt that long complaint
Of filial frankneſs loſt, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardleſs ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By ſlender threads, and ſwinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and fore diſgrace
The boughs, in which are bred the unſeemly race;
While every worm induſtriouſly weaves
And winds his web about the rivelled leaves;
So numerous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of every ſprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverſe,
Which admonition can alone diſperſe.
The encroaching nuisance aſks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant, on which they feed.
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,
At ſtated hours, his freakiſh thoughts engage;

Ev'n in his pastimes he requires a friend
 To warn, and teach him safely to unbend,
 O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
 Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
 And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
 A tax of profit from his very play,
 To impress a value, not to be erased,
 On moments squandered else, and running all to waste.
 And seems it nothing in a father's eye
 That unimproved those many moments fly?
 And is he well content his son should find
 No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
 But conjugated verbs and nouns declined?
 For such is all the mental food purveyed
 By public hacknies in the schooling trade;
 Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
 Of syntax, truly, but with little more;
 Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock,
 Machines themselves, and governed by a clock.
 Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
 Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
 To improve this diet, at no great expense,
 With favoury truth and wholesome common sense;
 To lead his son, for prospects of delight,
 To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
 Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
 Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size,

The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
 And the harmonious order of them all;
 To show him in an insect or a flower
 Such microscopic proof of skill and power,
 As, hid from ages past, God now displays
 To combat atheists with in modern days;
 To spread the earth before him, and commend,
 With designation of the finger's end,
 Its various parts to his attentive note,
 Thus bringing home to him the most remote;
 To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
 Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
 And, more than all, with commendation due
 To set some living worthy in his view,
 Whose fair example may at once inspire
 A wish to copy what he must admire.
 Such knowledge gained betimes, and which appears,
 Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
 Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
 When health demands it, of athletic fort,
 Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,
 And more than one perhaps that I have seen—
 An evidence and reprehension both
 Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man professionally tied,
 With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
 Too busy to intend a meaner care
 Than how to enrich thyself, and next thine heir;

Or art thou (as though rich perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none to impart:—
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear and full of force;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank, and formed to please;
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatronized, and therefore little known;
Wife for himself and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline when backed by love;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind informed, his morals undefiled.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below,
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, designed
By footman Tom for witty and refined.
There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be feared;

For fince (fo fashion dictates) all, who claim
 An higher than a mere plebeian fame,
 Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
 To entertain a thief or two in pay,
 (And they that can afford the expenfe of more,
 Some half a dozen, and fome half a fcore)
 Great caufe occurs to fave him from a band
 So fure to fpoil him, and fo near at hand;
 A point fecured, if once he be fupplied
 With fome fuch Mentor always at his fide.
 Are fuch men rare? perhaps they would abound
 Were occupation eafier to be found,
 Were education, elfe fo fure to fail,
 Conducted on a manageable fcale,
 And fchools that have out-lived all juft efteem,
 Exchanged for the fecure domeftic fcheme.—
 But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
 Show thou haft fenfe enough to prize the pearl,
 And, as thou wouldft the advancement of thine heir
 In all good faculties beneath his care,
 Refpect, as is but rational and juft,
 A man deemed worthy of fo dear a truft.
 Defpifed by thee, what more can he expect
 From youthful folly than the fame neglect?
 A flat and fatal negative obtains
 That infant upon all his future pains;
 His leffons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
 And all the instructions of thy fon's beft friend
 Are a fream choaked, or trickling to no end.

Doom him not then to solitary meals;
But recollect that he has sense, and feels;
And that, possessor of a soul refined,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy board he sit,
Account him no just mark for idle wit;
Offend not him, whom modesty restrains
From repartee, with jokes that he disdains;
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.—
And, trust me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to teach;
Much trash unuttered, and some ills undone,
Through reverence of the censor of thy son.

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,
The world accounts an honourable man,
Because forsooth thy courage has been tried
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side;
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love;—
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chained to the routs that she frequents for life;
Who, just when industry begins to snore,
Flies, winged with joy, to some coach crowded door;

And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and fedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou mayest;
Not very sober though, nor very chaste;—
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
And thou at best, and in thy soberest mood,
A trisler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,
Where vile example (your's I chiefly mean,
The most seducing and the ofteneft seen)
May never more be stamped upon his breast,
Not yet perhaps incurably impressed.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or, if it enter, soon starved out again:
Where all the attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air:
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,

Not occupied in day dreams, as at home,
 Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
 His virtuous toil may terminate at last
 In settled habit and decided taste.—
 But whom do I advise? the fashion led,
 The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead,
 Whom care and cool deliberation suit
 Not better much than spectacles a brute;
 Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
 Deem it of no great moment, whose, or where;
 Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
 And much too gay to have any of their own.
 But courage, man! methought the muse replied,
 Mankind are various, and the world is wide:
 The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
 And formed of God without a parent's mind,
 Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
 Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust;
 And, while on public nurseries they rely,
 Not knowing, and too oft not caring why,
 Irrational in what they thus prefer,
 No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
 But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
 May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
 And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,
 Yet make their progeny their dearest care,
 (Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach
 Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach)

Will need no fiefs of argument to enforce
The expedience of a lefs adventurous courfe:
The reft will flight thy counfel, or condemn;
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.

To you then, tenants of life's middle ftate,
Securely placed between the fmall and great,
Whofe character, yet undebauched, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wife yourfelves, defire your fon fhould learn
Your wifdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perverfely blind;
See what contempt is fallen on human kind;
See wealth abufed, and dignities misplaced,
Great titles, offices and trusts difgraced,
Long lines of anceftry, renowned of old,
Their noble qualities all quenched and cold;
See Bedlam's clofettet and hand-cuffed charge
Surpaffed in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without ftudy made;
Churchmen, in whofe eftem their bleft employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who, far enough from furnifhing their fhelves
With gospel lore, turn infidels themfelves;
See womanhood defpifed, and manhood fhamed
With infamy too naufeous to be named,
Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien,
Civettet fellows, fmelt ere they are feen,

Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
Now flushed with drunk'ness, now with whoredom pale,
Their breath a sample of last night's regale;
See volunteers in all the vilest arts,
Men well endowed, of honourable parts,
Designed by nature wise, but self-made fools;
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That though school-bred the boy be virtuous still;
Such rare exceptions shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark;
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to shew how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.

Can'st thou, the tear juſt trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful riſque foreſeen forbids;
Free too, and under no conſtraining force,
Unleſs the ſway of cuſtom warp thy courſe;
Lay ſuch a ſtake upon the loſing ſide,
Merely to gratify ſo blind a guide?
Thou can'ſt not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.
Thou wouldeſt not, deaf to Nature's tender'eſt plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling ſea,
Nor ſay, *Go thither*, conſcious that there lay
A brood of aſps, or quickſands in his way;
Then, only governed by the ſelf-ſame rule
Of natural pity, ſend him not to ſchool.
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyſelf in miniature, thy fleſh, thy bone?
And hopeſt thou not ('tis every father's hope)
That, ſince thy ſtrength muſt with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need ſome comfort to aſſuage
Health's laſt farewell, a ſtaff in thine old age,
That then, in recompenſe of all thy cares,
Thy child ſhall ſhow reſpect to thy gray hairs,
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life its only cordial left?
Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compaſs that good end, forecaſt the means,
His heart, now paſſive, yields to thy command;
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.

If thou defert thy charge, and throw it wide,
 Nor heed what gueſts there enter and abide,
 Complain not if attachments lewd and baſe
 Supplant thee in it, and uſurp thy place.
 But, if thou guard its ſacred chambers ſure
 From vicious inmates and delights impure,
 Either his gratitude ſhall hold him faſt,
 And keep him warm and filial to the laſt;
 Or, if he prove unkind (as who can ſay
 But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
 One comfort yet ſhall cheer thine aged heart,
 Howe'er he ſlight thee, thou haſt done thy part.

Oh barbarous! wouldeſt thou with a Gothic hand
 Pull down the ſchools—what!—all the ſchools i' th' land;
 Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
 Or turn them into ſhops and auction rooms?
 A captious queſtion, ſir, (and your's is one)
 Deſerves an anſwer ſimilar, or none.
 Wouldeſt thou, poſſeſſor of a flock, employ
 (Appriſed that he is ſuch) a careleſs boy,
 And feed him well, and give him handſome pay,
 Merely to ſleep, and let them run aſtray?
 Survey our ſchools and colleges, and ſee
 A fight not much unlike my ſimile.
 From education, as the leading cauſe,
 The public character its colour draws;
 Thence the prevailing manners take their caſt,
 Extravagant or ſober, looſe or chaſte.

And, though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—*This Building to be Let,*
Unless the world were all prepared to embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better managed, or encouraged less.

TRANSLATION OF

PRIOR'S CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

I.

MERCATOR, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit,
 Nomine sub ficto trans mare mittit opes;
Lené sonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,
 Sed solam exoptant te, mea vota, Chlœe.

II.

Ad speculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
 Cum dixit mea lux, heus, cane, fume lyram.
Namque lyram juxtà positam cum carmine vidit,
 Suave quidem carmen dulcisonamque lyram,

III.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro, suspiria furgunt,
 Et miscent numeris murmura mæsta meis,
Dumque tuæ memoro laudes, Euphelia, formæ,
 Tota anima intereà pendet ab ore Chlœes.

IV.

Subrabet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
 Me torquet mea mens conscia, psallo, tremo;
Atque Cupidineâ dixit Dea cincta corona,
 Heu! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

TO
THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE swallows in their torpid state
Compose their uselefs wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early spring.

II.

The keenest frost that binds the stream
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor feared by them
Secure of their repose.

III.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene furveys;
With present ills his heart must ake,
And pant for brighter days.

IV.

Old winter halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

V.

Then April, with her sifter May,
 Shall chafe him from the bowers,
 And weave fresh garlands every day,
 To crown the smiling hours.

VI.

And, if a tear, that speaks regret
 Of happier times, appear,
 A glimpse of joy, that we have met,
 Shall shine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

(NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
 And meet perhaps never again;
 The fun of that moment is set,
 And seems to have risen in vain.
 Catharina has fled like a dream—
 (So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
 But has left a regret and esteem,
 That will not so suddenly pass.

The laſt evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progrefs was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We pauſed under many a tree,
And much ſhe was charmed with a tone
Leſs ſweet to Maria and me,
Who had witneſſed ſo lately her own.

My numbers that day ſhe had ſung,
And gave them a grace ſo divine,
As only her muſical tongue
Could infuſe into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I eſteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And ev'n to myſelf never ſeemed
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleaſures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herſelf happier here;
For the cloſe woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are ſweeter to her many times
Than all that the city can ſhow.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellished or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her look, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire
As oft as it suits her to roam,
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to wish or to fear,
And ours will be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old)
A man, once young, who lived retired
As hermit, could have well desired,
His hours of study closed at last,
And finished his concise repast,
Stopp'd his cufe, replaced his book
Within its customary nook,
And, staff in hand, fet forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Ifaac, with a mind applied
To ferious thought at evening-tide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
Shades flanting at the clofe of day
Chilled more his elfe delightful way.
Diftant a little mile he fpied
A western bank's ftill funny fide,
And right toward the favoured place
Proceeding with his nimbleft pace,
In hope to bask a little yet,
Juft reached it when the fun was fet.

Your hermit, young and jovial, firs!
 Learns fomething from whate'er occurs—
 And hence, he faid, my mind computes
 The real worth of man's purfuits.
 His object chofen, wealth or fame,
 Or other fublunary game,
 Imagination to his view
 Prefents it decked with every hue,
 That can feduce him not to fpare
 His powers of beft exertion there,
 Bat youth, health, vigour to expend
 On fo defirable an end.

Ere long approach life's evening fhades,
 The glow that fancy gave it fades;
 And, earned too late, it wants the grace,
 Which firft engaged him in the chafe.

True, answered an angelic guide,
 Attendant at the fenior's fide—
 But whether all the time it coft
 To urge the fruitlefs chafe be loft,
 Muft be decided by the worth
 Of that, which called his ardour forth.
 Trifles purfued, whate'er the event,
 Muft caufe him fhame or difcontent;
 A vicious object ftill is worfe,
 Successful there he wins a curfe;
 But he, whom ev'n in life's laft ftage
 Endeavours laudable engage,

Is paid, at least in peace of mind,
 And sense of having well designed;
 And if, ere he attain his end,
 His fun precipitate descend,
 A brighter prize than that he meant
 Shall recompense his mere intent.
 No virtuous wish can bear a date
 Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE green-house is my summer seat;
 My shrubs displaced from that retreat
 Enjoyed the open air;
 Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
 Had been their mutual solace long,
 Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
 That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list;
 Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
 But that delight they never knew,
 And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast;
Instinct is never quite suppressed;
 And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
 But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kissed him, giving proof
 That he desired no more;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till gently seized, I shut him fast,
 A prisoner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
 Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferred
 To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and filky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring 'squire,
That he may follow them through brake and briar,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulph beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scooped, I judge in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
Nor autumn yet had brushed from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;

But corn was houfed, and beans were in the ftack,
 Now therefore iffued forth the spotted pack,
 With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
 With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
 For which, alas! my deftiny fevere,
 Though ears fhe gave me two, gave me no ear.

The fun, accomplifhing his early march,
 His lamp now planted on heaven's topmoft arch,
 When, exercife and air my only aim,
 And heedlefs whither, to that field I came,
 Ere yet with ruthlefs joy the happy hound
 Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
 Or with the high-raifed horn's melodious clang
 All Kilwick * and all Dingle-derry * rang.

Sheep grazed the field; fome with foft bofom preffed
 The herb as foft, while nibbling frayed the reft;
 Nor noife was heard but of the hafty brook,
 Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
 All feemed fo peaceful, that from them conveyed
 To me, their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with diftended cheek,
 'Gan make his instrument of mufic fpeak,
 And from within the wood that crafh was heard,
 Though not a hound from whom it burft appeared,
 The fheep recumbent, and the fheep that grazed,
 All huddling into phalanx, flood and gazed,

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Efq.

Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again;
But, recollecting with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gathered close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all:
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the larges of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every loco-motive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race;
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,

That sage they seemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
 Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
 Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
 Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
 When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
 A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, addressed.

Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
 Could I believe that winds for ages pent
 In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
 And from their prison-house below arise,
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
 I could be much composed, nor should appear
 For such a cause to feel the slightest fear.
 Yourselfs have seen, what time the thunders rolled
 All night, we resting quiet in the fold.
 Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
 I could expound the melancholy tone;
 Should deem it by our old companion made,
 The ass; for he, we know, has lately strayed,
 And being lost perhaps, and wandering wide,
 Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
 But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
 That owns a carcase, and not quake for fear?
 Dæmons produce them doubtless, brazen-clawed
 And fanged with brass the dæmons are abroad;
 I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,
 That life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answered then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How? leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth how awful! falling there, we burst:
Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small;
For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of dæmons uttered, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but sounds, and till the cause appear
We have at least commodious standing here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
Thro' mere good fortune, took a different course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wondered that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

}

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkeſt day,
Live till to-morrow, will have paſſed away.

B O A D I C E A.

AN ODE.

I.

WHEN the Britiſh warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counſel of her country's gods,

II.

Sage beneath the ſpreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he ſpoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

III.

Princes! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchleſs wrongs,
'Tis becauſe reſentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

IV.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

V.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

VI.

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

VII.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

VIII.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

IX.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

X.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow:
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
 Dying hurled them at the foe.

XI.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud;
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you,

 H E R O I S M.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine found
 The blooming groves, that girdled her around.

Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matured.
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration labouring in her womb,
 She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,
 While through the stygian veil, that blots the day,
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
 But oh! what muse, and in what powers of song,
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
 Havoc and devastation in the van,
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man.
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
 See it an uninformed and idle mass;
 Without a foil to invite the tiller's care,
 Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
 Yet time at length, (what will not time achieve?)
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
 Oh bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
 Oh charming paradise of short-lived sweets!

The self-fame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
 Brings to the distant ear a fullen sound:
 Again the mountain feels the imprisoned foe,
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence,
 Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!

Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
 Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road;
 At every step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.
 Famine, and pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun;
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
 And folly pays, resound at your return.

A calm ſucceeds—but plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, ſucceeds not ſoon again,
 And years of pining indigence muſt flow
 What ſcourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man by flow degrees,
 (Such is his thirſt of opulence and eaſe)
 Plies all the finews of induſtrious toil,
 Gleans up the reſuſe of the general ſpoil,
 Rebuilds the towers, that ſmoked upon the plain,
 And the ſun gilds the ſhining ſpires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conquerors part;
 And the ſad leſſon muſt be learned once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurelled heroes, ſay,
 But Ætnas of the ſuffering world ye ſway?
 Sweet nature, ſtripped of her embroidered robe,
 Deplores the waſted regions of her globe;
 And ſtands a witneſs at truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there, deſtroyers as ye are.

Oh place me in ſome heaven-protected iſle,
 Where peace, and equity, and freedom ſmile;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No creſted warrior dips his plume in blood;
 Where power ſecures what induſtry has won;
 Where to ſucceed is not to be undone;
 A land that diſtant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's iſle, beneath a George's reign!

ON THE RECEIPT OF
MY MOTHER'S PICTURE
OUT OF NORFOLK.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who biddest me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elyfian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art ſhe.

My mother! when I learned that thou waſt dead,
Say, waſt thou conſcious of the tears I ſhed?
Hovered thy ſpirit o'er thy ſorrowing ſon,
Wretch even then, life's journey juſt begun?
Perhaps thou gaveſt me, though unſeen, a kiſs;
Perhaps a tear, if ſouls can weep in bliſs—
Ah that maternal ſmile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I ſaw the hearse, that bore thee flow away,
And, turning from my nurſery window, drew
A long, long ſigh, and wept a laſt adieu!
But was it ſuch?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a ſound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful ſhore,
The parting ſound ſhall paſs my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themſelves at my concern,
Oft gave me promiſe of a quick return.
What ardently I wiſhed, I long believed,
And, diſappointed ſtill, was ſtill deceived.
By diſappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a ſad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my ſtock of infant ſorrow ſpent,
I learned at laſt ſubmiſſion to my lot,
But, though I leſs deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a form, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee, as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar *,"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.

* Garth.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not fought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue or what mental grace
But men unqualified and base
 Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
 And dulness of discretion.

If every polished gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
 Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
 Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
 A real and a found one,
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
 And dream that he had found one.

Candid and generous and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
 An error soon corrected—

For who but learns in riper years,
 That man, when smoothest he appears,
 Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
 Left, having misapplied our eyes
 And taken trash for treasure,
 We should unwarily conclude
 Friendship a false ideal good,
 A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
 Is yet no subject of despair;
 Nor is it wise complaining,
 If either on forbidden ground,
 Or where it was not to be found,
 We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
 That stands on sordid interest,
 Or mean self-love erected;
 Nor such as may awhile subsist
 Between the sot and sensualist,
 For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend, should come disposed
 To exhibit in full bloom disclosed
 The graces and the beauties,

That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis an union, that bespeaks
 Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
 And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views,
 Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
 And must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
 All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot, that may be tied,
 By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
 At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
 The secret just committed

Forgetting its important weight,
 They drop through mere desire to prate,
 And by themselves outwitted.

How bright foe'er the prospect seems,
 All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
 If envy chance to creep in;
 An envious man, if you succeed,
 May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
 But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possessed,
 So jealousy looks forth distressed
 On good, that seems approaching,
 And if success his steps attend,
 Discerns a rival in a friend,
 And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
 Unless belied by common fame,
 Are sadly prone to quarrel,
 To deem the wit a friend displays
 A tax upon their own just praise,
 And pluck each others laurel.

A man renowned for repartee
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finest feeling,

Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Asperion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand in hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
Plebeians must surrender,

And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge,
No combatants are stiffer!

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expence of argument,
No cutting and contriving—

Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chymists golden dream,
 With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
 By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
 And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
 And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
 Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
 That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That favour much of common place,
 And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone
 To finish a fine building—

The palace were but half complete,
 If he could possibly forget
 The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumps upon your back
 How he esteems your merit,
 Is such a friend, that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed
 To pardon or to bear it.

As familiarity of mind,
 Or something not to be defined,
 First fixes our attention;
 So manners decent and polite,
 The same we practised at first sight,
 Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
 " Say little and hear all you can."
 Safe policy but hateful—
 So barren sands imbibe the shower,
 But render neither fruit nor flower,
 Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
 Shall find me as reserved as he,
 No subterfuge or pleading

Shall win my confidence again,
 I will by no means entertain
 A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
 These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmentioned—
 May prove the task a task indeed,
 In which 'tis much if we succeed
 However well-intentioned.

Pursue the search, and you will find
 Good sense and knowledge of mankind
 To be at least expedient,
 And after summing all the rest,
 Religion ruling in the breast
 A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shewn
 The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turned and turned it;
 And whether being crazed or blind,
 Or seeking with a biased mind,
 Have not, it seems, discerned it.

Oh Friendship! if my soul forego
 Thy dear delights while here below;
 To mortify and grieve me,

May I myself at last appear
 Unworthy, base, and insincere,
 Or may my friend deceive me!

S T A N Z A S

SUBJOINED TO

THE YEARLY BILL OF MORTALITY OF THE PARISH
 OF ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON,

Anno Domini 1787.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres.* HORACE.

Pale death with equal foot strikes wide the door
 Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
 The Nen's barge-laden wave,
 All these, life's rambling journey done,
 Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

No; these were vigorous as their fires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded-forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen
I passed—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the solemn truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it often cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

And Oh! that humble as my lot,
 And scorned as is my strain,
 These truths, though known, too much forgot,
 I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
 And ere he quits the pen,
 Begs *you* for once to take *his* part
 And answer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HOR.

Improve the present hour, for all beside
 Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
 To whom the rising year shall prove his last;
 As I can number in my punctual page,
 And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the prefs might ftamp him next to die;
And, reading here his fentence, how replete
With anxious meaning heaven-ward turn his eye!

Time then would feem more precious than the joys,
In which he fports away the treasure now;
And prayer more feafonable than the noife
Of drunkards, or the mufic-drawing bow.

Then doubtlefs many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong fhore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his fetting fun muft rife no more.

Ah felf-deceived! Could I prophetic fay
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The reft might then feem privileged to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now fpeaks to ALL.

Obferve the dappled forefters, how light
They bound, and airy o'er the funny glade—
One falls—the reft, wide-fcattered with affright,
Vanifh at once into the darkeft fhade.

Had we their wifdom, fhould we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at laft,
A thoufand awful admonitions fcorned,
Die felf-accufed of life run all to wafte?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones:
 The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
 Dew drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
 But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
 Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
 That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
 And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—*Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*

VIRG.

There calm at length he breathed his foul away.

“ OH most delightful hour by man
 “ Experienced here below,
 “ The hour that terminates his span,
 “ His folly, and his woe!

“ Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 “ Again life’s dreary waste,
 “ To see again my day o’erspread
 “ With all the gloomy past.

 “ My home henceforth is in the skies,
 “ Earth, seas, and sun adieu!
 “ All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
 “ I have no fight for you.”

So spoke Aspasio, firm possess
 Of faith’s supporting rod,
 Then breathed his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
 Sincere on virtue’s side;
 And all his strength from scripture drew,
 To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
 He hated, hoped, and loved;
 Nor ever frowned, or sad appeared,
 But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
 And evil felt within:
 But when he felt it, heaved a sigh,
 And loathed the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio; and at last
 Called up from Earth to Heaven,
 The gulph of death triumphant passed,
 By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
 When my last hour arrives:
 They shall be yours, my Verse replies,
 Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.

BUCHANAN.

Despise not my good counsel.

HE who sits from day to day,
 Where the prisoned lark is hung,
 Heedless of his loudest lay,
 Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accustomed to the sound,
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verfe-man I, and clerk,
Yearly in my fong proclaim
Death at hand—yourfelves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only fuit, a fhroud.

But the monitory ftrain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to found too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confefed
Of fuch magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft expreffed,
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever feem our fins,
Though committed every day.

Death and judgment, Heaven and Hell—
 These alone, so often heard,
 No more move us than the bell
 When some stranger is interred.

Oh then, ere the turf or tomb
 Cover us from every eye,
 Spirit of instruction come,
 Make us learn that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
 Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
 Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!* VIRG.

Happy the mortal, who has traced effects
 To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
 And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
 Man thinks he fades too soon;
 Though 'tis his privilege to die,
 Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Galled by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews:
Her voice is terrible though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then seem light, compared
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him; there's the fear,
 That prompts the wish to stay:
 He has incurred a long arrear,
 And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
 His death your peace insures;
 Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
 And calm descend to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc fit una sententia, ut conseruentur.

CIC. DE LEG.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be
 inviolate.

HE lives who lives to God alone,
 And all are dead beside;
 For other source than God is none
 Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
 His love as best we may:
 To make his precepts our delight,
 His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprized,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel;
Much menaced, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house an useless place,
Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day,
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallowed play,
And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impressed
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man, unblest
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want uncured
 Till man resigns his breath,
 Speaks him a criminal, assured
 Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
 Yet so will God repay
 Sabbath's profaned without remorse,
 And mercy cast away.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB
 OF
 MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
 Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
 That beams delight? an heart untaught to fight?
 Yet fear. Youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,
 Anticipates a day it never sees;
 And many a tomb, like HAMILTON'S, aloud
 Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's hallo',

Old Tiney, furliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' ruffet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour' sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puffs shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit,
Pufs.

Siste paulisper,
Qui præteriturus es,
Et tecum sic reputa—
Nunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum missile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecêre
Tamen mortuus est—
Et moriar ego.

The following Account of the Treatment of his Hares was inserted by Mr. Cooper in the Gentleman's Magazine, whence it is transcribed.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing, that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and, soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Pufs, Tincy, and Befs. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Pufs grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I

nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Pufs might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Befs, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Pufs was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Befs had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted

them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Befs, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Befs upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those, who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration, that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will juſt give a ſhort ſummary of thoſe articles of diet, that ſuit them beſt.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at leaſt graſs is not their ſtaple; they ſeem rather to uſe it medicinally, ſoon quitting it for leaves of almoſt any kind. Sow-thiſtle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, eſpecially the laſt. I diſcovered by accident that fine white ſand is in great eſtimation with them; I ſuppoſe as a digeſtive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with ſuch ſand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a ſtrong inſtinct, they devoured voraciously; ſince that time I have generally taken care to ſee them well ſupplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and ſtalk, but the ear they ſeldom eat: ſtraw of any kind, eſpecially wheat-ſtraw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furniſhed with clean ſtraw never want them; it ſerves them alſo for a bed, and, if ſhaken up daily, will be kept ſweet and dry for a conſiderable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a ſmall quantity of them with great reliſh, and are particularly fond of the plant called muſk; they ſeem to reſemble ſheep in this, that, if their paſture be too ſucculent, they are very ſubject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into ſmall ſquares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this meſs of bread with ſhreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itſelf diſguſts them. Theſe however not being a ſufficient ſubſtitute for the juice of ſummer herbs, they muſt at this time be ſupplied with water; but ſo placed that they cannot overſet it into their beds. I muſt not omit that occaſionally they are much pleaſed with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of conſiderable thickneſs.

Beſs, I have ſaid, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at laſt, I have reaſon to think, of ſome hurt in his loins by a fall; Puſs is

still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Pufs discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

MAY 28, 1784.

Memorandum found among Mr. Cozper's papers.

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Pufs, aged eleven years eleven months. She died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.



A P P E N D I X,

CONTAINING

P O E M S

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION,

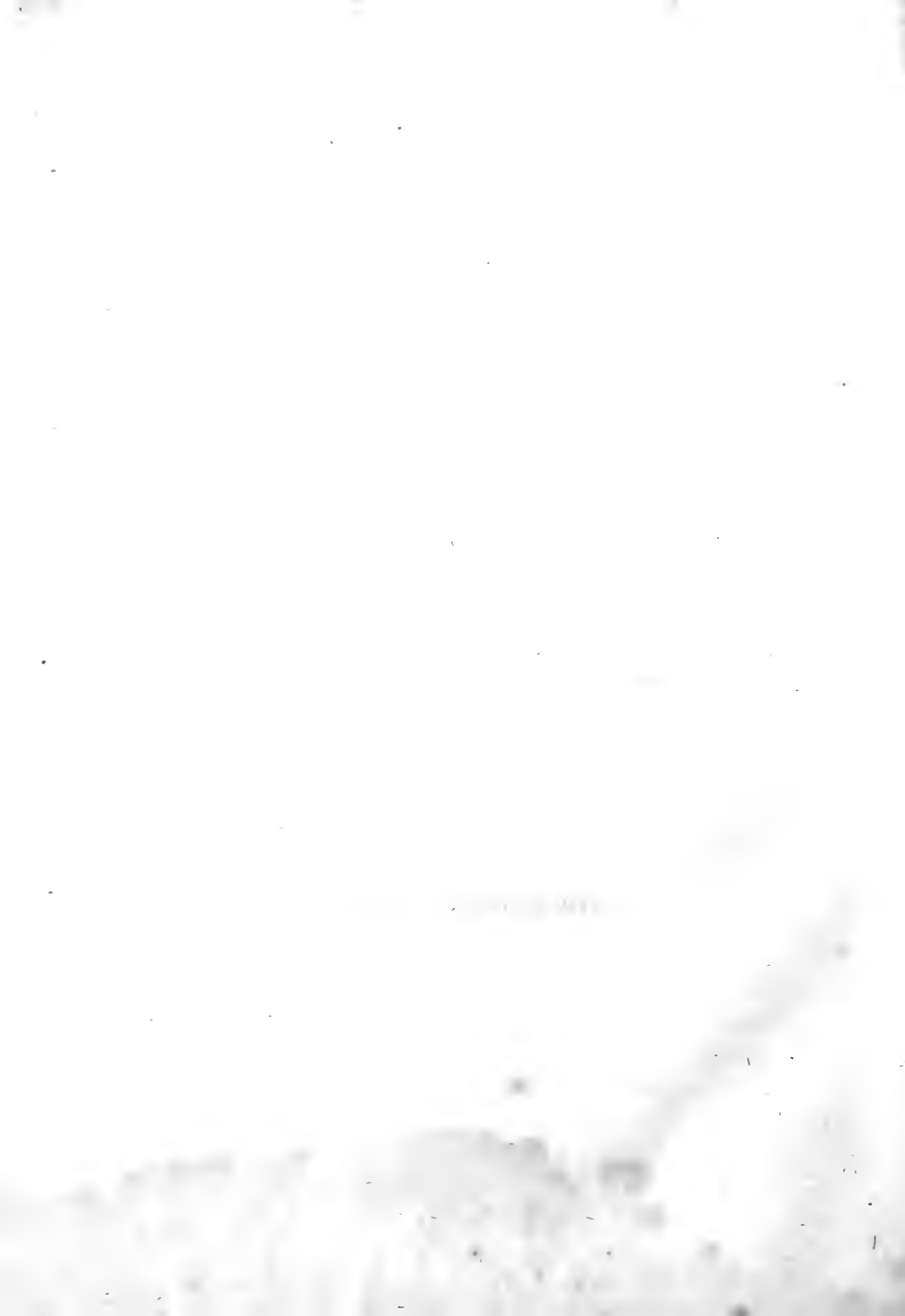
BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

SUBJOINED TO HIS POEMS

BY PERMISSION OF

THE REVEREND MR. BULL.



P R E F A C E.

It seems needless, if not impertinent, in an obscure individual, to say any thing in praise of the Author of the *Talk*. It is of more consequence to inform the reader of the circumstances that have led to this publication. About twenty years ago a very dear and venerable friend* introduced me to the truly great and amiable Mr. Cowper. This gave rise to a friendship which increased with every repeated interview, and for several years I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him every week. At length this delightful intercourse was terminated by his removal to a distant situation, and the painful approaches of that event which dissolves every social connexion.

One day amusing myself with the poetical works of the celebrated Madame Guion, I was struck with the peculiar beauty of some of her poems, as well as edified with the piety and devotion of which they are strongly expressive. I mentioned them to Mr. C.; and partly to amuse a solitary hour, partly to keep in exercise the genius of this incomparable man, I requested him to put a few of the poems into an English dress. Afterward, during my absence upon a journey, I received a letter in which Mr. C. says, "I have but little leisure, strange as it may seem. That little I devoted for a month after your departure to the translation of Madame Guion. I have made fair copies of all the pieces I have produced on this last occasion, and will put them into your hands when we meet. They are yours to serve as you please, you may take and leave them as you like, for my purpose is already served. They have amused me, and I have no further demand upon them." On my return, Mr. C. presented me with these translations, to which he added the *Letter to a Protestant Lady in France*, and the *Poem on Friendship*.

* The Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London.

The idea of printing them was afterwards suggested to Mr. C; and he gave his full consent, intending to revise them before I should send them to the press. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this; and the poems would probably have still remained unpublished, if it had not been found that several copies of them had already got abroad. The Editor therefore had reason to believe, that they would otherwise have made their appearance in a state far less correct than if printed from the original Manuscript. Nor can he imagine that even in their present form, they will, on the whole, tend to diminish the well-deserved reputation of their excellent Author.

To infer that the peculiarities of Madame Guion's theological sentiments, were adopted either by Mr. C. or by the Editor, would be almost as absurd as to suppose the inimitable Translator of Homer to have been a pagan. He revered her piety, admired her genius, and judged that several of her poems would be read with pleasure and edification by serious and candid persons.

A P P E N D I X.

THE NATIVITY.

POEME HEROIQUE.—VOL. IV. § 4.

'Tis Folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of Nature dress'd by Art,
Enchant no longer this indiff'rent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of Earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mould'ring wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
Th' abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its pow'r invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound;
Whose verdure lives while winter scowls around:
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits
cheer;

Meads crown'd with flow'rs; streams musical and
clear,

Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain;

All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd;
An infant God reigns sov'reign in my breast;
From Bethl'hem's bosom I no more will rove;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my
love.

Ye mightier rivers, that with sounding force
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course!
Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and ye waves,
whose heads
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads!
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shatter'd
sails;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant
rides,
While havock floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strew'd around
With vessels bulg'd, and bodies of the drown'd!

Ye Fish, that sport beneath the boundless
waves,
And rest secure from man, in rocky caves;
Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all th' aquatic world with terror eyes!
Had I but faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:

The world, a more disturb'd and boist'rous sea,
 When Jesus shews a smile, affrights not me ;
 He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
 Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, thro' the gloom of
 night,
 Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light !
 Thou Moon, whose car encompassing the skies,
 Restores lost nature to our wond'ring eyes ;
 Again retiring, when the brighter Sun
 Begins the course he seems in haste to run !
 Behold *him* where he shines ! His rapid rays,
 Themselves unmeasur'd, measure all our days ;
 Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
 Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
 A thousand lands confess his quick'ning heat,
 And all he cheers, are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
 I feel the thorn, alas ! but miss the rose :
 Too well I know this aching heart requires
 More solid good to fill its vast desires :
 In vain they represent his matchless might
 Who call'd them out of deep primæval night ;
 Their form and beauty but augment my woe :
 I seek the Giver of those charms they shew :
 Nor, Him beside, throughout the world he made,
 Lives there, in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd ONE !
 Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;
 Compar'd with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
 How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams !

Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move ;
 In thee alone dwells all that I can love ;
 All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear,
 A sudden spring renews the fading year ;
 Where'er I turn, I see thy pow'r and grace
 The watchful guardians of our heedless race ;
 Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
 All, in all times and places, speak of thee ;
 Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stammering
 tongue,
 Attempt thy praise, and join the gen'ral song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
 Faintly reflected in thine image, Man—
 Holy and just—the Greatness of whose name
 Fills and supports this universal frame,
 Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,
 Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;
 Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
 Discerns, eluding our most active pow'rs ;
 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
 That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;
 Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
 Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart !

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
 No God is like the God my soul desires ;
 He at whose voice heav'n trembles, even He,
 Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me—
 Lo ! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
 “ Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, exist ! ”—and they
 obey'd.
 Ev'n he whose Being swells beyond the skies,
 Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies ;

Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought !

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose !
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore ;
And Earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tow'r,
I dwell secure beneath his shelt'ring pow'r,
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight is here.
I see the Almighty swath'd in infant bands,
Tied helpless down, the Thunder-bearer's hands !
And in this shed that mystery discern,
Which Faith and Love, and they alone can learn.

Ye tempests spare the slumbers of your Lord !
Ye Zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford !
Confess the God that guides the rolling year ;
Heav'n, do him homage ; and thou Earth, re-
vere !

Ye Shepherds, Monarchs, Sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King !
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Faith and Love ;
Join in his praise, th' harmonious world above ;
To Beth'lem haste, rejoice in his repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows !

Man, busy Man, alas ! can ill afford
T' obey the summons, and attend the Lord ;

Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glit'ring shews of pomp and wealth beguil'd ;
And blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.
Ye unbelieving ! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart ;
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that infant God from whom it came ;
Resist not, quench not that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire ?

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love !
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove ;
And ev'ry heart, beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none.
None for a Saviour, but himself alone :
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came ;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit, all are thine.
Ah, vain attempt, t' expunge the mighty score !
The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of thy glory shall be built ;
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,
And my deformity, its fairest grace ;
For destitute of Good and rich in Ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such an humbling lot ?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
Vain pageantry and pomp of Earth, adieu !
I have no wish, no memory for you ;

The more I feel my mis'ry, I adore
 The sacred Inmate of my soul the more ;
 Rich in his Love, I feel my noblest pride
 Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might ;
 My wand'rings prove thy wisdom infinite ;
 All that I have, I give thee ; and then see
 All contrarieties unite in thee ;
 For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
 And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,

By filling with thy grace and love divine
 A gulph of evil in this heart of mine.
 This is indeed to bid the valleys rise,
 And the hills sink—'tis matching Earth and Skies!
 I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
 An aching heart that throbs to thank thee more ;
 The more I love thee, I the more reprove
 A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love ;
 Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,
 I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 11.

YE Linnets, let us try beneath this grove,
 Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise !
 In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
 For all the world is blind, and wanders from his
 ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
 Fills them with rage against his empire now ;
 I traverse Earth in vain from pole to pole,
 To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
 While in their bosoms many an idol lurks ;
 Their base desires well satisfied obey,
 Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more ;
 Your fellowship, ye warblers ! suits me best :
 Pure love has lost its price, though priz'd of yore,
 Profan'd by modern tongues, and slighted as a
 jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
 Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you ;
 Come, let us join the Choir before his throne,
 Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true !

Yes, I will always love ; and, as I ought,
 Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice ;
 Preferring Love too vast for human thought,
 In spite of erring men who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
 Lord of my soul ! that they might all be thine ?
 If thou approve—the zeal thy finile imparts,
 How should it ever fail ! Can such a fire decline ?

Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
 Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is
 bound !

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire ;
 Its object heav'nly, it must ever blaze :
 Eternal Love, a God must needs inspire,
 When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his
 praise.

Oh ! I would cry that all the world might hear
 Ye self tormentors, love your God alone ;
 Let His unequal'd Excellence be dear,
 Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your
 own !

Self-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed—
 In her embrace, death, only death is found :

They hear me not—alas ! how fond to rove
 In endless chase of Folly's specious lure !
 'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
 I taste the sweets of Truth—here only am secure.

T H E S W A L L O W.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 54.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love :
 How seldom on Earth do we see her alight !
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment
 pray'r ;

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
 Suspended and pois'd in the regions of air,
 'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
 It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

It is dangerous food that we find upon Earth ;
 The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
 In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

She comes in the Spring, all the summer she stays,
 And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
 So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not, immediately
 shun.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
 And only when building a nest for her young ;
 Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
 A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)
 To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love ;
 Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
 That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 236.

AH! reign, wherever Man is found,
 My Spouse, beloved and divine!
 Then I am rich, and I abound,
 When ev'ry human heart is thine.
 A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
 To think that all are not thine own:

Ah! be ador'd from pole to pole;
 Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!
 All hearts are cold, in ev'ry place,
 Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
 Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
 Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION AND ABSOLUTE
 ACQUIESCENCE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 110.

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
 To embark, and sail away;
 As I climb'd the vessel's side,
 Love was sporting in the tide;
 "Come," he said,—“ascend—make haste,
 Launch into the boundless waste.”
 Many mariners were there,
 Having each his sep'rate care;
 They that row'd us, held their eyes
 Fixt upon the starry skies;

Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
 To receive the shifting gales.
 Love, with pow'r divine supplied,
 Suddenly my courage tried;
 In a moment it was night,
 Ship, and skies, were out of sight;
 On the briny wave I lay;
 Floating rushes all my stay.
 Did I with resentment burn
 At this unexpected turn?

Did I wish myself on shore,
 Never to forsake it more?
 No—"my soul," I cried, "be still;
 If I must be lost, I will."

Next, he hasten'd to convey
 Both my frail supports away;
 Seiz'd my rushes; bade the waves
 Yawn into a thousand graves:
 Down I went, and sunk as lead,
 Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
 And I saw him turn and laugh:
 "Friend," he cried, "adieu! lie low,
 While the wintry storms shall blow;
 When the spring has calm'd the main,
 You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
 Spread his plumes, and soar away;
 Now I mark his rapid flight;
 Now he leaves my aching sight;
 He is gone whom I adore,
 'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled then, and fear'd
 When my love had disappear'd!
 "Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
 "Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide?"

Vain attempt to reach his ear!
 Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah! return, and love me still;
 See me subject to thy will;
 Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
 Only let me see thy face!
 Evil I have none to fear,
 All is good if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate!
 Leaves me in my lost estate—
 Have I sinn'd? Oh say wherein;
 Tell me, and forgive my sin!
 King, and Lord, whom I adore,
 Shall I see thy face no more?

Be not angry; I resign,
 Henceforth, all my will to thine;
 I consent that thou depart,
 Though thine absence breaks my heart;
 Go then, and for ever too;
 All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended,
 He was now no more offended;
 Soon as I became a child,
 Love return'd to me and smil'd:
 Never strife shall more betide
 'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 144.

THERE'S not an Echo round me,
 But I am glad should learn
 How pure a fire has found me,
 The love with which I burn.
 For none attends with pleasure
 To what I would reveal;
 They slight me out of measure,
 And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
 The story of my flame;
 When I approach, they loudly
 Reverberate his name.
 I speak to them of sadness,
 And comforts at a stand;
 They bid me look for gladness,
 And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
 I heard a happy sound;
 Big with the consolation
 That I have often found;
 I said, "my lot is sorrow,
 My grief has no alloy;"
 The rocks replied—"to-morrow,
 To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and secret tidings,
 What bliss it is to hear!
 For, spite of all my chidings,
 My weakness and my fear,
 No sooner I receive them,
 Than I forget my pain,
 And happy to believe them,
 I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
 Where never men resort;
 For in an age so frantic,
 Impiety is sport.
 For riot and confusion,
 They barter things above;
 Condemning, as delusion,
 The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequester'd corner
 None hears what I express;
 Deliver'd from the scorners,
 What peace do I possess!
 Beneath the boughs reclining,
 Or roving o'er the Wild,
 I live, as undesigning,
 And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprife me,
 I innocently play,
 While providence fupplies me,
 And guards me all the day :

My dear and kind defender
 Preferves me fafely here,
 From men of pomp and fplendor,
 Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 95.

My Spoufe ! in whole prefence I live,
 Sole object of all my defires,
 Who know'ft what a flame I conceive,
 And canft eafily double its fires ;
 How pleafant is all that I meet !
 From fear of adverfity free,
 I find even forrow made fweet ;
 Becaufe 'tis affign'd me by Thee.

Transported I fee thee difplay
 Thy riches and glory divine ;
 I have only my life to repay,
 Take what I would gladly refign.
 Thy will is the treafure I feek,
 For thou art as faithful as ftrong ;
 There let me obedient and meek,
 Repofe myfelf all the day long.

My fpirit and faculties fail ;
 Oh finifh what love has begun !
 Deftruy what is finful and frail,
 And dwell in the foul thou haft won !
 Dear theme of my wonder and praife,
 I cry, who is worthy as Thou !
 I can only be filent and gaze ;
 'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory in which I am loft,
 Too deep for the plummet of thought !
 On an ocean of deity tofs'd,
 I am fwallow'd, I fink into nought.
 Yet loft and abforb'd as I feem,
 I chaunt to the praife of my King ;
 And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
 Am happy whenever I fmg.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

VOL. 11. CANTIQUE 96.

ALL are indebted much to thee,
 But I far more than all,
 From many a deadly snare set free,
 And rais'd from many a fall.
 Overwhelm me, from above,
 Daily, with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel,
 No language can declare;
 Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,
 'Tis more than I can bear:
 When shall I that blessing prove,
 To return thee Love for Love?

Spirit of Charity, dispense
 Thy grace to ev'ry heart;
 Expel all other Spirits thence,
 Drive self from every part;

Charity divine, draw nigh,
 Break the chains in which we lie!

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
 Have still a slavish lot;
 They boast of liberty in vain,
 Of love, and feel it not.
 He whose bosom glows with Thee,
 He, and he alone is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
 When *thy* pure fires prevail!
 Love only teaches what is Love;
 All other lessons fail:
 We learn its name, but not its pow'rs,
 Experience only makes it ours.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

VOL. 11. CANTIQUE 89.

MY heart is easy, and my burthen light;
 I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
 The more my woes in secret I deplore,
 I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
 Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound;
 And while the world suppose me lost in care,
 The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sov'reign Good! Thou art not lov'd, because not understood; This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.	Frail beauty, and false honor, are ador'd; While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word; Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by; And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.
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LIVING WATER.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUÉ 81.

THE fountain in its source, No drought of summer fears; The farther it pursues its course, The nobler it appears.	But shallow cisterns yield A scanty, short supply; The morning sees them amply fill'd, At ev'ning they are dry.
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TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

VOL. 11. CANTIQUÉ 22.

O LOVE of pure and heav'nly birth! O simple Truth, scarce known on earth! Whom men resist with stubborn will; And more perverse and daring still, Smother and quench, with reas'nings vain, While error and deception reign.	The world is proud and cannot bear The scorn and calumny ye share; The praise of men the mark <i>they</i> mean, They fly the place where <i>ye</i> are seen; Pure Love, with scandal in the rear, Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.
Whence comes it, that, your pow'r the same As His is on high, from whence you came, Ye rarely find a list'ning ear, Or heart that makes you welcome here? —Because ye bring reproach and pain Where'er ye visit, in your train.	Then, let the price be what it may, Though poor, I am prepar'd to pay; Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears, Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears; One soul, at least, shall not repine, To give <i>you</i> room; come, reign in mine!

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

VOL. II. CANTIQUE 119.

THOU hast no lightnings, O thou just!
 Or I their force should know;
 And if thou strike me into dust,
 My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease,
 Than it adores thy ways;
 In thine avenging anger, sees
 A subject of its praise.

Pleas'd, I could lie conceal'd and lost
 In shades of central night;
 Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,
 But lest I grieve thy fight.

Smite me, O thou whom I provoke!
 And I will love thee still:
 The well-deserv'd, and righteous stroke,
 Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy, to sustain
 The worst thou canst devise:
 And dare I seek thy throne again,
 And meet thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, thou art kind;
 And in my saddest hours,
 An unction of thy grace I find,
 Pervading all my pow'rs.

Alas! thou spar'st me yet again;
 And when thy wrath should move,
 Too gentle to endure my pain,
 Thou sooth'st me with thy Love.

I have no punishment to fear;
 But ah! that smile from thee,
 Imparts a pang far more severe
 Than woe itself would be.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.

VOL. 11. CANTIQUE 108.

OH thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in ev'ry clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;

But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierc'd by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heav'nly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to his embrace repair;
My soul thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.

VOL. II. CANTIQUÉ 78.

How happy are the new-born race,
 Partakers of adopting grace ;
 How pure the bliss they share !
 Hid from the world and all its eyes,
 Within their heart the blessing lies,
 And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
 And if we love with all our pow'rs
 The God from whom it came ;
 And if we serve with hearts sincere,
 'Tis still discernible and clear,
 An undisputed claim.

But ah ! if foul and wilful sin
 Stain and dishonour us within,
 Farewell the joy we knew ;
 Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
 In lab'rins of our own we stray,
 Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious spirit we receive,
 His work distinctly trace ;

And strong in undiffembling love,
 Boldly assert and clearly prove,
 Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh messenger of dear delight,
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
 Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !
 With thee at hand to sooth our pains,
 No wish unsatisfied remains,
 No task, but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides ;
 The centre where all bliss resides,
 To which the soul once brought,
 Reclining on the first great Cause,
 From his abounding sweetness draws
 Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
 And life assumes a tranquil air,
 Divested of its woes ;
 There, sov'reign goodness sooths the breast,
 Till then, incapable of rest,
 In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 155.

LOVE is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform,
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love's all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more;
For one, in whom I may discern,
Ev'n when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves Him, who complains,
And finds him rig'rous and severe;
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumb'ring mind;
And he has never tasted Love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with thy smiles;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just, that God should not be dear,
Where self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is lov'd, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The Love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despis'd a guest.

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 125.

SOURCE of love, and light of day,
 Tear me from myself away ;
 Ev'ry view and thought of mine,
 Cast into the mould of thine ;
 Teach, oh teach this faithless heart
 A consistent, constant part ;
 Or, if it must live to grow
 More rebellious, break it now !

Is it thus, that I requite
 Grace and goodness infinite ?
 Ev'ry trace of ev'ry boon,
 Cancell'd, and eras'd, so soon !
 Can I grieve thee, whom I love ;
 Thee, in whom I live and move ?
 If my sorrow touch thee still,
 Save me from so great an ill.

Oh! th' oppressive, irksome weight,
 Felt in an uncertain state ;
 Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu !
 Should I prove at last untrue !

Still I chuse thee, follow still
 Ev'ry notice of thy will ;
 But unstable, strangely weak,
 Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought,
 I could serve thee as I ought,
 Win thee, and deserve to feel
 All the Love thou canst reveal !
 Trusting self, a bruised reed,
 Is to be deceiv'd indeed :
 Save me from this harm and loss,
 Left my gold turn all to dross !

Self is earthly—Faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own ;
 Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home !
 Spurious gems our hopes entice ;
 While we scorn the pearl of price ;
 And preferring servants' pay,
 Cast the children's bread away.

THE AQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 135.

LOVE! if thy destin'd sacrifice am I;
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires;
Plung'd in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death, which ev'ry soul that lives, desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away:
The time is long, that I have languish'd here;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease, or health, no real Good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone;
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross, is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more;
Suffer unmov'd beneath the rudest hand,
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd, as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUÉ 17.

BLEST! who far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heav'n a gentle strain
Whisp'ring Love, and loves again.

Blest! who free from self-esteem,
Dives into the Great Supreme,
All desire beside discards,
Joys inferior none regards.

Blest ! who in thy bosom seeks
 Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
 Dead to self and worldly things,
 Lost in thee, thou King of kings !

Ye that know my secret fire,
 Softly speak and soon retire ;
 Favor my divine repose,
 Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 15.

OH lov'd ! but not enough—though dearer far
 Than self and its most lov'd enjoyments are ;
 None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
 From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,
 Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
 Our Faith and reason are both shock'd to find
 Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—“ Let ev'ry creature fall,
 “ Aham'd, abas'd, before the Lord of all ;”
 And Faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling
 blaze,
 Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
 Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
 In frantic competition dares the skies,
 And claims precedence of the only wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known !
 Nothing is great, or good, but God alone,
 When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
 Then at the last, thy pride shall know his place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end !
 When wilt thou melt the mountains, and descend ?
 When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conqu'ring rays,
 And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy
 praise ?

Thy glory is the sweetest heav'n I feel ;
 And if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
 Thy Love triumphant o'er a selfish will,
 Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties unite,
 To make thy Glory their supreme delight ;
 Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
 That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !

My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,
 Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great ;
 To take th' impression of a will divine,
 Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,
 Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;
 Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
 Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 21.

FROM thorny wilds, a monster came
 That fill'd my soul with fear and shame ;
 The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
 Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth ;
 When thus a fage address'd mine year,
 Himself unconscious of a fear.

“ Whence all this terror and surprize,
 “ Distracted looks, and streaming eyes ?
 “ Far from the world and its affairs,
 “ The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
 “ Surrender, without guile or art,
 “ To God, an undivided heart ;
 “ The savage form, so fear'd before,
 “ Shall scare your trembling soul no more ;
 “ For loathsome as the sight may be,
 “ 'Tis but the *Love-of-self* you see.

“ Fix all your love on God alone,
 “ Chuse but His will, and hate your own ;
 “ No fear shall in your path be found,
 “ The dreary waste shall bloom around,
 “ And you, through all your happy days,
 “ Shall bless his name, and sing his praise.”

Oh lovely solitude, how sweet,
 The silence of this calm retreat !
 Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
 Gives all her beauty to my view ;
 The simple, unadorn'd display,
 Charms every pain and fear away.
 O Truth, whom millions proudly flight,
 O Truth, my treasure and delight,
 Accept this tribute to thy name,
 And this poor heart, from which it came !

THE LOVE OF GOD, THE END OF LIFE.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 165.

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
 So be it—I am well content,
 And meekly wait my last remove,
 Seeking only growth in Love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
 In life, in death, thy lovely will;
 No succours in my woes I want,
 Save what thou art pleas'd to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
 Our anxious hearts a needless care:
 'Tis thine, to number out our days;
 Ours, to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only bus'ness here,
 Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
 O blessed days, thy servants see!
 Spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee.

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF THE BELOVED.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUE 49.

IN vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
 Ye pleasant bow'rs, remote from strife and noise;
 Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
 Breath'd forth in happier days, are irksome now;
 Denied that smile, 'twas once my heav'n to see,
 Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
 And though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
 I have no cause—an object all divine
 Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
 Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
 Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUÉ 31.

JEALOUS, and with Love o'erflowing,
 God demands a fervent heart ;
 Grace and bounty still bestowing,
 Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection,
 His paternal Will regard !
 If it cost us some dejection,
 Ev'ry sigh has its reward.

Perfect Love has pow'r to soften
 Cares that might our peace destroy,
 Nay, does more—transforms them often,
 Changing sorrow into joy.

Sov'reign Love appoints the measure,
 And the number of our pains ;
 And is pleas'd when we find pleasure
 In the trials he ordains.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUÉ 77.

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
 And woos thy soul to her embrace ;
 Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
 From earthly love, else sought in vain ;
 She dwells with all who Truth prefer,
 But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
 All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
 Renounce all strength, but strength divine ;
 And peace shall be for ever thine :
 Behold the path which I have trod,
 My path, 'till I go home to God.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUE 74.

I PLACE an off'ring at thy shrine,
 From taint and blemish clear,
 Simple and pure in its design,
 Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,
 Thy gifts which most I prize;
 Desirous only to retain
 The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine ador'd decree,
 That blessing be deny'd;
 Resign'd, and unreluctant, see
 My ev'ry wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
 Exalted or cast down!
 Thy will in ev'ry state, I love,
 And even in thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUE 42.

To lay the soul that loves him low,
 Becomes the Only-wife;
 To hide beneath a veil of woe
 The children of the skies.

Man, tho' a worm, would yet be great;
 Though feeble, would seem strong;
 Assumes an independent state,
 By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abas'd,
 The haughty creature proves!
 He feels his soul a barren waste,
 Nor dares affirm, he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
 To God he presses near;
 Superior to the world's disdain,
 And happy in its sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
 Humility and shame !
 Farewell the wish for human praise,
 The music of a name !

But will not scandal mar the good
 That I might else perform ?
 And can God work it, if he would,
 By so despis'd a worm ?

Ah, vainly anxious !—leave the Lord
 To rule thee, and dispose ;
 Sweet is the mandate of his word,
 And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness
 His grandeur and renown ;
 And gen'rous hearts with joy confess
 The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts,
 Thy faith and hope employ
 To welcome all that he allots,
 And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
 On his eternal right ;
 And he shall smile at thy approach,
 And make thee his delight.

THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 48.

SUN ! stay thy course, this moment stay—
 Suspend th' o'erflowing tide of day,
 Divulge not such a Love as mine,
 Ah ! hide the mystery divine,
 Left man, who deems my glory shame,
 Should learn the secret of my flame.

Oh night ! propitious to my views,
 Thy fable awning wide diffuse ;
 Conceal alike my joy and pain,
 Nor draw thy curtain back again,

Though morning, by the tears she shews,
 Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars ! whose faint and feeble fires
 Express my languishing desires,
 Whose slender beams pervade the skies
 As silent as my secret sighs,

Those emanations of a soul,
 That darts her fires beyond the Pole ;

Your rays, that scarce assist the light,
 That pierce, but not displace the night,

That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred Love.

Thou Moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the stars by name;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race;
Still whisper in his list'ning ears
The language of my sighs and tears;
Tell him, I seek him, far below,
Loft in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours
Diffusing peace o'er all my pow'rs;
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The Love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes, and caverns rude,
I taste the sweets of solitude;
Retir'd indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a Spouse unknown,
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprize.

Imbow'ring shades, and dens profound!
Where echo rolls the voice around:
Mountains! whose elevated heads,
A moist, and misty veil o'erspreads;
Disclose a solitary Bride
To him I love—to none beside,

Ye rills! that murm'ring all the way,
Among the polish'd pebbles stray;
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wand'rer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my lov'd retreat.

Enamell'd meads, and hillocks green,
And streams, that water all the scene!
Ye torrents, loud in distant ears!
Ye fountains, that receive my tears!
Ah! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge, I trust with none but you.

If when my pain and grief increase,
I seem t' enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport, and pleasure, make
Of torment, suffer'd for his sake.

Ye meads and groves, unconscious things!
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs,
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The source from which my sorrows flow;

The dear sole Cause of all I feel,—
He knows, and understands them well.

Ye deserts! where the wild beasts rove,
Scenes sacred to my hours of love;
Ye forests! in whose shades I stray,
Benighted under burning day;
Ah! whisper not how blest am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye lambs! who sport beneath these shades,
And bound along the mossy glades,
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am near:
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
Whom ye should dread, as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind!
How perfect is the peace I find!
Oh hush, be still my ev'ry part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
That Love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations, that abide
In seas, as fathomless as wide;
And unsuspecting of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there:
Poor sportive fools! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan!

Away! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet line;
Trust me, the vast Leviathan
Is merciful, compar'd with man;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play withing his reach.
My soul her bondage ill endures;
I pant for liberty like yours;
I long for that immense Profound,
That knows no bottom, and no bound;
Lost in infinity to prove
Th' Incomprehensible of Love.

Ye birds! that lessen as ye fly,
And vanish in the distant sky;
To whom yon airy waste belongs,
Resounding with your cheerful songs;
Haste to escape from human sight;
Fear less, the vulture, and the kite.

How blest, and how secure am I,
When quitting earth, I soar on high;
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere!
Whence falling, within human view,
I am ensnar'd, and caught like you.

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins;
Compassionate the num'rous woes,
I dare not, ev'n to thee, disclose;

Oh save me from the cruel hands
Of men, who fear not thy commands !

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine ;

Reign in a heart, dispos'd to own
No sov'reign, but thyself alone ;
Cherish a Bride, who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner Love !

THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 69.

I SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain ;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood ;
Anxiety increasing ev'ry hour,
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
And nought remains of all my former pow'r.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where ;
My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away ;
Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys, and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears ?
Oh Thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal thy Love, and banish all my fears !

Alas ! he flies me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead ;—
Woe such as mine, despis'd, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life is vain indeed.

Pierc'd with a thousand wounds, I yet survive ;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires ;
And while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to lose its less tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside ?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already There,
My life extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promis'd—this the love,
Th' unchanging love, so sworn in better days !
Ah ! dang'rous glories ! shewn me, but to prove
How lovely thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them ? had I still remain'd
 Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art,
 My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
 Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Depriv'd of all, yet feeling no desires,
 Whence then I cry, the pangs that I sustain ?
 Dubious and uninform'd, my soul inquires,
 Ought she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suff'ring I suffer not—sincerely love,
 Yet feel no touch of that enliv'ning flame;
 As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
 All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there,
 But burns with zeal that hated self may fall;
 Such is the sad disquietude I share,
 A sea of doubts, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die ;
 And if thine hand accomplish not my cure,
 I would not purchase, with a single sigh,
 A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release ;
 Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part ;
 Am just as void of purpose, as of peace ;
 Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though fought with earnest care,
 No light within me, or without me, flows ;
 Once I had faith ; but now, in self-despair
 Find my chief cordial, and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing, she sinks,
 Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise ;
 Feels an indiff'rence she abhors, and thinks
 Her name eras'd for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,
 Yet is it real, and no sickly dream ;
 'Tis Love inflicts it ; though to feel that flame,
 Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a Chaos wide and vast
 And dark as Hell, is open'd in the soul ;
 When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
 No tempests shake her, and no fears controul.

Then tell me, why these ages of delay ?
 Oh Love, all-excellent, once more appear ;
 Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
 From this abyss of night, these floods of fear !

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
 A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint ;
 He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure ;
 Exhausts my pow'rs, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
 He flies, he re-appears, and wounds again—
 Was ever heart that lov'd thee, treated so?
 Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and
 blind,
 Thou didst distinguish and vouchsafe to chuse,
 Before thy laws were written in my mind,
 While yet the world had all my thoughts and
 views?

Now leave me? when enamour'd of thy laws,
 I make thy glory my supreme delight;
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
 A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caus'd the change which I deplore!
 Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
 Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
 To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
 So giv'n to thee, that it is not my own;
 A willing captive of thy grace divine;
 And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare;
 Pleasure and wealth in its esteem are dust;
 It loves thee, ev'n when least inclin'd to spare
 Its tend'rest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own; my spirit is so too,
 An undivided offering at thy shrine;
 It seeks thy glory with no double view,
 Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy Love! and art thou not severe,
 To flight me, thus devoted, and thus fixt?
 Mine is an everlasting ardor, clear
 From all self-bias, gen'rous and unmixt.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
 And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceiv'd;
 Not ev'n my faith is from suspicion free,
 And, that I love, seems not to be believ'd.

Live thou, and reign, for ever, glorious Lord!
 My last, least offering, I present thee now—
 Renounce me, leave me, and be still ador'd!
 Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 71.

SLEEP at last has fled these eyes,
 Nor do I regret his flight,
 More alert my spirits rise,
 And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
 Not a single witness near;
 God as soon as sought is found;
 And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
 Checks the current of my joys,
 Creatures press me with a throng,
 And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
 On the first Eternal Fair;
 Nothing there obstructs delight,
 Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
 Proves a foe to Love and me;
 Fresh entanglements occur—
 Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
 My enjoyments always new;
 Leave me to possess my Friend;
 Other eyes and hearts subdued.

Hush the world, that I may wake
 To the taste of pure delights;
 Oh the pleasures I partake—
 God, the partner of my nights!

David, for the self-same cause,
 Night prefer'd to busy day:
 Hearts, whom heavenly beauty draws,
 With the glaring sun away.

Sleep, Self-lovers, is for you—
 Souls that love *celestial* know,
 Fairer scenes, by night can view,
 Than the sun could ever shew.

ON THE SAME.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUÉ 72.

SEASON of my purest pleasure,
 Sealer of observing eyes !
 When, in larger, freer measure,
 I can commune with the skies ;
 While, beneath thy shade extended,
 Weary man forgets his woes ;
 I, my daily trouble ended,
 Find, in watching, my Repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
 Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
 No rude noise mine ears assailing,
 Now my God and I can meet :
 Universal nature slumbers,
 And my soul partakes the calm,
 Breathes her ardor out in numbers,
 Plaintive song, or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
 Shines and burns without restraint ;
 Which the day's fatigue, and folly,
 Cause to languish, dim and faint :
 Charming hours of relaxation !
 How I dread th' ascending sun !
 Surely, idle conversation
 Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate, and babble hurt me ;
 Unintelligible prove ;
 Neither teach me, nor divert me ;
 I have ears for none but Love.
 Me, they rude esteem, and foolish,
 Hearing my absurd replies ;
 I have neither art's fine polish,
 Nor the knowledge of the wife.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
 By conversing with the Great,
 Have a mind and taste, ill suited
 To their dignity and state ;
 All their talking, reading, writing,
 Are but talents misapply'd ;
 Infants prattle I delight in,
 Nothing human chuse beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning,
 Checks my tongue, or I should say,
 When I see the night beginning,
 I am glad of parting day ;
 Love, this gentle admonition
 Whispers soft, within my breast ;
 " Choice befits not thy condition,
 Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
 Night affords me, I resign;
 And *thy* will shall be the measure,
 Wisdom infinite! of mine:
 Wishing, is but Inclination
 Quarrelling with thy decrees;
 Wayward nature finds th' occasion,
 'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
 Now no longer will I chuse;
 Nor the day, with its employments,
 Irksome as they seem, refuse;
 Lessons of a God's inspiring,
 Neither time nor place impedes;
 From our wishing and desiring,
 Our unhappiness proceeds.

ON THE SAME.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 73.

NIGHT! how I love thy silent shades,
 My spirits they compose;
 The bliss of heav'n my soul pervades,
 In spite of all my woes.

While sleep infills her poppy dews
 In ev'ry slumb'ring eye,
 I watch, to meditate and muse,
 In blest tranquillity.

And when I feel a God immense
 Familiarly impart,
 With ev'ry proof he can dispense,
 His favor to my heart.

My native meanness I lament,
 Though most divinely fill'd

With all th' ineffable content,
 That Deity can yield.

His purpose, and his course, he keeps;
 Treads all my reasonings down;
 Commands me out of Nature's deeps,
 And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
 Our pride of heart we lay;
 'Tis then, a deluge of his grace
 Bears all our sins away.

Thou, whom I serve, and whose I am,
 Whose influence from on high
 Refines, and still refines my flame,
 And makes my fetters fly.

How wretched is the creature's state,
 Who thwarts thy gracious pow'r;
 Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
 Increasing ev'ry hour!

The night, when pass'd entire with thee,
 How luminous and clear!
 Then sleep has no delights for me,
 Left *Thou* shouldst disappear.

My Saviour! occupy me still
 In this secure recess;
 Let Reason slumber if she will,
 My joy shall not be less:

Let Reason slumber out the night;
 But if *Thou* deign to make
 My soul th' abode of truth and light,
 Ah, keep my heart awake!

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 97.

LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign
 My soul to that dear hand of thine,
 Without reserve or fear;
 That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
 Or into smiles of glad surprise,
 Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love;
 In earth beneath, or heav'n above,
 I have no other store;
 And though with fervent suit I pray,
 And importune thee night and day,
 I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
 Prescrib'd them by love's sweetest force;
 And I, thy sov'reign Will,
 Without a wish t' escape my doom;
 Though still a sufferer from the womb,
 And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
 Sorrow attends me all my way,
 A never-failing friend;
 And if my sufferings may augment
 Thy praise, behold me well content—
 Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she,
 Who follow'd Christ, should follow me ;
 And though, where'er she goes,
 Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
 I love her, and extract a sweet
 From all my bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth ;
 Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
 I taste no sweets in you ;
 Unknown delights are in the Cross,
 All joy beside to me is dross ;
 And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross ! Oh ravishment and bliss—
 How grateful ev'n its anguish is ;
 Its bitterness, how sweet !
 There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,
 In all her faculties refin'd,
 Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabl'd to disdain
 Base sublunary joys, maintain
 Their dignity secure ;
 The fever of desire is pass'd,
 And Love has all its genuine taste,
 Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
 Consults her own peculiar ease ;
 'Tis all the bliss she knows :
 But nobler aims *true* Love employ ;
 In self-denial is her joy,
 In suff'ring her repose.

Sorrow and Love, go side by side ;
 Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide
 Their heav'n-appointed bands ;
 Those dear associates still are one,
 Nor, till the race of life is run,
 Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our Fall,
 Thou faithful Lover, above all
 The cross has ever born !
 Oh tell me,—Life is in thy voice—
 How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And sloth and ease thy scorn !

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
 Inspirer of that holy flame,
 Which must for ever blaze !
 To take the Cross, and follow thee,
 Where love and duty lead, shall be
 My portion, and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 94.

SWEET tenants of this grove!
 Who sing without design,
 A song of artless love,
 In unison with mine:
 These echoing shades return
 Full many a note of ours,
 That wise ones cannot learn,
 With all their boasted pow'rs.

Oh thou! whose sacred charms
 These hearts so seldom love,
 Although thy beauty warms
 And blesses all above;

How slow are human things,
 To chuse their happiest lot!
 All-glorious King of kings,
 Say, why we love thee not?

This heart, that cannot rest,
 Shall thine for ever prove;
 Though bleeding and distress'd,
 Yet joyful in thy love:
 'Tis happy, though it breaks
 Beneath thy chastening hand;
 And speechless, yet it speaks
 What thou canst understand.

SIMPLE TRUST.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 95.

STILL, still, without ceasing,
 I feel it increasing,
 This fervor of holy desire;
 And often exclaim,
 Let me die in the flame
 Of a Love that can never expire!

Had I words to explain,
 What *she* must sustain,
 Who dies to the world and its ways;
 How joy and affright,
 Distress and delight,
 Alternately chequer her days;

Thou, sweetly fevere!
 I would make thee appear,
 In all thou art pleas'd to award,
 Not more in the sweet,
 Than the bitter I meet,
 My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark
 Pursuing its mark,
 Through many sharp trials of Love;
 Is the sorrowful waste,
 That is to be pass'd,
 In the way to the Canaan above.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUÉ 92.

SOURCE of Love, my brighter Sun,
 Thou alone my comfort art;
 See my race is almost run;
 Hast thou left this trembling heart?

Through the dark and silent night,
 On thy radiant smiles I dwelt;
 And to see the dawning light,
 Was the keenest pain I felt.

In my youth, thy charming eyes
 Drew me from the ways of men;
 Then I drank unmingled joys;
 Frown of thine, saw never *then*.

Thou my gracious teacher wert;
 And thine eye, so close apply'd,
 While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
 Seem'd to look at none beside.

Spouse of Christ was then my name;
 And devoted all to thee.
 Strangely jealous, I became,
 Jealous of this Self, in me.

Conscious of no evil drift,
 This, I cried, is Love indeed—
 'Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
 Whence the joys I feel proceed.

Thee to love, and none beside,
 Was my darling, sole employ;
 While alternately I died,
 Now of grief, and now of joy.

But soon humbled, and laid low,
 Stript of all thou hast conferr'd,
 Nothing left, but sin and woe,
 I perceiv'd how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
 Dreaming of a good his own,
 Arrogating all he can,
 Though the Lord is good alone !

He, the graces Thou hast wrought,
 Makes subservient to his pride :
 Ignorant, that one such thought
 Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—prov'd, at last,
 By the loss of that repose
 Self complacence cannot taste,
 Only Love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
 And by this reproof alone,
 His defects at last appear,
 Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth ; that feeble Man,
 Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
 Nothing is, and nothing can ;
 Life, and pow'r, are all in God.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 98.

“ I LOVE the Lord,” is still the strain
 This heart delights to sing ;
 But I reply—your thoughts are vain,
 Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the power of Love divine,
 Creation fades away ;
 Till only God is seen to shine
 In all that we survey.

In gulphs of awful night we find
 The God of our desires ;
 'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
 And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling Love invest,
 And pierce it sweetly through ;
 'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet prefs'd
 With sacred sorrow too.

Ah Love! my heart is in the right—
 Amidst a thousand woes,
 To thee, its ever new delight,
 And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur,
 Where'er I look, or move;
 The comforts, I to all prefer,
 Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I, nor prison fear;
 Love makes my courage great;
 I find a Saviour ev'ry where,
 His grace in ev'ry state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
 Exclude his quick'ning beams;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heav'nly themes.

There, sorrow, for his sake, is found
 A joy beyond compare;
 There, no presumptuous thoughts abound,
 No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
 And sweetens all my pains,
 His strength in my defence employs,
 Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, repent no wrong;
 Nor feel a passion move,
 When malice whets her slanderous tongue;
 Such patience is in Love.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUÉ 83.

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
 Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
 Scenes nature with dread and astonishment fees,
 But I with a pleasure untold.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
 I am charm'd with the peace ye afford,
 Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
 The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendour, O fountain of day,
 And here I am hid from its beams,
 Here safely contemplate a brighter display
 Of the noblest and holiest of themes.

Ye forests that yield me my sweetest repose,
 Where stillness and solitude reign,
 To you I securely and boldly disclose
 The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
 By the world and its turbulent throng,
 The birds and the streams lend me many a note
 That aids meditation and song.

Here wand'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,
 Love wears me and wastes me away,
 And often the sun has spent much of his light,
 E'er yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelops the sphere,
 My sorrows are sadly rehears'd,
 To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
 And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the deserts agree,
 Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
 They grudge me my natural right to be free,
 But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
 That appetite wishes to find,
 My spirit is sooth'd by the presence of God,
 And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes to your solitude led,
 My life I in praises employ,
 And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
 Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
 I feel out my way in the dark,
 Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
 Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
 Such a riddle is not to be found,
 I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,
 I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh Love! who in darkness art pleas'd to abide,
 Though dimly yet surely I see,
 That these contrarities only reside
 In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind
 Perverfely by folly beguil'd,
 For where in the crowds I have left shall I find
 The spirit and heart of a Child.

Here let me, though fixt in a desert, be free,
 A little one whom they despise,
 Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
 Shall be holy and happy and wife.

A P P E N D I X II.

CONTAINING

H Y M N S,

I. ON SELECT TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

II. ON OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

III. ON THE PROGRESS AND CHANGES OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

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A P P E N D I X II.

WALKING WITH GOD. GENESIS, CHAP. V. 24.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast:

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

JEHOVAH-JIREH,—THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. GENESIS, CHAP. xxii. 14.

THE faints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For, when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear;"
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there.

Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;*
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save th' invaded land.

* Sam. xxiii. 7.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more; †
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

† Jonah, i. 17.

JEHOVAH ROPHI,—I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE.

EXODUS, CHAP. xv.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
 Waiting to feel thy touch;
 Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
 And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
 We faintly trust thy word;
 But wilt thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from the Lord!

Remember him who once apply'd
 With trembling for relief;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,*
 "O help my unbelief."

She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace, †
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
 She would have shunn'd thy view;
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may;
 Oh! fend us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

JEHOVAH NISSI,—THE LORD MY BANNER. EXODUS, CHAP. xvii. 15.

By whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble faints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invaders' camp, ‡
 With arms of little worth,

A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
 Oh! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness, and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side?
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

* Mark, ix. 24.

† Mark, v. 34.

‡ Judges, vii. 20.

JEHOVAH SHALEM,—THE LORD SEND PEACE. JUDGES, CHAP. vi. 24.

JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd
To satisfy the law's demand,
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand.

To reconcile offending man,
Made Justice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;
No arrows, dipt in wrath, to pierce
The guilty, but returning foul.

Peace by such means so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see?
Peace, by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought,
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree.

Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the soul that hates his sins.

Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

WISDOM. PROVERBS, CHAP, viii. 22—31.

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM,
Found pleasures never waiving,
And Wisdom is my name,

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And dy'd for us in love.

And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we!
Who, when we saw thee, slighted,
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

VANITY OF THE WORLD. ECCLESIASTES.

God gives his mercies to be spent;
 Your hoard will do your soul no good;
 Gold is a blessing only lent,
 Repaid by giving others food.

The world's esteem is but a bribe.
 To buy their peace you sell your own;
 The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
 Who hate you while they make you known.

The joy that vain amusements give,
 Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
 The honey of a crowded hive,
 Defended by a thousand stings.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 That live upon her treach'rous smiles;
 She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.

God knows the thousands who go down
 From pleasure into endless woe;
 And with a long-despairing groan
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

O fearful thought! be timely wise,
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms;
 And God shall take you to the skies,
 Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE. ISAIAH, CHAP. xii.

I WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
 Now thine anger's turn'd away!
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here, in the fair gospel-field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length
 My salvation and my strength;
 And his praises shall prolong,
 While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame!
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.

Praise again the joyful sound,
 Let the nations roll it round!
 Zion shout, for this is he;
 God the Saviour dwells in thee.

THE CONTRITE HEART. ISAIAH, CHAP. lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

Thy faints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of pray'r ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ach ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

ISAIAH, CHAP. lx. 15—20.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 O my people, faint and few ;
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Themes of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :

Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

Ye no more your sins descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

JEHOVAH OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. JEREMIAH, CHAP. xxiii. 6.

My God, how perfect are thy ways!
 But mine polluted are;
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou hast done
 To save me from my sin,
 I cannot make thy mercies known
 But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame
 Thy grace creates in me;
 Alas! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow?
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy drefs
 Of fancied merit shine,
 The Lord shall be my righteousness,
 The Lord for ever mine.

EPHRAIM REPENTING. JEREMIAH, CHAP. xxxi. 18—20.

My God, till I receiv'd thy stroke,
 How like a beast was I!
 So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
 So backward to comply.

With grief my just reproach I bear,
 Shame fills me at the thought;
 How frequent my rebellions were!
 What wickedness I wrought!

Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd;
 And left the pleasant road;
 Yet turn me, and I shall be turn'd,
 Thou art the Lord my God.

Is Ephraim banish'd from my thoughts,
 Or vile in my esteem?
 No, saith the Lord, with all his faults
 I still remember him.

Is he a dear and pleasant child?
 Yes, dear and pleasant still;
 Tho' sin his foolish heart beguil'd,
 And he withstood my will.

My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
 He seeks my face again;
 My pity kindles at his woe,
 He shall not seek in vain.

THE COVENANT. EZEKIEL, CHAP. xxxvi. 25—28.

THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold I change your hearts of stone;
Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
To wash your filthiness away;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.

My truth the great design infuses,
I give myself away to you;
You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.

Yet not unfought, or unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace shall I confer; *
No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH. EZEKIEL, CHAP. xlvi. 35.

As birds their infant-brood protect, †
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus faith the Lord to his elect,
“ So will I guard Jerusalem.”

And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the faints, once foes to God,
The finners whom he calls his own.

There, tho' besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
From age to age they have defy'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.

Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, The Lord is there,
And who has pow'r to drive him thence?

* Ver. 37.

† Isaiah, xxxi. 5

PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED. ZECHARIAH, CHAP. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisping stam'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine ;
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

THE SOWER. MATTHEW, CHAP. xiii. 3.

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
 Break up your fallow ground !
 The sower is gone forth to sow,
 And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil,
 Shoots forth a hafty blade ;
 But ill repays the sower's toil,
 Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to baulk
 All hopes of harvest there :
 We find a tall and sickly stalk,
 But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and high-way side
 Receive the trust in vain ;
 The watchful birds the spoil divide,
 And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and pow'r
 Has bless'd the happy field,
 How plenteous is the golden store
 The deep-wrought furrows yield !

Father of mercies, we have need
 Of thy preparing grace ;
 Let the same hand that gives the seed
 Provide a fruitful place.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. MARK, CHAP. xi. 17.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

There too a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world, maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade,
To part with ease and purchase pain.

I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But, while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of pray'r.

And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abas'd, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

MARTHA AND MARY. LUKE, CHAP. x. 38—42.

MARTHA her love and joy express'd
By care to entertain her guest;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word.

The principle, in both the same,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim;
The one to feast the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.

But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart;
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.

With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke:
"One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run?"

How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd?
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine!

LOVEST THOU ME? JOHN, CHAP. XXI. 16.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

I deliver'd thee, when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh for grace to love thee more!

CONTENTMENT. PHILIPPIANS, CHAP. IV. 11.

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea;
 But calm content and peace we find,
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.

In vain, by reason and by rule,
 We try to bend the will;
 For none but in the Saviour's school
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.

Since at his feet my soul has sat,
 His gracious words to hear;
 Contented with my present state,
 I cast on him my care.

"Art thou a sinner, soul? he said),
 Then how canst thou complain?
 How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
 With everlasting pain!

If thou of murmuring would'st be cur'd,
 Compare thy griefs with mine;
 Think what my love for thee endur'd,
 And thou wilt not repine.

'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well:
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell.

In life my grace shall strength supply,
 Proportion'd to thy day;
 At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
 To wipe thy tears away."

Thus I who once my wretched days,
 In vain repinings spent;
 Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
 Have learn'd to be content.

OLD TESTAMENT GOSPEL. HERREWS, CHAP. iv. 2.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too:
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood besprinkled door,*
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd with pow'r,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.

The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence, †
 Whose blood of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head ‡
 The people's trespass bore,
 And, to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more:
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,
 "Behold I bear your sins away."

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free; ||
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea!
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age!
 O grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

SARDIS. REVELATION, CHAP. iii. 1—6.

WRITE to Sardis, (saith the Lord),
 And write what he declares,
 He whose spirit, and whose word,
 Upholds the seven stars;
 "All thy works and ways I search,
 Find thy zeal and love decay'd;
 Thou art call'd a living church,
 But thou art cold and dead.

Watch, remember, seek, and strive,
 Exert thy former pains:
 Let thy timely care revive,
 And strengthen what remains:

* Exodus xii. 13.

† Lev. xii. 6.

Cleanse thine heart, thy works amend,
 Former times to mind recall,
 Lest my sudden stroke descend,
 And smite thee once for all.

Yet I number now in thee
 A few that are upright;
 These my Father's face shall see,
 And walk with me in white:

When in judgment I appear,
 They for mine shall be confess'd;
 Let my faithful servants hear,
 And woe be to the rest."

‡ Lev. xvi. 21.

|| Lev. xiv. 51—52.

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING. SEASONS.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love!
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
 Within the youngest breast,
 Or half the crimes which you have done,
 Would rob you of your rest.

For you the public pray'r is made,
 Oh! join the public pray'r!
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O shed yourselves a tear.

We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom ye preach.

PLEADING FOR AND WITH YOUTH. SEASONS.

SIN has undone our wretched race,
 But Jesus has restor'd,
 And brought the sinner face to face
 With his forgiving Lord.

This we repeat, from year to year,
 And press upon our youth;
 Lord, give them an attentive ear,
 Lord, save them by thy truth.

Blessings upon the rising race!
 Make this an happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty pow'r.

We feel for your unhappy state,
 (May you regard it too)
 And would awhile ourselves forget
 To pour out pray'r for you.

We see, tho' you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching, awful doom;
 O tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come!

Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
 Spread an alarm abroad;
 And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,
 "Prepare to meet thy God."

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN. SEASONS.

GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain,
Subjects still of Satan's reign;
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to with-hold;*
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land; †
Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these!

Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Lest the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

JEHOVAH-JESUS. SEASONS.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, the mighty God.

Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six-days work he made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

* Exod. x. 9.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who dy'd for me.

As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

† Exod. xii. 13.

ON OPENING A PLACE FOR SOCIAL PRAYER. ORDINANCES.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

WELCOME TO THE LORD'S TABLE. ORDINANCES.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd, to fill the cup.

Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

* Isaiah, liv. 2.

JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest.

Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,*
He pants to reach the cross.

With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!

And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest faint upon his knees.

* Luke xii. 50.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side; †
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

† Exodus, xvii. 11.

THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to light;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to ev'ry age,
 It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love;
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

HIS master taken from his head,
 Elisha saw him go;
 And, in desponding accents said,
 " Ah, what must Israel do!"

But he forgot the Lord who lifts
 The beggar to the throne;
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
 Will soon be made his own.

What! when a Paul has run his course,
 Or when Apollos dies,
 Is Israel left without resource?
 And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store,
 And shall be fed with what he gives,
 Who lives for evermore.

THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractis'd hearts
 A flatt'ring prospect shows ;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights and golden dreams,
 And undisturb'd repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic pow'r produc'd in haste,
 (As ancient fables say,)
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the trav'ler meet,
 And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprize,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
 'Twas but enchanted ground :
Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promis'd us so much,
 A wilderness is found.

At first we start, and feel distress'd,
Convinc'd we never can have rest
 In such a wretched place ;
But he whose mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own almighty arm,
 And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed !
 By this beloved Friend ;
We follow him from day to day,
Assur'd of grace thro' all the way,
 And glory at the end.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins :
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

Ah whither shall I fly !
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

Fore-runner of the sun, *
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

* Psalm cxxx, 6.

SEEKING THE BELOVED.

To those who know the Lord, I speak,
 Is my beloved near?
 The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
 Oh! when will he appear!

Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
 Yet now he fills a throne,
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
 That earth or heav'n have known.

Grace flies before, and love attends
 His steps where'er he goes;
 Tho' none can see him but his friends,
 And they were once his foes.

He speaks—obedient to his call
 Our warm affections move;
 Did he but shine alike on all,
 Then all alike would love.

Then love in ev'ry heart would reign,
 And war would cease to roar;
 And cruel and blood-thirsty men
 Would thirst for blood no more.

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
 Oh may he shine on you! *
 And tell him, when you see his face,
 I long to see him too.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, †
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

* Cant. v. 8.

† John xiii. 7.

WELCOME CROSS.

'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:

Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away:
 Bastards may escape the rod,*
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD.

O how I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant. O Lord!
 It guides me in the peaceful way,
 I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
 What are all joys compar'd with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows!

Long unaffected, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod, †
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.

What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
 I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But sav'd me from eternal woe.

Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
 Thy precept I had still despis'd;
 And *still* the snare in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.

I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode;
 Where in thy presence fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

* Heb. xii. 8.

† Psal. cxix. 71.

TEMPTATION.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Controul the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
 Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
 My Saviour thro' the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM.

God of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall; *
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
 But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an advocate with thee;
 They whom the world careffes most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot, †
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

* Psal. lxxix. 15.

† Psal. xl. 17.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW DEATH.

My foul is sad and much dismay'd;
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a smoky cloud they rise!
With horrid blasts my soul they shake,
With storms of blasphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,*
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;
Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
Oh! I would drive it from my breast,
With thy own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west.

Come then, and chase the cruel host,
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd!
Nor let the pow'rs of darkness boast,
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd!

PEACE AFTER A STORM.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

* Eph. vi. 16.

MOURNING AND LONGING.

THE Saviour hides his face !
 My spirit thirsts to prove
 Renew'd supplies of pard'ning grace,
 And never-fading love.

The favour'd souls who know
 What glories shine in him,
 Pant for his presence, as the roe
 Pants for the living stream !

What trifles tease me now,
 They swarm like summer-flies,
 They cleave to ev'ry thing I do,
 And swim before my eyes.

How dull the Sabbath-day,
 Without the Sabbath's Lord !
 How toilsome then to sing and pray,
 And wait upon the word !

Of all the truths I hear,
 How few delight my taste !
 I glean a berry here and there,
 But mourn the vintage past.

Yet let me (as I ought) 01
 Still hope to be supply'd ;
 No pleasure else is worth a thought,
 Nor shall I be deny'd.

Tho' I am but a worm,
 Unworthy of his care,
 The Lord will my desire perform,
 And grant me all my pray'r.

SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR Lord ! accept a sinful heart,
 Which of itself complains,
 And mourns with much and frequent smart,
 The evil it contains.

There fiery feeds of anger lurk,
 Which often hurt my frame ;
 And wait but for the tempter's work,
 To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe
 To purchase life from thee ;
 And Discontent would fain prescribe
 How thou shalt deal with me.

While unbelief withstands thy grace,
 And puts thy mercy by ;
 Presumption, with a brow of brass,
 Says, " Give me, or I die."

How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love !
 But ah ! when duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move !

Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy pow'r,
 And make me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me rove no more.

PRAYER FOR PATIENCE.

LORD, who hast suffer'd all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter crosses I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

The storm of loud repining, hush,
I would in humble silence mourn;
Why should th' unburnt, tho' burning bush,
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

Man should not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joshua falling on his face,*
When the curs'd thing that Achan took,
Brought Israel into just disgrace.

Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
Some secret sin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon;
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the crosses I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

* Joshua vii. 10, 11.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

How blest thy creature is, O God,
 When, with a single eye,
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day-spring from on high!

Thro' all the forms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things;
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,*
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.

The foul, a dreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heav'nly reign.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year controul,
 Since first obedient to thy word,
 He started from the goal.

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart;
 But Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
 Can shine upon the heart.

RETIREMENT.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.

There if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Still echo thro' the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

* Isaiah xxxiv. 7.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

To tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleasing is the task!
 Nor less to praise him when he grants
 Beyond what I can ask.

My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy;
 With how much tenderness he speaks,
~~And~~ helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
 Such secrets to declare;
 Like precious wines, their taste they lose
 Expos'd to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear,
 Sweet is the ointment of his name,
 Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
 Who knew what once I was;
 And blame the song that thus commends
 The man who bore the cross?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
 And not as fancy paints;
 Such honour may he give to you,
 For such have all his saints.

TRUE PLEASURES.

LORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
 When Jesus' name I hear;
 And when God the Spirit brings
 The word of promise near:
 Beauties too, in holiness,
 Still delighted I perceive;
 Nor have words that can express
 The joys thy precepts give.

Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
 How sweet it is to see
 Those who love thee as they pass,
 Or when they wait on thee!

Pleasant too, to fit and tell
 What we owe to love divine;
 Till our bosoms grateful swell,
 And eyes begin to shine.

Those the comforts I possess,
 Which God shall still increase.
 All his ways are pleasantness,*
 And all his paths are peace.
 Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
 Henceforth let me ever slight;
 For I love his easy yoke, †
 And find his burden light.

* Prov. iii. 17.

† Matth. xi. 30.

THE CHRISTIAN.

HONOUR and happiness unite
 To make the Christian's name a praise:
 How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days!

A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.

Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face;
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honours he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love!

My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
 Methinks from earth I see him rise;
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

LIVELY HOPE AND GRACIOUS FEAR.

I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
 And basely cleav'd to earth;
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.

But God has breath'd upon a worm,
 And sent me, from above,
 Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
 The wings of joy and love.

With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand,
 To view beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promis'd land.

The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promis'd it to me;
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.

How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
 I stand upon a mountain's edge,
 Oh save me, lest I fall!

Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
 My strength is not my own;
 Then let me tremble at his word,
 And none shall cast me down.

MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

LOVE CONSTRAINING TO OBEDIENCE.

No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the Lord?
Is my inquiry now.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,*
And duty into choice.

* Rom. iii. 31.

THE HEART HEALED AND CHANGED BY MERCY.

SIN enslav'd me many years,
 And led me bound and blind;
 Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind,
 Where, I said in deep distress,
 Will these sinful pleasures end?
 How shall I secure my peace,
 And make the Lord my friend?

Friends and ministers said much
 The gospel to enforce;
 But my blindness still was such,
 I chose a legal course:
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
 Scarce would shew my face abroad,
 Fear'd, almost, to speak or move,
 A stranger still to God.

Thus afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel:
 Till, despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell:
 Then my stubborn heart he broke,
 And subdu'd me to his sway;
 By a simple word he spoke,
 "Thy sins are done away."

HATRED OF SIN.

HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
 Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
 Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.

But tho' the poison lurks within,
 Hope bids me still with patience wait;
 Till death shall set me free from sin,
 Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels dwell;
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
 And bless'd with liberty again,
 Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.

But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the Christian's head;
 One view of Jesus as he is,
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.

THE NEW CONVERT.

THE new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day;
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,*
"My arm procur'd me this success."

Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

TRUE AND FALSE COMFORTS.

O GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heav'nly is the joy
Thy shining presence gives.

Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice;
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

* Judges, vii. 2.

A LIVING AND A DEAD FAITH.

THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere ;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his fight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest, *
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made *him* free.

ABUSE OF THE GOSPEL.

Too many, Lord, abuse thy grace,
In this licentious day ;
And while they boast they see thy face,
They turn their own away.

Thy book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore ;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded still the more.

The pardon such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal ;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
Oh ! where's the Spirit's seal ?

Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled ?
Is this the grace the saints imbibe
From Christ, the living head ?

Ah, Lord, we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heav'nly fare ;
But these the wretched husks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

The liberty our hearts implore,
Is not to live in sin ;
But still to wait at Wisdom's door,
Till Mercy calls us in.

* Exod. xxviii. 33.

THE NARROW WAY.

WHAT thousands never knew the road!
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or chuse it for their own.

A thousand ways in ruin end,
 One only leads to joys on high;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

No more I ask or hope to find
 Delight or happiness below;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above;
 There glory without end shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.

Cleave to the world, ye fordid worms,
 Contented lick your native dust;
 But God shall fight, with all his forms,
 Against the idol of your trust.

DEPENDENCE.

To keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still deriv'd from him.

Beware of Peter's word,*
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
 But grant I never *may*.

* Matth. xxvi. 33.

Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And ev'n an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings †
 Than all your works beside.

In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from his throne;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

† John vi. 29.

NOT OF WORKS.

GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
 Scorns a rival, reigns alone !
 Come, and bow beneath her sway,
 Cast your idol works away.
 Works of man, when made his plea,
 Never shall accepted be ;
 Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm) !
 Are the best he can perform.

Self, the god his soul adores,
 Influences all his pow'rs ;
 Jesus is a slighted name,
 Self-advancement all his aim.
 But when God the Judge shall come,
 To pronounce the final doom,
 Then for rocks and hills to hide
 All his works and all his pride !

Still the boasting heart replies,
 What! the worthy and the wise,
 Friends to temperance and peace,
 Have not these a righteousness ?
 Banish ev'ry vain pretence
 Built on human excellence ;
 Perish ev'ry thing in man,
 But the grace that never can.

PRAISE FOR FAITH.

Of all the gifts thine hand bestows,
 Thou giver of all good !
 Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
 Than my Redeemer's blood.
 Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
 From the same hand we gain ;
 Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
 That gift had been in vain.

Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
 Our hearts refuse to see,
 And, weak as a distemper'd eye,
 Shut out the view of thee.
 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
 What mis'ry we endure !
 Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
 We could expect a cure.

We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
 To thee our all we owe ;
 The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
 That makes him precious too.

GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that fights for more.

Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

I WILL PRAISE THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans!

Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

Light appears with early dawn;
While the sun makes haste to rise,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies,

Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

THE END.

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